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ÆGEAN CIVILIZATIONS

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EDITED BY
SIR HENRY LUNN, M.A., M.D.

LECTURES BY
Dr. CATON; L. R. FURNEAUX; The
late Rev. J. GOW, D.D.; Sir GEORGE
GREENHILL; Dr. GRUNDY; The Venerable
S. R. JAMES, Archdeacon of Dudley;
W. ALLAN JAMIESON, M.D.; WALTER
LEAF, Litt.D.; The late Professor SANDAY,
and others.

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Preface

THE following volume has been compiled from the pre-war "Proceedings of The Hellenic Travellers' Club" and consists of lectures delivered during the Club cruises 1910-1912 inclusive.

HENRY S. LUNN.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE
HELLENIC TRAVELLERS'
CLUB, 1910

The Imperialism of Athens and her Downfall*

THE discussion was opened by Sir HENRY S. LUNN:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am sure that it will be an easy task for me to commend myself to your sympathy in attempting to open so important a discussion in the presence of so many men and women of great learning. If those eminent men who have preceded me have found it necessary to apologise in any way for their appearance here, you will believe me when I say that the English language fails me on this occasion, and that, like some ill-trained gladiator entering the lists with the certainty that the thumbs will be turned downward, I am compelled to fall back upon the Latin and say, *Moriturus vos saluto*.

It is twelve months since I sat on the deck of this vessel, as we were leaving Malta, reading in *The Harrow Gazette* an account of a meeting held just after I left England to consider the question that was then agitating the English nation, upon which one half of the nation had a definite opinion and the other half dared not express their opinion. The question was how to reply to the popular lines:

We want eight ;
We won't wait.

I found in this report an exceedingly able speech by a brilliant friend of mine, one of the history masters of Harrow, in which he propounded the view that Athens fell because she forgot the

* A Debate held on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle,"
20th April, 1910.

great lesson of Themistocles—that it was, first of all, her duty to make herself an island and then to maintain a sufficiently strong navy. I turned to one of the distinguished men of letters on board, also an ex-fellow of a well-known college, this time Oxford (my Harrow friend was from Cambridge), and I said to him, “What is your opinion upon this question?” He said, “I think that the Athenians fell because they went to Sicily, which was their South Africa.”

That was an interesting contradiction of opinions and it led me carefully to study, during the months that have passed since then, the two opinions advanced and other solutions—and there are many—of the question that confronts us to-night. The two differing views to which I have referred illustrate what my old tutor, Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin—that amiable and entertaining Grecian with some leanings towards Christianity—is never tired of saying, namely, that there is the closest analogy, as far as analogies can ever run between different events in the world’s history, between the conditions that prevail in the Athens of Pericles and the conditions that prevail in England to-day. People might perhaps find it difficult to compare Pericles with any statesman in recent English history, but they would certainly find it easy to compare Cleon, say, either as a Radical Imperialist, with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain or, perchance, they might say, with Mr. Lloyd George. There is a comparison between Alcibiades and another eminent statesman, I will not venture, but will leave to your imagination. Dr. Mahaffy says, truly, that it would be impossible to imagine Ptah Hotep or Ezekiel mixing freely in English society, and we may say the same thing of Julius Cæsar and Grosstête and other men of different ages; but one does not find it at all difficult to imagine

Cleon or Alcibiades turning into the particular club which represented their political opinions, and, supposing the difficulties of language to be overcome, to realise how easily they might enter into conversation upon the questions which confront the English nation to-day.

There is one passage in one of Pericles' speeches to which I should like to refer, which, to some extent, differentiates the Athenians from ourselves. There are so many people who say, "Well, I myself will take no part in politics." Now, what did Pericles say of such men? He said, "The man of private means (*ιδιώτης*) who takes no interest in political life, such a man we consider not merely harmless, but useless." That was the opinion of one of the greatest of the Athenians.

It is important for us to realise that the Ionians, many of whom lived on the east side of the Ægean Sea, were under the influence of, and reacted in turn upon, the Persians, and that had a great effect upon their character. As Dr. Mahaffy has said, in one of his lectures, it is easy to imagine the effect upon the young Athenian going to do the grand "tour" of those days and settling down at Sardis amid all the luxuries of an Ionian city which owed so much to Persian influence, and how different a man he would return from such a journey from the man he was when he left Athens.

And now we must hasten on to the foundation of the Athenian Empire. That foundation commenced when, under Solon and Pisistratus, Salamis was conquered in the year 570 B.C. This island commands, equally, Athens and Megara, and it was deemed by Solon and Pisistratus, who fought under him as general, that it was essential to Athens and its port that this island should be acquired for the Athenians. That was the first

stone upon which was to be built up the great structure of the Athenian empire.

Then we must pass on to that momentous time when the Persians were threatening the members of all Greece, and when Athens stood forward as protagonist of the Greeks, and on the field of Marathon, obtained that great and glorious victory which will remain amongst the immortal battles in the world's history. At that battle Themistocles and Æschylus fought, in the celebrations that commemorated it Sophocles sang, and in that year Euripides was born, so that it is a fair starting-point for our consideration of the building up of the Athenian Empire.

Themistocles was, perhaps, one of the greatest statesmen in the world's history. He foresaw, with a clearer vision than any of his contemporaries, the potentialities of power which rested with Athens, and in her geographical position. He set to work, as I have already intimated, to make her practically an island by the great walls of Themistocles, and when, in the Persian invasion, those walls had been overthrown, those of you who visited the Acropolis could see the haste with which he set to work to rebuild them. I cannot go into detail as to the subterfuges by which he persuaded the Spartans to give him time for this important work, but he succeeded, practically, in making Athens an island.

There was another interesting incident in the career of Themistocles at this point that had a very great effect upon the naval development of Athens. There are, a few miles from Athens, some famous silver-mines, and the income from these was about a hundred talents a year, and he persuaded the Athenians, instead of dividing this great amount among themselves, to give it up to building a navy. It is scarcely necessary to point out how striking a contrast that affords

to the action of all those magnates dwelling in luxury in the West End of London, who instead of sacrificing their mine-holdings for the benefit of the State, called upon the State to defend their holdings at a great expenditure of blood and treasure. Two years later Athens had two hundred triremes, and twelve years later she was ready for the greatest battle in her history—the battle of Salamis—which took place in 480 B.C., and which destroyed, I think I may say, once and for all the naval power of Persia.

Then followed the land battle in which the Spartans, under Pausanias, in 479 on the field of Plataea, completed the defeat of Persia, and, as a writer said at that time, "The sword that had been hanging over Greece was finally removed."

After that battle it might have seemed as though Sparta would have obtained the hegemony of the Greeks; the Athenians refused absolutely the appeal of Mardonius, the leader of the Persians, to accept any bribe, any consideration of any kind, to detach themselves from the rest of Greece. They made a memorable answer to Mardonius when he made these overtures. They replied in these words: "Tell Mardonius that, so long as the sun follows its present course, we will never come to terms with Xerxes." So did the Athenians express that "eternal answer," to use Freeman's phrase, which Europe has given in the centuries to Asia, the answer of the Romans to Hannibal, the answer of Europe to Attila, the answer of Spain to the Moors, the answer which has always been given until a great Power, comparatively recently, entered into an alliance with a people of the Far East, upon the doubtful wisdom of which I cannot touch to-night.

We must now notice one fact as the result of this battle, a fact that has a great bearing upon the development of Greek imperialism, of Athenian

imperialism, though it is not an Athenian that we deal with. Pausanias, the victor of Plataea, seems to have been demoralised by his great success. He cultivated an immense luxury, he donned Persian dress, and ultimately he was proved to have accepted bribes from Persia. Instead of carrying on a campaign which had begun with Plataea and ridding the Greeks of the tyranny of the Persians, he left this work to be carried on through long and arduous years by the Athenian people through their great leader Themistocles, associated with Aristides.

A few years later there came a momentous movement. The Ionian people united in a great confederacy with a treasury at Delos, in the centre of the Archipelago. The confederacy was founded in 478 B.C., and nothing is a more striking illustration of the statesmanship of this great Athenian than the fact that Aristides, who was chosen to make an assessment upon the different States as to the amount that each should contribute to the building up of the navy for this confederacy, made such an assessment that it was never questioned in all the struggles that followed.

We have to record a steady growth of Athenian power until 454 B.C., when an event of the greatest importance took place. The treasury of Delos was transferred from Delos to Athens. Thucydides expressly describes the Athenians at this time as having changed their leadership (*ἡγεμονία*) into an Empire (*ἀρχή*). In the paragraphs following this statement he shows how the Athenians enslaved, contrary to Hellenic right, certain Greek states, and how they began to exercise coercive authority over those who had hitherto been their allies. This, he remarks, was directly opposed to the spirit of autonomy which had hitherto characterised the political life of the Greek cities.

The allies themselves were partly to blame for this. During the years that followed Plataea they allowed Athens, with her boundless energy at that time, to carry on the campaign against the Persians. They were, as Grote expresses it, fatigued by her very energy, and they became mere reluctant and passive members of the confederacy. And then they took a most serious step. It had been arranged that many of them should contribute ships and men and all contribute money, but they all finally arranged to commute for money this contribution of ships and men, and thereafter found themselves in the position of subject States instead of allies.

This is the danger of all imperial confederations. It is a danger that one State will, through some such acts as this, become supreme, and, if it be a tribute-exacting State, will come to exercise a tyrannical influence over what have hitherto been its allied States. So we see that there is even in the German Empire at the present time a great dread of the power of Prussia on the part of nations like the Bavarians and the Saxons and the people of Wurtemberg and other States. In the case of India we see how completely any sense of autonomy is passing away as the native States have become more and more merged in our great Indian Empire.

Thucydides tells us how the imperial spirit grew under these conditions. He says (I quote Jowett's unrivalled translation): "The causes which led to the defection of the allies were of different kinds, the principal being their neglect to pay the tribute or to furnish ships, and, in some cases, failure of military service. For the Athenians were exacting and oppressive, using coercive measures towards men who were neither willing nor accustomed to work hard." He admits that the allies brought all this upon themselves,

for the majority of them disliked military service and absence from home. And so we have the beginning of that spirit of *ὑβρις*, of pride, of self-assertion, which was to characterise Athens and to become her greatest danger in the years that followed.

I might pause here to comment on the fact that, whilst that word expresses, and was found to express, what historians recognise as the dangerous outgrowth of imperialism in Athens, Christianity produced a word which, I believe, is found in no classical writer, which expresses a sentiment the direct opposite of *ὑβρις*, *i.e.* *ταπεινοφροσύνη*, the word used by St. Paul when he speaks of the "lowliness of mind" which should animate all Christians when dealing with each other. That is the Christian ideal.

This spirit of *ὑβρις*, of pride and arrogance, led shortly to the revolt of some of the subject States. It led to the revolt of Bœotia, an important State north-west of Athens, followed by the defeat at Koronea, and later on to the revolt of Phocis and Locris on the north of the Corinthian Gulf, and also to the revolt of the important island of Eubœa, which was afterwards reconquered, and of Megara.

From this time forward the Athenian Empire became practically only a maritime empire, an "imperial and despot city governing without concurrence of the governed and contrary to their sense of political right." Even Pericles now definitely maintained, according to Plutarch, that Athens owed to her subject allies no account of the money received from them so long as she performed her contract by keeping away the Persian and maintaining the safety of the Ægean waters.

Pericles at this point abandoned that departure from the policy of Themistocles which had led

him to attempt to make Athens a land as well as a sea-power, and he now reverted to the policy of Themistocles in making the policy of Athens supremely dependent upon the development of her naval power. In his great speech after some of the disasters of the Peloponnesian War he says: "You think that your empire is confined to your allies, but I say that of the two divisions of the world accessible to men, the land and the sea, there is one of which you are absolute masters, and have, or may have, the dominion to any extent which you please. Neither the great King nor any nation on earth can hinder a navy like yours from penetrating whithersoever you choose to sail." That is a remarkable anticipation of Captain Mahan's striking book on "Sea-power."

The attitude of Athens at this time is held by the greatest historians to have been the direct cause of the Peloponnesian War. The Spartans claimed that they were fighting for the great principle of the autonomy of the different States.

It may be interesting for me just for a moment to enumerate the countries engaged in this war which the genius of Thucydides, one of the greatest historians that ever lived, has made so memorable in the world's history. The whole of the Peloponnesus was against Athens excepting Achæa and the old enemy of Sparta, Argos. Then also we have on the side of Sparta the Isthmus, which means Corinth and Megara, and we have on the west coast the Island of Leucas and Ambracia, and we have in the north-west of Athens Bœotia and Phocis, and Locris to the west of Athens. The Athenian Confederacy consisted of Corcyra, Acarnania, and Zacynthus in the west, the islands that surrounded Delos, Eubœa, which had been reconquered, the three prongs of Chalcidice, with some of the hinterland, Byzantium and the Chersonese, and the whole

of the western part of Asia Minor stretching from the Troad right along until we get down to Halicarnassus; so that it was indeed an immense confederation.

Why did this remarkable maritime empire disappear in less than half a century? Was it merely because, at the end of the war, there came a great disaster at Ægospotami, when the whole of the Athenian fleet was captured from the Athenian admiral Conon? Or was it because of that Sicilian expedition? Or why?

I do not expect to carry with me all who are here to-night, but it seems to me that there were a number of causes, and that there is one supreme cause with which I will deal in conclusion.

There were certain accidental causes and certain essential causes. Amongst the accidental causes we must place the great plague which ravaged Athens very early in the Peloponnesian War. That plague was an immense disaster because it robbed Athens of her greatest man, Pericles; but from that disaster she recovered sufficiently to attempt the conquest of Sicily.

Then we have, secondly, amongst those causes that I have ventured to call accidental, the Sicilian expedition itself. This expedition was very nearly crowned with success. There were two or three occasions when, if Nicias had acted otherwise than he did, he would have secured victory; but it is always dangerous when a nation allows a peace party to make war. It is a very easy thing to do. It is so easy for a peace party to make war, because, directly they propose going to war, the war party is with them. Nicias represented the peace party, and he did not carry on the war with the energy with which it would have been carried on if it had been placed in the hands of other generals. At the conclusion of

that war, when the final disaster occurred, he waited in a superstitious fashion for the omens to be favourable when the whole fleet was in danger, and, in consequence, he was captured at Syracuse, and the fleet destroyed. I think, therefore, that we are justified in saying that these disasters were accidental.

Then we have the third cause that I have ventured to call accidental, and that is the destruction of the fleet at Ægospotami. The Spartan general, Lysander, took advantage of the fact that the crews of the Athenian navy were wont to go ashore during certain hours of the day to forage for provisions, whilst the Spartan fleet, having the town of Sestos behind it and being able to get abundant supplies, did nothing of the kind. Because of this marvellous negligence of the Athenians, out of two hundred ships Lysander was able to seize a hundred and eighty, and, by a sheer accident, or piece of mad neglect and folly, to bring to a conclusion the Peloponnesian War.

Thucydides dramatically tells us that, when the news reached the Piræus, "on that night no man slept." Athens remembered certain chapters in her history, to which I shall refer, and she feared that Sparta might do to her as she had done to others.

I have called that "accidental." It seems a bold word to use; but I hold that no nation is finally defeated until she herself admits defeat. Of course, if Sparta had blotted Athens from the face of the earth it is difficult to imagine that Athens could have recovered; but more temperate and gentler counsels prevailed, and Athens was permitted to recover, and shortly did recover her commerce, rebuilt to a large extent her navy, and became a considerable power, but she never again produced the greatest statesmen.

I know that some will say, "What about Demosthenes?" It has been said that the Demosthenic Athenians were irreclaimable. Professor Bury, commenting on this, makes the remark, which seems to me to be just, that "Demosthenes himself was a typical Demosthenic Athenian." He was not the man, in spite of his brilliant oratory, to display the statesmanship, the tremendous grasp of affairs that characterised Themistocles and Pericles.

We now come to consider the essential reasons of the downfall of Athens. It has been held that this was due to lack of imperial ability. I believe that to be false: Themistocles and Pericles were men worthy to rank with any of the creators of empire. Her colonising genius was shown in the most remarkable fashion when she planted her colonists (Kleruchs) in the places that she had conquered and made them a part of her own nation. Pericles himself had a great conception of making Athens a power not merely with the navy, but also, as he said, the "School for Hellas," the place to which all Greece should retire to study the arts and to learn lessons from her great philosophic teachers. Pericles said to the Athenians, "You are bound to maintain the imperial dignity of your city, in which you all take pride; for you should not covet the glory unless you will endure the toil"; and, in another of his marvellous speeches, he shows his sense of the necessities of empire by saying, "Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret, if revealed to an enemy, might profit him. We rely not upon management or upon trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands."

But when we come to consider the character of Pericles as contrasted with the character

of some of the later leaders of Athens, and particularly of Alcibiades, and, indeed, the character of Themistocles who preceded him, we are struck by one remarkable characteristic. In spite of Pericles' magnificent conceptions which led to the building of the Parthenon and of those other marvellous works of art, he was justified in saying, in those words with which you are familiar, "We cultivate beauty with a due regard to economy." He was, in his own private life, a man of no ostentation; he lived the simplest life. And there is no greater danger to an empire, I hold, and I think you will agree with me, than the spirit of ostentation. On the other hand, to use the words used by the Greek historian, the lives of Themistocles and Alcibiades were both marked by what he calls "the spirit of ostentation"—*λαμπρότης*.

We now come to a much more serious matter—the way in which Athenian imperialism led to the adoption of wrong ideals, themselves demoralising to the Greek statesmen. They were spoiled by success. Themistocles, when he died, left behind him what was an immense fortune in those days—a fortune of a hundred talents, which contrasted strikingly with the fortune of three talents left behind by Aristides the Just. At the same time, we must recognise that there was in the spirit of Pericles, if he had lived longer, an influence which would have told greatly on the Athenians in preserving them from this spirit. He appealed to them, by the labours of the past, to live worthy of their predecessors. He said to them, "Your fathers by labour, and not by inheritance from others, obtained their possessions, and now, prove not yourselves inferior to them, for it is more disgraceful to lose that which has been won than to fail in winning it." This was a great contrast to the recognition by

Horace of the decadence of the Roman people, when he said:

Aetas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.

"The age of our parents, worse than our grandsires, has given birth to us, about to give birth to a progeny more demoralised than ourselves."

We must recognise, I think, that all through this period, when this spirit of imperialistic pride was so powerful, there was a steady decline. The evils of an imperial spirit came out strikingly in the dealing of the Athenians with Mitylene. The Mitylenæans had risen in revolt against them, and a resolution was passed in the assembly that every man in this island should be put to death. You who are acquainted with Thucydides will remember that memorable debate in which Cleon appealed for this massacre of those whom they had conquered. In that speech he said: "I have remarked, again and again, that a democracy cannot manage an empire; never more than now, when I see you regret your condemnation of the Mitylenæans." (The effort was being made to reverse the decision of the day before.) "You should remember that your empire is a despotism exercised over unwilling subjects, who are always conspiring against you. They do not obey in return for any kindness which you do them to your own injury, but in so far as you are their masters; they have no love of you, but they are held down by force." We have here imperialism naked and unabashed, and again in the following passage: "If the Mitylenæans were right in revolting, you must be wrong in maintaining your empire. But if, right or wrong, you are resolved to rule, then rightly or wrongly they must be chastised for your good; otherwise you must give up your empire, and, when virtue is

no longer dangerous, you may be as virtuous as you please."

It is true that the reply to Cleon by Diodotus was successful, and that news was sent of the reprieve. He pleads for mercy: "Instead of inflicting extreme penalties on freemen who revolt, we should practice extreme vigilance before they revolt, and never allow such a thought to enter their minds. When, however, they have been once put down we ought to extenuate their crime as much as possible." Nevertheless the Athenians executed in cold blood a thousand of the leading Mitylenæans who had been sent to Athens by the successful Admiral Paches.

Similarly the Athenians dealt with the island of Melos, and, with a ruthlessness born of the imperialistic *εἰςβρις*, destroyed all its citizens. I cannot go at length into that story. It is sufficient for me to quote the words with which Thucydides sums up the whole story, to show how little effect such a tragedy as this, the destruction of the whole male population of an island, had upon imperial Athens: "The Athenians thereupon put to death all who were of military age, and made slaves of the women and children. They then colonised the island, sending thither five hundred settlers of their own."

But I come, lastly, to what seems to me to have been the supreme cause of the decline of Athens—the influence of the Ionic spirit upon the Greek nation.

In the closing part of the sixth century, shortly before the great battles which were to establish the victory of Greece over Persia, there was a movement which developed in Greece called the Orphic Movement. It was a mystical religious movement, and Professor Bury, who is one of the ablest of modern Greek historians, speaks in the most remarkable manner of this movement.

He says: "Another danger threatens Greece with no less terrible disaster than the Persian invasion—the dissemination of a new religion."

I venture, with all deference, to take the strongest possible exception to the views expressed by Professor Bury. "Spiritually," he says, "the Greeks might have been annexed to the peoples of the Orient." I say that it is a matter for no small thankfulness that the Western peoples have been annexed, in a religious sense, to the peoples of the Orient. Religion has come from the East. The three greatest religious teachers of history are Christ, Buddha, and Mohammed.

Dr. Bury speaks of the "terrible moral significance" that characterised the drama of Æschylus and Sophocles. He admits that this "terrible moral significance" of these great Greek tragedies was due to the influence of this mystic revival. He also tells us that this Orphic revival led, on the part of the Greeks to a passionate craving for an existence after death. It led also to a desire for personal contact with the supernatural. It was given to Pythagoras, one of the later teachers connected with the revival, to answer to some extent these eternal strivings and questionings of the human heart.

It may seem a great thing for Greece to have been emancipated from her priesthood by the Ionian spirit of criticism. I gravely doubt, however, the advantage of a movement that destroyed all the mystical side of this great nation. We see this tendency manifesting itself in a steady change from the great tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles which recognised these eternal laws of right and wrong, to the keenly critical spirit of Euripides, and the anti-religious spirit of Aristophanes. It is remarkable that Thucydides never mentions "the piety" of the Greeks, a phrase constantly used of the early Romans.

He makes no reference to the gods. In those great speeches of Pericles which he records it is hard for us to believe that speeches given in full view of the temple of Athene and the other great Greek temples could have escaped some allusion to the gods; but, if such allusions occurred they were all ruthlessly deleted by this wonderful reporter.

In the course of Greek history this probably was one of the most important factors in settling whether the Empire of Athens should be a lasting one or a fleeting one. "The victory of philosophy," says Bury, "over the doctrines of priests was simply the expression of the Greek spirit which inevitably sought its highest satisfaction in the full expansion of its own powers in the free light of reason." Professor Bury, like myself, was a pupil of Professor Mahaffy. There was another pupil of Professor Mahaffy who has taught this doctrine of finding our highest satisfaction in the full expansion of our own powers in the free light of reason. That writer is the genius who wrote the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "De Profundis," and I mention this because it seems to me that there was another effect of this triumph of the Ionian spirit that is best illustrated by the influence of the morality of Asia upon Greece, coming over as it did from Persia, affecting even her greatest men, Socrates, Alcibiades, Epaminondas, and others. I do not forget the facts concerning the tyrant slayers of so much earlier date, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, but even they were surely subject to the same influences of the Persian code of morals. I cannot deal at length with this aspect on such an occasion as this. I must leave it to those who know the question, and they will readily apprehend how far this argument of mine has any force. But it seems to me that it was because Athens was thus

conquered by influences which came from the East, and because she had no great moral force remaining such as is displayed in her greatest and earliest tragedies that the Athenian Empire so soon fell. If these things be true the lesson for all of us, as we return from gazing upon these glorious monuments of an illustrious past, is the lesson contained in these lines:

These things shall vanish all;
The city of God remaineth.

DR. LYTTTELTON: I think that we owe gratitude to Dr. Lunn for refreshing our memories with an exhaustive and very interesting survey of the chief facts of the great period of Athenian history. Those of us who once were familiar with these facts may have gone through experiences since which have tarnished the brilliancy of our memories, and I am sure it will help us all to understand each other better to have had these very important facts brought before us so lucidly as they have been.

It is, however, difficult to take the same view of the facts, and very difficult to draw the same conclusion. There are many things in Dr. Lunn's verdict, with which he has ended his speech, with which I should myself cordially agree; but I should be inclined on the whole, in a very difficult and very large and complex question, to put the matter perhaps a little more crudely and perhaps a little more simply. And in these great questions, when one tries to be simple, I am very well aware that one opens the channels of criticism, and makes it extremely probable that one is stating the question in a one-sided way.

What I should briefly say about Athens as an imperial power is this, that circumstances forced her into undertaking a task for which she was in

no sense adequately equipped by nature or Providence, and that she set herself to play a part in the world that she ought not to have thought of playing—though I can hardly say that it is a matter of blame to her that she did think of it.

Now let us go right back and think of the education of the Athenian mind in respect to the poems of Homer. We heard the other day that the cause of the Trojan War was mainly commerce. I think we are not misinterpreting Mr. Leaf in saying that. I think that was one of the most interesting suggestions, and an extremely probable one in regard to that very interesting and far-off event. Surely it was practically impossible that a people like the Achæans would have undertaken such a terrific adventure as the invasion of a powerful city on the other side of the Ægean Sea, unless there had been something in the circumstances which made it absolutely necessary to do it, and that something I should gather was simply the fear of starvation. The necessity of commerce and trade was to them the same thing as the necessity of eating. I suppose they could not get their food unless they established their trade with the Euxine, so they undertook the war. It is hardly probable that the carrying off of a beautiful woman would have caused that war. I take it that in those days such things were so common as hardly to cause any notice or comment whatever. You will say that is not the point. These are not the Athenians; they were the Achæans. Perfectly true. But look what happened. This invasion over the waters was immortalised in the most magnificent poems. The Athenians were saturated in their childhood with these poems, and unfortunately for them it was there that they—it may be unconsciously—got the idea that great martial ventures were the things that make nations great. In my

view they were called into existence and endowed as they were for a totally different object.

Very well, then. We will pass on to those views to which Dr. Lunn has drawn our attention. The Persian wars, of course, were among the most powerful circumstances which led to the Athenians becoming something of an imperial power. I think it is surely a just view to take that the conquest of the Persians was not in any sense a justification for the Athenians regarding themselves as a great warlike nation. I cannot help thinking after what we have seen to-day, however, imperfect the view was of the waters of Salamis, and from all that we have read about Marathon and Plataea, that the issues of these battles were little short of miraculous when one considers the disparity of the combatants in number. I do not mean to undervalue the patriotism and the individual valour of the Athenians, but from that very moment when they were, I suppose, led to think highly of themselves as a leading power, every one of the circumstances which we read about connected with the antecedents of those battles surely point most distinctly to the fact that not only the Athenians, but all the Greeks together were absolutely incapable of cohesion and co-operation, even in the presence of the most terrific peril. That means that they had not the qualities of an imperial power, and I do not think that we can go very much farther than that.

Now let us pass on as quickly as we can. The battles were somehow won. Athens put herself in the position of being foremost among the conquering cities, and naturally, from her position in the east of Greece, the one on whom the burden of keeping off the Persians fell. What led to Athens being able to make an imperial position for herself for a few years was simply that you have

these slack and unpractical Ionian islanders for a time held together under pressure of a great fear, and there is no doubt, when you consider what happened during these twelve tremendous years from Marathon to Plataea, that there was enough of menace to force combination on all the peoples concerned. For the years that followed, and as long as that menace remained a reality, there was a kind of external pressure to hold these islanders together. The very moment that that pressure began to be removed the islanders began to fall apart.

But Athens, it will be said, and Pericles saw this, and determined to do as we ourselves have done—take advantage of circumstances to make themselves an imperial power. I do not believe it. I do not believe that they had any conception of what an empire meant. I think there was an imperialism in their notions of a sort, but no conception of an empire such as the Romans had, and such as we have. Dr. Lunn has told us of the qualities shown by these islanders, and they ought to have convinced the Athenians that they were entering on an impossible task.

I remember when we were at Cambridge we used to be brought up under the idea of Grote's that the empire fell gradually and of necessity into the hands of the Athenians, not from their own self-seeking, but from the force of circumstances, and how it was the powerful natives of Samos who made the motion that the funds should be transferred from Delos to Athens. I think I am right that later discoveries have shown that Grote was entirely wrong there. It was the motion of the Athenians which brought the money from Delos to Athens. In other words they wanted the money. I do not believe they wanted it for the sake of building up an empire, or for unworthy motives of self-seeking.

I believe it was their artistic spirit which made them do that. They saw their chance of beautifying Athens. I am profoundly glad myself that they got hold of that money. There is not one member of the confederacy that would have used it as well as they did.

Now, if we take the view that I am trying to indicate, we shall agree partly with Pericles, and we shall disagree also. I think that he was completely wrong in trying to persuade his countrymen that they had a mission to conquer any portion of the earth's surface. My conviction is that if Pericles had been as great as the second Isaiah, he would have told the Athenians, as the second Isaiah told the Jews, and the first Isaiah also, that their strength was to sit still in quietness and confidence. Isaiah was not able to persuade his countrymen of that, nor was Pericles. Pericles only tried in a very half-hearted way. If he had been as great as the Jewish prophet, he would have gone on getting hold of the money and beautifying the city, because it was carrying out the proper function of Greeks among mankind. That is what Pericles might have done. It is little blame to him that he did not.

Directly Pericles died, the Athenians appear to have gone mad. The Spartan Brasidas kept them sane for a time because he threatened them so severely. Surely when you come to think of that Peloponnesian War, the extremely interesting suggestion of Mr. Cornford, of Cambridge, ought to be borne in mind, that you had only Pericles in Athens and a population of 30,000 people in the Piræus, all commercial, active, greedy, grasping people, and they saw, right in front of themselves, the powerful naval city of Corinth threatening to take away their trade. Again commerce comes in, and I think that in

reality the main motive of the Peloponnesian War was that Athens began to feel that not only in the Euxine but in Sicily was her objective and that her great rival was Corinth and not Sparta. I hope that suggestion will receive the attention of scholars and historians, because there seems in it to be a great deal that explains subsequent events. There is nothing very evident in Pericles' attitude which suggests his being at all anxious to fight against Sparta.

Now let us come down to Demosthenes and Alexander. Demosthenes again I do not blame. Demosthenes did not take the view of the situation that we can now, after all these years, probably take. My view is that Athens had been fulfilling her mission since the time when she began to decline. Her mission was to lay the foundation of human philosophy, literature, art, and science, and she did it all.

When we say that Athens failed, we are talking simply as political Englishmen. Athens has laid the whole of human-kind under a debt, and we shall never again, I suppose, have to pay such a debt to any nation as long as the world lasts, but with foreign politics she has done nothing whatever to teach us how great a nation can be. Now Demosthenes could not understand that. Acting as a patriot, speaking as a patriot, he had to tell them to fight against the danger from the north, but he totally misinterpreted the danger. When we read of the oration of Philip and his great son, surely it is a most interesting thing how gently they dealt with the Athenians; how marvellously they saw what the real mission of Athens in the world was. And was there ever a conception so brilliant and so successfully carried out as that of the great Alexander's of taking this nation and depriving them for good and all of making any more disastrous mistakes.

He deprived them of all chance of ever making these blunders again, but he gave them the most magnificent opportunity of teaching mankind all the lessons they still had to teach, and of spreading through the nations of the East that culture which we have been envying ever since.

Demosthenes, unfortunately, was almost as great a power in his literary influence as Homer had been, and in the same direction. Homer gave them in the very beginning of their existence the idea that fighting was the greatest thing in the world, which it was not, and never has been. Demosthenes to a very large extent fortified that idea, and we have these two great literary influences acting upon them in the same disastrous way. I have heard it said that of all the things that are most dangerous to the modern Greeks, the works of Demosthenes are the greatest; and as long as they flourish his speeches in the faces of foreigners who try to tell them what they ought to do, they are taking after Demosthenes and imbibing his spirit.

I wish to say in conclusion that what it seems to me to point to is that we have a nation endowed in several directions; but just as in the fine arts there was one art of which they knew practically nothing, and that was music, so among the great faculties of mankind there was one in which they were ridiculously poor, and that was political organisation, political cohesion, the real notion of how to manage other free peoples, how to keep them together, how to weld them into a mass which would command attention and respect from all surrounding people. They did not know how to do it. I very much doubt if any power, until the Romans came, could have made the Ionians into an empire.

There it was. I do not mean to be disparaging to people whom all of us in this room feel more

inclined to worship than to criticise, but it is no disparagement whatever to say that, if Providence gave them marvellous gifts, there was one that Providence withheld. I do not believe that we quite succeed always in seeing that because we ourselves have, or think we have, a considerable gift, and think we ought to value other nations according as to whether they have that same gift or not. Why should we all be alike? Would the world be a habitable place if all nations had the same arts and political ability? I remember setting an essay to one of my pupils at Haileybury, and it was on the subject of "How does it come about that, with more to think about than ever, we are losing our power of thinking?" My pupil wrote an excellent essay. He wrote three or four long pages on the amount of evidence there is of thoughtlessness and want of foresight and so on among mankind; and having read these evidences, which were given with considerable force, lucidity, and accuracy, I turned over the last page and there was about half a page left, and I thought, "What more can he have to say?" The last paragraph was the most interesting of all. It was to this effect: "But, after all, suppose that if the state of things were quite contrary to what I have said, and that everybody that we met and whenever we met them, in political gatherings, in ball-rooms, on cruises abroad, in every kind of social and political federation, if every individual that composed those gatherings were thoughtful men, what an awful place the world would be!"

I cannot help thinking that if we take nations instead of individuals, and political sagacity instead of what he called thoughtfulness, there is something in his remark in which we shall agree.

And now just as Demosthenes found that Phokion used to get up after him to speak and chop what he had said into mincemeat, well,

so my old friend, Dr. Gow is *κόπις τῶν λόγων* in this case, and I only hope that what I have said he is going to chop into the smallest mince-meat he can.

DR. GOW: Just before I came downstairs Mr. Ramsay told me a story about an American politician who was summoned by telegram to make a speech at an election. He had to make his speech in the train, and he put together nine anecdotes with a little thread of connexion. When he got to the meeting he found that he was the tenth speaker. The first eight speakers each told one of his nine stories, and as the ninth man got up to speak he said, "Are you going to tell a story about a hen?" and he was. Well, Dr. Lunn has told eight of my stories, and Mr. Lyttelton has told my story about the hen, so there is nothing left for me to give you but the thin thread of connexion; and perhaps you will think that this is very fortunate, as it is getting late.

I agree on the whole much more with Mr. Lyttelton than with Dr. Lunn. The successes of the Athenians, I think, in some directions have blinded us to their essential defects. We are apt to think that because they produced the greatest sculptors, and the greatest dramatists, and the greatest historians, and so forth, that they were a people of invention. They were not. There is practically no art which the Athenians invented for themselves. They borrowed the beginnings of arts from other people, and improved them to the highest point. Phidias himself was the pupil of a sculptor in Argos; the tragedy and comedy of the Athenians were borrowed from the Dorians; there was an historian before Thucydides in the person of Herodotus, who was not an Athenian. All the contributions to geometry, astronomy, rhetoric, and so forth, that were

made in the glorious fifth century before Christ, were not made by Athenians at all.

The only exception, I believe, to this catalogue of borrowed foundations is one that proves the rule, and that I am going to state afterwards. It is that the Athenians did invent moral philosophy and the form of dialogue to express it. What the Athenians really excelled in was the critical faculty which enabled them to see, when other people were doing something, how it could be done better, and how this or that art could be brought to perfection. That was really their great gift, the critical faculty.

Now, in matters of art the critical faculty is exceedingly valuable, because if you are going wrong you can begin again. There is no hurry about producing a piece of sculpture or painting or architecture. You can correct your own mistakes, and get better and better. You have other opportunities of learning and trying in matters of art. But in politics your opportunity comes once; and if you do not take it and use it to the best advantage, it does not occur again.

There is a sculptor about whom we have heard a great deal lately—Lysippus, the sculptor who used to do Alexander's portraits. He designed a statue of Opportunity, and he made him with a lock of hair in front and bald behind, to indicate that if you want to catch Opportunity you must catch him when he comes, because if he has passed you will not be able to get him at all.

Nothing, it seems to me, is more fatal in politics than the influence of the mind habitually critical. It has surprised me not that the Athenians failed, but that they ever had any success, and I think that they would never have had any if it had not been for Themistocles and Pericles—Themistocles cynical, Pericles cold and distant—who pushed them and made them make up their minds to

do things which otherwise they would have wrangled about for ever and ever. You remember the Irish and Mr. Parnell—the situation was somewhat similar; the French and Napoleon—the situation was somewhat similar. A strong cold man can dominate a critical talkative people and make them do things which by themselves they would not do, and it was in that way that the Athenians acquired any empire at all. When these leaders were dead they fell to talking and criticising each other, and never did anything.

Some of you will remember the last speech of Demosthenes in which he reviews the history of the preceeding thirty years. It is a melancholy catalogue of opportunities wasted. I remember a particular passage in which he describes how, while the Athenians were dawdling and thinking what they should do, and criticising, suddenly the news came that Philip had seized Elatea, the town which commanded the pass to Athens, and was bringing down his troops. He tells how the citizens rushed into the market-place and turned over the booths and made a bonfire to fetch in the people from the country, because they were alarmed at last when it was too late. Over and over again that happened in Athenian politics.

The empire they had was an empire acquired by accident and maintained by a sort of fraud. What happened was this—there was a confederacy of Delos, a federation of nations to supply ships to keep off the Persians. Afterwards the islanders wanted to get to their work, and they were perfectly willing to pay Athens to keep the fleet and let them go about their business. But when all danger from the Persians had ceased, the Athenians continued to keep up the fleet for their own purposes, and continued to take the money too, and, having the money, they were able to

indulge their artistic instincts in the embellishments of their city. That is the way in which those works of art which we all admire were paid for.

I think that Mr. Lyttelton was rather mistaken in suggesting that Philip, by conquering Athens, had given it its real opportunity. The fact is that Athens made no use of the opportunity at all. The decadence of Athens after this time was even greater than before. It degenerated into a university town, producing no great works of any kind, but only an endless flow of criticism. Its opportunity really came when it was playing a stirring part in the world, doing something, and putting unusual heart into its proceedings. It was in the short time between 460 and 400 B.C. that Athens was really supreme and did all the best work that she ever did. Political supremacy to be up and doing in the world at large, is surely a great stimulus to a nation, as it was to us in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Everybody's mind was full of hope and vigour for that brief period, and it was then that the artistic instincts of the Athenians became suddenly effective. So soon as they met with disaster their spirit was daunted, and they relapsed into criticism.

MR. S. R. JAMES: I want very much not to go over the ground that has been covered before; I have only about three things to say, and I will try to say them as briefly as I can. You must excuse me if my phraseology is slightly disjointed.

I want to ask you whether it would be fair, in any sense, to draw a parallel between the Athenians of the fourth century B.C. and the modern Greeks of to-day, who are, as far as we can see, a most conspicuous failure. The modern Greek of to-day shows some characteristics which are similar to the characteristics displayed by the ancient Athenians. They are full of ambition,

in a limited sense; they are full of patriotism, also, to a limited extent; and of a selfish character in some respects. They are fond of money-making, they are as sharp and clever as they possibly can be. They do not stick together for any length of time, though they have a kind of *esprit de corps* which, though it does not prevent them from being jealous of each other as individuals, makes them faithful to their race and country; but they have the fickleness of the ancient Athenians, and, like the ancient Athenians, they are scandalously over-educated, because, if you inquire into the statistics of modern Greece, you will find that there are about three times as many men in that country who have received a university education as there is any job for. It means that for every office in the State there are at least two claimants, and the only thing to be said in favour of the Greeks as against another nation—the Portugese, who are in a similar position—is that they have a system called “rotativism,” which implies that after a party has been in for a period it shall go out, so that they may all have a share of the spoils. But things in modern Greece in that way are very bad. There are far too many people highly educated for all to get a living.

This is the second point.—If you are familiar, at second-hand even, with the writings of the dramatists, particularly of Aristophanes, surely you will remember that, though Aristophanes did caricature, yet the art of caricaturing is only telling the truth with the features partly distorted; and when Aristophanes describes the training of the young Athenians, you remember that the one thing they wanted to learn was how to make the worst appear the better cause, because they wanted to learn how to win. They did not care whether it was fairly or by foul means;

to win was the great thing, and that was the chief training given to the youth of Athens in those old days.

Thirdly, the government was in the hands of the people. I want to ask you this question, Do you think that it is fair to suppose that a purely democratic form of government is fit to be trusted with the management of an empire? When I say purely democratic I mean a form of government in which each individual citizen had a direct vote on such questions as, for instance, the spending of the funds or the appointment of officers, for every mortal question of that kind had to be decided by the direct votes of the individual citizens. It would not be very long before any empire so conducted must go to rack and ruin, and especially since, in questions of politics as well as in questions of justice, the appeal to the feelings of the citizens rather than to their actual reason was the appeal which usually won the day. That, I hope, is not an unfair statement. If unfair, I hope that it will be criticised. I believe, putting it shortly, that it was an unpractical and a hopeless system to invite each individual citizen to give a vote on the direct management of the affairs of anything like an empire. I cannot be surprised that the empire collapsed under such a system.

How, then, is an empire to be built up on such bases as I have tried to describe?—managed by a people incompetent to manage it—a people, as I have said, scandalously over-educated, a people swayed by the emotions, a people whose one desire was to win, and among whom I will defy any one here present to name five conspicuous statesmen who were to be trusted? I do not believe that there are five. I can think of one or two, and if the leading men like Themistocles had always behind them the idea that if things went badly

for them they could go over to the other side, what hope was there for a people in such circumstances? If you think of Alcibiades and Themistocles, who were awful knaves, and of Nicias, who was an appalling fool, what hope was there for the Athenians?

DR. SPOONER: I had not come here with the intention of taking part in this discussion this evening, and I am afraid that the remarks which I shall make will prove to have been less considered than I could wish them to be, but I have something to approve of and a great deal to differ from in all the speeches to which I have listened this evening.

I should like to say much in admiration of the last speech to which we listened, and to add that I so far agree with it that I consider that the failure of Athens was in a very large measure due to the fact that it did depart from the original ideal which it had held before itself. It does not seem to me to be impossible that Athens should have formed a confederacy in which each State should have been admitted on equal terms; but because it felt itself—and perhaps in some degree rightly felt itself—so superior to the other States of Greece, it deliberately departed from that ideal, and, as we all know, substituted for an equal confederacy of States an empire in which Athens was to be solely supreme; but because it admitted that weakness within its empire, therefore it fought at a tremendous disadvantage against a confederacy which had at least the advantage of being composed of free and equal States who deliberately chose to be a member of the confederacy which they joined. The consequence was that when disaster befell the armies of Athens—and it was certain that disaster would sooner or later befall those armies—it found itself without any real friends, any staunch

supporters to whom it could appeal, and its weakness became at once disclosed.

But besides this, which is the chief explanation, there was one other circumstance which explains, it seems to me, the very short period during which the Athenian empire lasted. In the early days of the Athenian confederacy, the sacrifice which each individual citizen had to make was comparatively small, because, as several of the speakers have noted, the resources which the empire needed were derived, not primarily from the contributions of its citizens, but from the tribute which was contributed by the allies. When, however, this tribute failed them owing to the desertion of the allies after the great Sicilian disaster, it naturally became the question how much should be contributed by the different classes of which Athens was made up—by the rich and by the poor respectively; and it being the nature of democracy to think that the largest sacrifices ought to be made by the rich in the State, the democracy required from the rich very large sacrifices indeed. Had the rich been animated by feelings of the highest patriotism, they perhaps might have contributed what they felt was more than their just share of the expenses of the whole; but what actually happened was that the rich Athenians felt that they were being called on to contribute more than their fair share. They became an oppressed, or considered themselves an oppressed and unjustly treated minority in the State, and they lost the patriotism which they once had.

But when Athens became not one State but two, when the rich and the powerful in Athens ceased to be patriotic because they felt that they had met with something less than justice, then its downfall was inevitable, and took place almost at once. I think that that perhaps is

a lesson which other nations might do well to take to heart.

MR. RAMSAY MUIR: I have very slight qualifications for intervening in this debate, for it is twelve years since I gave any serious study to Greek history; and I can only pretend to speak as one of the non-expert. I have been all these years concerned with the study of modern periods which are far removed from the scenes that we have been studying. And here I have come on a cruise to the scenes of these ancient glories, and all the old spell of them has revived and taken hold of me, so that I am not merely admiring these Athenians, but almost worshipping them. Like all of you, I have been wondering and puzzling at the marvel that this astonishing genius of the Athenians should have been able to do its work for only a brief period of a couple of centuries. Why should it have vanished?

I come to hear that matter discussed and explained to us by great scholars who have been spending their lives in the study of the Greeks. And what do I hear?

I hear from Mr. Lyttelton that the Athenians had no political capacity whatsoever. That is the first contribution to the solution of the question. I hear from Dr. Gow that they had no original artistic capacity whatsoever—that they had no creative power, apparently, in anything, but were merely imitative and critical. And I remember the Acropolis, and wonder how it was possible for these miracles of beauty and perfection to be created by a merely negative and destructive quality of the mind. And then we pass to Dr. James. He has told us that the explanation of the short life of the Athenian power was that they had no moral qualities whatsoever. With all these explanations it seems to us, no doubt, extremely easy to understand why the Athenian

empire should have vanished; but why it should ever have existed, and why we should have been attracted to visit the centre of this empire, is beyond my understanding altogether.

Now I am bound to say that I am a little sorry that the question for discussion has been put in precisely the form in which it has been put. I should have preferred that we were not discussing the decay of Athenian imperialism—I do not know that we have been discussing that, because “Athenian imperialism” ought to mean the Athenian spirit of desire for a pride in empire; but we have been at any rate discussing the decline of the Athenian empire. I am sorry that even that should have been our main subject—I should have liked the great scholars on the ship to set themselves to explain to us not why a mere political power broke down, but why the really marvellous thing—that astonishing efflorescence of Athenian art and poetry and thought—was so evanescent.

I do not think that we can change the subject at this hour, but I do want to go a little farther, if I may, in the criticism of the view taken up by one or two of the speakers, and especially of the position taken up by Mr. Lyttelton, which seems to me to go to the heart of the matter.

He says that the Athenians had no political gift, and that that is why their empire fell. Well, I am a modern historian, but I feel, like every other modern historian, that you cannot profitably begin the study of modern history without first understanding what it is that Athens has meant in the history of civilisation. And the reason why I feel this is simply that I believe that these Athenians had just the very greatest political gift of any race that I have ever come across. It is not merely that they were able to produce men who are still our guides in political thought,

and will continue to be our guides in political thought. That, perhaps, Dr. Gow would attribute to the fact that the Athenians were a critical-minded people. But I want to go farther than that.

It seems to me that the Athenians, and they alone among civilised peoples, not merely set before themselves a noble vision of what a State might be, but they also realised that vision, even if it was only for a very brief span of time, with a fullness with which no other community has ever realised if at all. And, after all, to have touched perfection, even for a moment, is worth more than to have stagnated in a dull way in the maintenance of reasonably satisfactory conditions for a long period, as the Romans and ourselves have showed an ability for doing; and it does seem to me that the Athenians did for a moment absolutely touch perfection, because they were able to produce a State which made the life of every one of its members a greater and a bigger and a finer thing. No man could be an Athenian without feeling that he owed to the fact of his living in that society his enjoyment of a life richer and fuller than was open to any other Greek, not to speak of any barbarian.

I venture to say that the mass of free men have never, in the history of the world, so fully been enabled to enjoy all that is best in the life of man, and to develop all the powers in the mind of man to so high an extent as the Athenians did during that brief but brilliant period. Now, the nation that did that, the only nation that has ever done that, seems to me to be the greatest political nation.

I should like to go on and explain why it seems to me that, having achieved so much, they did not achieve more, and bring about the cohesion of the scattered Greek States; but to do this with

any fullness would take more time than I have any right to engross.

This is the real secret of that criticism of their political capacity of which, not only from Mr. Lyttelton, but in all the books, we hear so much, that they were not able to weld Greece into one. They were not. I do not know that they consciously tried to do any such thing, and if they did they failed. But their empire came to an end, not through any lack of military and political ability, of which they seemed always to have immense reserves, but rather because they were half conscious that they were pursuing a false ideal, because what they were trying to do was incompatible with the maintenance of precisely those qualities which were their greatest qualities. All their greatness and all their success had been due to the fact that they were members of a city, a State small enough to make it possible for every member within it to enjoy in the fullest degree all the privileges and conditions of full membership of a very active and many-sided society. It is a great mistake to think of the small city-state solely as a barrier to a larger unity. On the contrary, it was the passionate attachment of Greece to the idea of the city-state that rendered possible the development of all that was best in Greek history, and above all in Athens. Only in the intimacy of a city-state was the Good Life fully open to the citizen.

When Athens departed from the ideal of endeavouring to make possible for a small number of members of a city-state (for whom alone it could ever be possible) the richest and widest life, and above all the full life, of a self-governing citizen; when Athens began to make herself a mistress State, began to rob other city-states of their share of those privileges which were the means of the achievements that she herself had

attained: then her decay began, for even she began to sacrifice that which I always feel was the great secret of the Athenian genius—its essential simplicity, purity, and freedom from the vulgarity of measuring anything, whether political power, or temples, or anything else that you like, by mere size.

If we could only get out of our minds the modern habit of measuring the greatness of a community by the area of territory that it has coloured on the map of the world, if we could only measure in terms of spiritual and intellectual greatness, I think that we should be able more easily to free ourselves from the influence of this cheap criticism, If I may dare to use such an adjective—from this, as I think, misleading criticism of lack of political sense, which we have heard directed against Athens. For Athens, as I see it, was the only State which ever did fully achieve an ideal of what civic life might be for the whole membership of its community; and because it did achieve supreme political genius of all the states of which history has any record.

PROFESSOR SANDAY: I should like to say a few words. I am sure that we have all listened to this debate with the greatest enjoyment. I can answer certainly for myself. What I think has given us that enjoyment is the delightfully fresh and unconventional manner in which the whole subject has been discussed. I must say that the earlier speakers of this debate rather took my breath away, but I was very glad to have it taken away. They certainly threw one back upon oneself, and made one consider what amount of truth there is in these different points that have been discussed. There is truth, if I may say so, in every speech that has been made. Perhaps the climax of all was the speech of Dr. Ramsay Muir. I have no doubt that the previous

speakers, in their heart of hearts, when they came to examine this, would be conscious of the immense element of truth that there was in his statement of the other side.

The extraordinary way in which every man in the Athenian nation threw himself into the spirit of the Sicilian expedition—and not only once, but twice, with the elasticity which ran through it all, the extraordinary elasticity that the Athenians showed in spite of tremendous reverses—is very impressive. I do believe that there is nothing like it, and I do believe that it was a product of the intense direct and personal interest that each individual man felt in the welfare of the State as a whole.

There are only two points that I would venture to put. The first is, how very near they were to success. We have to bear that in mind. In that Sicilian expedition, once or twice or three times they very nearly succeeded; and supposing they had, what would have happened? We cannot tell what they might not have gone on to do.

And the other point which struck me is that the great mistake seems to me to have been just a matter of miscalculation. They miscalculated their strength. They undertook more than any State of that size could possibly have performed. There was that extraordinary expedition they made into Egypt. They attacked the Persian Empire in Egypt, and it was a failure, and their losses must have been very considerable. Then came the plague, which surely accounts for a great deal. It decimated the nation.

And then in Sicily: if in a cold-blooded way one sits down to consider what the chances of their success were, and what the difficulties of the undertaking were from anything like a strategical point of view, so far away from their own base,

and with their line of communication watched on all sides by hostile powers, when one considers the conditions under which they undertook that enterprise, it seems hopeless almost from the first. And yet they nearly succeeded. The luck was all against them. They sent out three generals. For poor Nicias I must say that I have a kindly feeling. I could not speak with Mr. James. He was a most amiable, excellent, and highly respectable person. And the other was Alcibiades, who was, of course, an erratic genius. But they sent out a soldier too. He was a real fighting man, and their plans had a great deal of ability in them. Unfortunately, Lamachus fell almost at the outset. The luck was all against them. That is the second point I should like to mention, and I do think that there was miscalculation.

It was very strange that people with all that ability and all that critical power should have been taken in by the ruses which are described as practised upon them. You see they went to Sicily nominally because they were invited by two small cities there, which were both Ionian cities. They sent ambassadors to Athens and invited the Athenians to send ambassadors back again, and when these Athenian ambassadors arrived they were freely entertained by the citizens. What the citizens had done was to go round to all the neighbouring cities and borrow all the gold and silver vessels they could find, and then pass all these vessels from house to house, and so they sent away the Athenians with the impression that they were possessed of boundless wealth. When the Athenian expedition arrived they very soon found out the real state of things.

MR. COKE-NORRIS: I think in all such questions as this, it is very necessary, as Aristotle said, to distinguish the ultimate and immediate causes of any effect.

As to the ultimate cause of the downfall of the Athenian Empire, I entirely agree with Mr. Ramsay Muir, who attributes it to the fact the Athenians deliberately ran counter to the spirit of the city-state which dominated Greek political thought; but as to the immediate cause of the downfall of the empire, I think that this was largely economic in character.

It was mainly because the Athenians had a larger and better-filled treasury that they were so successful down to the beginning of the Sicilian expedition, and this fact enabled them to embark upon that stupendous undertaking. When that expedition failed it meant, of course, that the treasury was considerably depleted, and, what was still worse, it was followed by the revolt of their allies, from whom they had hitherto drawn most of their money.

In consequence of this they were now on a level with the Spartans, and the question became, Which side could hold out longest? It was simply a question of which depleted treasury (for Sparta never had any large supplies of money) could hold out longest.

And now a new factor comes on the scene, and that is Persia. In the last stages of the war the question was this, Which of the two combatants would Persia help with her wealth? There was bidding for the wealth of Persia both from Athens and from Sparta, and for some time Persia hesitated; but of course it soon became apparent to Persia that she must, at all costs, check that power which was most likely to interfere with her influence in Asia Minor—that is to say, Athens; and therefore, finally, when Sparta produced a man in Lysander who Cyrus saw was able adequately to use the Persian money supplied then the weight of Persian gold was thrown into the Spartan scale.

As long as that Persian gold was withheld Athens managed to hold her own, and even win the battle of Arginusæ; but when the weight of Persian gold was finally and decisively put on the side of Sparta, it led to the downfall of Athens. Lysander was kept in office largely owing to the influence of Cyrus, and with his great victory of Ægospotami brought the Athenian empire to an end.

SIR HENRY LUNN: I think you will all agree that the interesting speeches which have been given by those who followed the opening have justified the terrible audacity of the opener, and I am sure that we shall all go away to-night feeling that we have learnt from these distinguished scholars much that will make a fitting conclusion to this cruise.

There is only one thing that I should like to say. There does not seem to be any great antagonism between the position advocated by Mr. Lyttleton and one or two other speakers that the fall of the Athenian Empire was due to a lack of political capacity, and Mr. Ramsay Muir's contention that it was due to their failing to recognise the inherent love of the Greeks for the autonomy of the States. Political capacity would have recognised this fundamental fact.

There was one man in the century following Ægospotami and the Peloponnesian War who advocated a policy which I think might have given Athens her proper place. Isocrates was a man whose name, perhaps, is not widely known, but he wrote some admirable letters. He wrote particularly to Philip, and urged upon him that he should become the leader of a united Greece as against the power of Persia. It was left to Alexander to show in his dealings with Athens and the other Greek States a true spirit of magnanimity and a true spirit of statesmanship. Although

Athens failed to maintain her empire, she might have left behind her a much greater fame as a political force if she and the great Greek States had been willing to listen to the voice of Isocrates, and had realised that it was nobler and wiser to sink the narrow patriotism of the city in the wider interests of all Hellas—greater to be a faithful member of a federation of free cities than the mistress of an unwilling empire of subjugated States.

“The Isles of Greece”

O “Isles” (as Byron said) “of Greece!”
For which the firm of Homer sang,
Especially that little piece
Interpreted by Mr. Lang,—
Where the unblushing Sappho wrote
The hymns we hardly like to quote.

I cannot share his grave regret
Who found your fame had been and gone;
There seems to be a future yet
For Tenedos and Marathon;
Fresh glory gilds their deathless sun,
And this is due to Dr. Lunn!

.
Not theirs the course of crude delight,
On which the common tourist wends,
From faith they move, by way of sight,
To knowledge meant for noble ends
'Twill be among their purest joys
To work it off upon the boys.

One hears the travelled teacher call
Upon the Upper Fifth to note
(Touching the Spartan counter wall)
How great the lore of Mr. Grote;
And tell them, “His are just the views
I formed myself—at Syracuse!”

When Jones is at a loss to show
Where certain islands ought to be,
How well to whack him hard and low
And say, “The pain is worse for me,
To whom the Cyclades are quite
Familiar, like the Isle of Wight”

O.S.

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Olympia *

BY THE REV. SYDNEY R. JAMES

My subject is Olympia. I do not apologise beforehand for my treatment of the subject, for long before I have finished you will have realised that no apology would be adequate. I ask you, however, to note that I am addressing myself to those who are not experts in archæology or history or classical lore, but rather to those who I venture to assume form the majority of our party—who are not primarily students, have never visited Olympia, and might be glad of some suggestions and some information on the subject, couched in simple terms.

When we find ourselves actually on the spot, and have identified with our own eyes the temple of Zeus, the temple of Hera, the starting-line of the Stadium, the workshop of Phidias, and so on, it is not at all easy to reconstruct, from those ruined walls and heaps of collapsed columns and uncrowned pedestals, a mental picture of the glorious array of buildings and statues which would have greeted our eyes 2000 or even 1500 years ago.

But before we go there let us first try to imagine an Olympic meeting—its purpose, its scene, and its setting. You know that to the Greeks, or Hellenes, as they called themselves, Hellas was not a geographical expression, but denoted any place where Hellenes set up their habitation. As soon as a Greek colony was planted in any spot, that spot became a part of Greece. So there were portions of Hellas dotted all along the coasts of Asia Minor and the Black Sea, as far north-east

* A Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," April, 1910.

as the Sea of Azov, on the south border of Thrace, the Hellespont, and adjacent shores, here and there in North Africa, as far west as Spain; and again all round the coast of Sicily and South Italy, and of course the whole of what we call Greece and the islands both east and west of it.

A high standard of civilisation prevailed throughout Hellas. Wherever the Greek went he took with him not only the spark of sacred fire from the altar of the mother city, but also his arts. Every Greek town, large or small, contained its group of temples, on which the highest skill was lavished, and its theatre, in which the masterpieces of tragedy and comedy were enacted at the yearly festivals. Each city was complete in itself, but the bonds which tied the colony to the mother city—the metropolis—were strong and enduring; and the sense of patriotism, limited though it was, was very vigorous. Dorians and Ionians retained their special characteristics, their institutions, their festivals, their religious observances—which included dramatic performances. But the Greeks were not in any sense a single united nation, and their history is a record of constant petty internal bickerings and one long struggle for supremacy between the two leading cities of the rival Dorian and Ionian stocks, though just for one period in the hour of the gravest peril Athens and Sparta did unite for the defence of Hellas against the Persian power, and beat it back in confusion. Even then there were many Hellenes neutral.

Greece, then, or Hellas, in the widest historical sense of the word, was not a local geographical term, but a collective name for all Greek or Hellenic States wherever they might be, mother cities and colonies, studding the coasts of the Mediterranean and Black Sea.

But in Greece proper were to be found the two

great centres of worship at which all Hellenes met periodically on neutral ground, as it were, and buried the hatchet for a time. These two great centres were the oracle of Apollo at Delphi and the sanctuary of Zeus at Olympia. The oracle of Apollo at Delphi was kept strictly neutral by a league of the States surrounding it, and was not profaned by Greeks even in times of bitter internecine strife. The sanctuary of Zeus at Olympia was the scene of the great Olympic games, at which all Greeks met on common ground.

The purpose of the games, then, as we know them in history, was to do honour to Zeus, whose temple towered above all the other buildings of the Altis, or sacred enclosure. To the festival, held every four years, came Greeks from every Hellenic centre, belonging to every family of the Hellenic race. During that festival hostilities were suspended. A sacred truce prevailed, and competitors and spectators from cities that immediately before and immediately after were at war with each other met on hallowed ground in peace and security.

The competitors had to go through a course of strict training lasting for eleven months. The last month was passed by all at Olympia itself, under the immediate superintendence of the *Hellandicæ*, or officials. And when the great day came you might have seen Greeks from Sicily, South Italy, Cyrene, Crete, the Crimea, Thrace, Asia Minor, and the islands meeting Greeks from every State on the mainland of Greece and from the Peloponnesus, ready to contend each for the honour of his own city.

Try to re-people that area, desolate as it is to-day, with throngs of worshippers offering prayer and sacrifice to Zeus and Hera, and the other deities whom they delighted to honour.

Dig out the Stadium and restore it, with its rows of seats. Re-people it and the hillside above with a vast concourse of spectators in holiday attire. Those of you who have seen the Stadium in London or at Athens will know pretty well what it looked like.

When you enter the sacred enclosure to-morrow, try to clear it in your mind's eye of whatever sand the German excavators have left, of all the weeds and flowers; re-erect the fallen columns; roof in the temples and treasuries and official buildings; replace the boundary walls and colonnades; put back the 3000 statues on their pedestals plant noble planes and pine-trees.

Then imagine the contests ready to begin. I will not weary you with a fancy description, but the events included footraces (the original competition) of short, middle, and long distance, the pentathlon, which included wrestling, running, discuss and javelin-throwing, leaping, and boxing and the pancratium, and even horse and chariot races held in the hippodrome hard by. The men competed naked, and their shapes and attitudes, affording as they did examples of the highest grace and beauty of which the human form is capable, gave unrivalled opportunities to the sculptor and the artist. To these contests our debt to-day is incalculable.

So through the brilliant hours for five long days the games went on. And at the close the victors, crowned with simple garlands of wild olive, bearing away with them no gorgeous cups or costly trophies, were acclaimed by the great concourse of spectators, and paid their vows at the holy place of Zeus and laid up their votive offerings at the treasuries of their several States. And when they reached their homes—perhaps near by at Argos or Athens or Corinth, perhaps far away in Syracuse or Crete or Mitylene—they

were welcomed not merely as successful athletes, but as men who had done high honour to the State.

Perhaps when you have tired your limbs with walking round and round the ruins, and your eyes with staring at statues and inscriptions in the Museum, you may find that you have an hour to spare before you return to everyday life and the special train. If so, why not sit down on the hillside, close your eyes for a moment as though you were at a lecture, and ask the kindly deity who sends pleasant dreams to vouchsafe you a vision of the past—a vision of bright colours, of magnificent buildings, of matchless sculptures, of graceful human forms in movement and repose—a vision of enthusiasm, unselfish and patriotic, of devotion to high ideals, of beauty made into a religion, or rather, religion finding its expression in beauty?

In a few days you will be standing on the hill Areopagus at Athens and recalling the sermon of St. Paul. There he stood with his eyes fixed on the Acropolis, the home of works of art of greater beauty than anything Olympia could show, though in a far austerer setting. I cannot help feeling that though St. Paul's words were spoken to correct the fundamental error of the Hellenic religion, yet the way in which he spoke showed a deep sympathy with the Hellenic character and its yearning for the highest ideals.

So we may dream. But before that hour of happy dreams can arrive we have some hard work to do.

The Museum and the hotel at Olympia are close together, and the Altis—the sacred enclosure—is within five minutes' walk. You will have your choice—Museum first or Altis first. We will go straight to the Altis. Last year I recommended some people to begin walking a little way up the

hill on the north side—the Kronion—to get a general view of the site, but I am afraid that it is not easy to find a good spot, as the trees have grown up rather thick. Still, such a view does held one to get a comprehensive notion of *the lie* of the ground. Whether, however, you prefer to do this or to go straight to the Altis, you will first cross the Kladius by the nearest bridge—the Kladius is a stream the course of which makes a right angle with the great river Alpheus and in this angle lies the sacred enclosure.

The Kladius and the Alpheus together are responsible in part for the destruction of Olympia, and even more for the preservation of what is left us. The last Olympic games were held in A.D. 393, and from that time onward Olympia was gradually laid waste. Many of its richest treasures were carried off by various plundering bands. Appalling earthquakes shattered its buildings in A.D. 522 and 551. Landslips and floods from the rivers did their work, partly destroying and then completely burying the ruins in soil and sand.

The dwellers hard by used whatever was left above ground as quarries.

And so the site lay waste for centuries. In 1829 the French did something, but were only there one season. From 1875 to 1881 the Germans were at work, and during that period they unselfishly completed a gigantic task—unselfishly, for not a statue or a coin was taken from the country: 16 to 23 ft. depth of soil removed; 130 marble statues and reliefs, 13,000 objects in bronze, 6,000 coins, 400 inscriptions, and 40 buildings were unearthed. All honour to Dörpfeld and his men

With the plan, page 30, to help you, you can easily identify the sites of the different buildings. I should recommend you to keep along the north

side—that is, the left side as you enter—and make straight for the temple of Hera. Your guide-book will remind you of the remarkable features of this building. It seems to have been of extremely early construction; the columns were originally of wood, and have been gradually replaced at various times by stone, for of the ten existing capitals twelve are different. The spaces between them are unusually wide. It was in this temple that the Hermes was found buried. The walls were of sun-dried brick, and when the roof fell in the bricks dissolved and formed a bed of greenish clay.

Then go straight on to the north-east angle, through an arch of Roman date, and inspect the starting-line of the Stadium. The Stadium itself has not been excavated, but you can find the farther end of it if you walk two hundred yards across the field. It is not worth the trouble.

From the Stadium go south-west to the vast and conspicuous pile of ruins in the centre of the enclosure which represents the temple of Zeus; enter it from the eastern end through the crowd of pedestals reft of their statues. Note how the earthquake dealt with the columns. Note how the building, in its completeness and splendour, must have dominated everything else within the Altis—210 feet long, 89 broad, 68 high (to the top of the gable). Note, too, the dimensions of the cella, or chamber, within which the great chryselephantine statue of Zeus—one of the masterpieces of Phidias—once stood, the pride and glory of the whole sanctuary.

Then walk westwards to the ruins of a Byzantine church which is called, and probably rightly, the workshop of Phidias. It is of exactly the same dimensions as the cella in the temple where the Zeus statue stood, and after Phidias had completed his work, to the proper scale, the building was

left standing, and was no doubt devoted to other purposes.

Then turn north again to the Palæstra, or wrestling-school, which is near to the point at which you entered the Altis. There note the grooved tiles of the floor, and think of falling on them in a wrestling-bout! The gymnasium, largely destroyed, is adjacent to it. Those are the chief features of the Altis. When you have seen them and studied them, you will have time to go about and find the site of the altar of Zeus, just an oval hollow in the ground (the altar itself was formed by ashes of victims), and near the temple of Hera the sites of the various treasuries belonging to different cities of Hellas. Note the Sicyonian treasury, put together at Sicyon, and rebuilt here stone by stone, also the pedestals of the Zanes or statues of Zeus, erected, we are told, from the fines paid by competitors for breaches of the rules of the games. Experts can look after themselves, but I expect that most of you will by that time be ready for lunch.

After lunch, the Museum. Here again, I am not going to trouble you with mere guide-book information. You will of course, as soon as you enter the big hall, be struck by the two huge groups of sculpture which take up the whole length of the wall on either hand. They are the groups which once adorned the pediments of this great Zeus temple.

Here forgive a brief digression for the benefit of novices. Practically all Greek temples were constructed on similar lines. The idea was that the god dwelt in a temple as a king dwells in his hall, so the form of the temple repeats the form of the ancient palace. The central chamber, or "naos" or "cella," was the abode of the deity, or of the image which represented him. There was no congregational worship within; festivals

and processions took place outside, often within the sacred enclosure.

The construction of the temple followed the lines of earlier forms, and was adapted from them, and the material employed was at first largely wood; wooden posts supporting horizontal beams and a roof of sloping rafters; walls of clay or sun-dried brick. The material was afterwards changed to stone, but the principles of construction were not altered.

The stone or marble column took the place of the wooden pillar (cf. the *Hera* temple); the wooden horizontal beams gave way to stone slabs; the ends of the wooden beams which used to be seen above the pillars, and were carved with simple grooves by way of ornament, were copied in stone, and the grooves remained, called triglyphs. The spaces between the ends of the beams, which used to be open like windows, and therefore called metopes, *holes between*, were filled in with stone. The triangular spaces at the gable ends, called pediments, were filled in with stone.

So we have a building of stone (I am speaking of Doric temples only)—stone walls instead of brick, stone columns instead of wooden posts (on the top of the column a capital bulging out, and on the top of the capital stone architrave and frieze), roof of stone slabs, possibly semi-transparent, metopes filled in with stone, pediments also. And then came the decoration, by *painting and sculpture*. The columns were fluted; colour, often hard and crude, was freely employed. The architrave remained plain, the perpendicular triglyphs were scooped out, the metopes between the triglyphs carved in relief, sometimes only painted, and the triangular pediments filled in with sculpture. Of course the sculptor was very much constrained by the shape of the space he had to fill in. Hence the arrangement of the groups.

For description of these groups, see guide-book. They are earlier in date than Pausanias tells us. In judging these pediment groups you must in common fairness remember that they were some fifty or sixty feet high above the ground, and also in an utterly different setting from that in which they now are—adapted in proportion to the huge building of which they formed one of the chief adornments.

You will also see square slabs with representations of the Labours of Hercules. These are the metopes from the same temple. The Victory statue of Pæonius is the other chief object of interest in the big hall.

Of the Hermes which stands in a room by itself I dare not say a word—the only small point I would name is that the back of the figure has not the same finished surface as the rest, which seems to show that it stood against the wall, and of course you know that the legs and right arm are restorations. Twenty-seven years ago, when I paid my first visit to Olympia, the Germans had not long finished their work, and the Museum had not been erected. The Hermes was propped up in a shed; his legs and arm had not been restored; but I do not know if he was not almost more impressive than he is now. But as he is now it is impossible to gaze upon him without a real thrill, whether you are an artistic or archæological expert, or only an ignoramus like myself: the undoubted handiwork of one of the greatest masters who ever lived—no copy, no imitation, but the real thing.

Ladies and gentlemen, I leave the rest of the object of interest in the Museum—and they are many—to those who care for them; but as far as I am concerned, I prefer to stop there.

Thank you for listening so kindly to a lecture which has betrayed the 'prentice hand.

Tiryns and Mycenæ*

BY THE REV. SYDNEY R. JAMES

TIRYNS, which you saw to-day, and Mycenæ, which you will see to-morrow, are memorials of the race which once ruled most of the Ægean.

By the way, historians and archæologists must forgive me if I state as facts things which have been and are subjects of controversy.

In one of Mr. Arthur Benson's fluent books there is a story of a boy, who, giving his opinion of his various instructors, said: Mr. A—— tells us what the different commentators say—Hermann says it means this, and Wunder says it means that, and Dindorf says it means other things—and of course it's very puzzling to decide but I like Mr. B—— much best because he tells us what it really does mean. Well, Tiryns (the mother city) and Mycenæ (the daughter, who eclipsed her mother) are monuments of a white folk speaking a language not akin to Greek, which traded as far as the Danube in the north and the Nile in the south, and spread over the islands of the Ægean and the coasts of Asia Minor from, say, about 3000 B.C. Troy and Crete contain the most notable remains of their civilisation, and we may take Crete as its headquarters, and it is just possible that Tiryns, not Mycenæ, belongs to that early period. But from about 2000 B.C., possibly 1500, in what is called the age of bronze, we find a really advanced civilisation in the Ægean sphere, which goes by the name of the Mycenaean civilisation. Implements were made of bronze, not yet of iron, and the peoples

* A Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," April, 1910.

who belonged to it were probably many small States. The period lasted something under 1000 years, say 1900-1100 B.C.

Dr. Leaf will set before you his views as to the probable reasons why Tiryns and Mycenæ are where they are, and I think it likely that Dr. Leaf is like Mr. B—— of my story, so I will leave that matter alone.

It is a pity in one way that you will have to wait till you get to Athens to see the astonishing finds of Dr. Schliemann and his successors. In one way, I say, for in itself it is hardly possible to conceive a collection arranged so perfectly and so instructively as that collection is—only I wish we could see it to-morrow instead of next week; but here I must remind you that the richness of the finds is almost incredible, and you will be fairly astounded when you see them for the first time, for they will help you to take in the degree of civilisation attained by this prehistoric people better even than their extraordinary buildings. Well, this highly civilised people or peoples held the region covered in Homer's catalogue of cities from which the Achæan ships came. Lacedæmon, Argolis, Attica, Bœotia, Thessaly, and Crete—with the narrow line of islands from Crete through the Sporades to Rhodes; and thus we are enabled plausibly to identify the Achæans of Homer with these Mycenæan folk—not Hellenes at all, but men of an earlier stock. In other words, Homer's conceptions of the heroic age of Greece are founded on the tradition of the golden era of Mycenæ and Tiryns. This is borne out by what we see of the precious metal and metal-work in the Athens Museum, as compared with Homer's standing epithet for Mycenæ—rich in gold.

In Hellenic times these towns have no history: 80 men from Mycenæ were at Thermopylæ, and

400 from Tiryns and Mycenæ at Plataë; but otherwise we hear nothing of them, and they may be said to have perished.

As you have already visited Tiryns, I need not say more than that it is a castle, corresponding very nearly to the king's house described by Homer, the only big difference being that here at Tiryns the women's quarters are quite separate from the men's, which would suggest the existence of a harem. The town, which must have lain about the foot of the hill, is utterly gone.

At Mycenæ you will see certain main things (see plan). It is a triangular fortress; the villages lay at its foot. The remains belong to two main epochs:

(1) Shaft tombs.

(2) Beehive tombs.

The masonry is of three kinds:

(1) Stones not shaped, or only slightly shaped, fitted roughly together in irregular courses, the interstices well filled with smaller stones and cement (which have mostly perished, but have been proved to exist). The masonry at Tiryns is all of this character. We will call it *Cyclopean*.

(2) *Rectangular*. Stones very carefully shaped and joined. The Lions' Gate.

(3) *Polygonal*. Stones of various shapes, joined together with extraordinary accuracy. This is of distinctly *later* date.

It is a question whether the Cyclopean and Rectangular styles existed together; but the probability is that the far more elaborate and finished rectangular work was the later.

You will see both, indeed all three, at Mycenæ.

There are several things which you must on no account omit to see.

(1) The so-called beehive tombs above and below the Acropolis. They were not treasuries, but tombs. Their masonry is beautiful rectangular work, and their construction a marvel of architectural skill (see guide book).

(2) The Lions' Gate (see guide-book).

(3) The circle of stones within which the six graves were found revealed such interesting treasures. The treasures are in the Athens Museum.

Dr. Schliemann, though a wonderful man, was a jumper at conclusions. His idea was that this circle was the Agora, or meeting-place. The old men used to sit round on these slabs and discuss the affairs of the State. They must have been long-legged men, or else very regardless of comfort, as you will see to-morrow. Also it was a queer taste to sit in a circle round the graves of their ancestors.

A far more reasonable idea is this. The primitive dwelling of our original race was a conical hut, *i.e.* circular, with a pointed roof made of wood supported on posts and thatched. This circle of stones represents the foundations of a very large conical hut thirty yards across; and as the cella of the Greek temple represented the hall of the Greek king's house, so this big hut represented the original dwelling of the early kings of the Mycenæan race. And, indeed, the beehive tombs, which were admittedly of later date, may well represent the translation of the wooden-roofed conical hut into stone, as in the case, again, of the Greek temples, where stone, as we saw, took the place of wood.

After this you can, if you like, go to the top of the hill, and there you will see the ground-plan of a palace like that at Tiryns, only not so plain (I don't know whether you thought the Tiryns Palace plain).

In Greek times a Doric temple was built over the site, which fact rather confuses things.

Then you ought to go and see a beautiful postern gate (see plan).

For non-experts this should be about enough. There is a beautiful view, which you may admire at your leisure. Let me end by reminding you, in the words of Professor Gardner, that "of late years there has been carried on an unwearied search into primitive art—that of the Mycenæan and Minoan ages—and no one should undervalue a quest which has revealed to us so much in regard to the habits, the religion, the architecture, and the paintings of the early peoples of the Mediterranean area. But such investigations do not greatly increase our knowledge of Greek art. They suggest that the Greeks may have borrowed certain rudiments from races which preceded them in the lands which were later to be theirs; but they do not throw much light on the process by which, out of simple and rude beginnings, the Greek spirit built up a magnificent fabric of art which can never cease to raise and instruct mankind. For the architecture, the sculpture, and the painting which have been found in the palace of Cnossus and in the graves of Mycenæ, though astonishingly developed, and sometimes even modern in appearance, are entirely wanting in the characteristics of Greek work. Whether the Mycenæans were of the same race as the later Achæans or not, they certainly completely differed from them in all that belongs to art. The Greeks are in many things our spiritual ancestors; the Mycenæans scarcely lie in the direct line of our

spiritual ancestry" (Gardner's *Grammar of Greek Art*).

And let me add that whatever connection may have existed between the Mycenæans whose remains have been unearthed and the Greeks of historical times, whatever light the researches of Schliemann and the rest may have thrown upon the Iliad and the Odyssey, Homer is Homer still, whether his poems were written by Homer or by another person of the same name.

Pergamum*

BY THE REV. J. GOW, Litt.D.

"ALL roads lead to Rome," says the proverb; but many of them lead to Pergamum too—indeed, there are few lines of historical inquiry which do not, sooner or later, touch this ancient city, and there are few persons, even of those who think that they know nothing of Pergamum, who are not interested in some fact or event with which Pergamum is closely connected. Xenophon and the march of the 10,000 Greeks, the division of Alexander's Empire, the peaceful growth of the Roman Empire, the love-story of Antony and Cleopatra, S. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, the Apocalypse of S. John, Byron's poem on the Dying Gladiator, the invention of parchment—these are a few topics of elementary information of which nobody can know much without knowing also something about Pergamum. There are not many places whose history presents more points of interest.

Pergamum is situated in the district anciently called Mysia, 28 kilometers (17½ miles) from the coast, on a small river called the Selinus and at the foot of a huge hill about 950 feet high. It appears to have derived its name from this hill, for "pergamon" in Greek means "citadel." It was, no doubt, like the other Greek colonies of this part, founded by Æolic Greeks about the eighth century B.C. But we first hear of it in the last chapter of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, the narrative of the adventures of those 10,000 Greek mercenaries who went up with Cyrus the younger to conquer the throne of Persia, and found themselves,

* Abstract of a Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," April, 1910.

after the battle of Cunaxa, stranded without a leader in a hostile country. Most readers omit, or forget, the rest of this fascinating story after the point when the advanced guard saw the Black Sea in the distance and the whole force began to run, shouting "Thalatta!—thalatta! (The sea!—the sea!"). But the tale is not finished yet, and it ends at Pergamum, where the troops took service with a new commander.

After this event (399 B.C.) we hear no more of Pergamum for about a hundred years. Alexander died November, 323 B.C. leaving an enormous empire without a ruler. His generals seized it, and, after long quarrels, agreed upon a plan of division by which Cassander obtained Greece and Macedonia, Lysimachus Asia Minor, Ptolemy Egypt and Palestine, Seleucus Syria and the farther East. Lysimachus thus became master of Pergamum, and as it was a very strong place he kept his treasure there under the care of one Philetærus. This man, later on, when Lysimachus was busily engaged far away, found excuses for betraying his trust, and seized the treasure and the town for himself. Lysimachus died soon after, and Philetærus was left undisturbed in his possessions. He may be called the first King of Pergamum, though he did not himself assume the title. He bequeathed his throne to his nephew, Eumenes I., who in his turn bequeathed it to a cousin, Attalus I., from whom the subsequent kings are descended. The dates of these successive kings are: Philetærus, 283 B.C.; Eumenes I., 263; Attalus I., 241; Eumenes II., 197; Attalus II., 159; Attalus III., 138.

The reign of Attalus I. was distinguished by a very important event. A horde of Gauls or Celts, called by the Greeks *Galatæ*, suddenly appeared in Eastern Europe about the year 280 B.C. Some of them made an attack on Delphi,

but were repulsed. The rest moved on eastwards, and part of them appear to have engaged themselves as mercenary soldiers to the people of Byzantium, who settled them on the farther side of the Golden Horn, in the town still called Galata after them. The larger part, however, moved into Asia Minor and engaged in predatory warfare. Among other places, they attacked Pergamum, but were severely defeated by Attalus I. in 230 B.C. They continued to give trouble for many years afterwards, and were not confined to the district of Galatia, or Gallo-græcia, till the year 166 B.C. The Galatians, to whom St. Paul addressed an epistle, were the descendants of this people, or at least largely intermixed with them. Attalus was exceedingly proud of his victory over the Galatæ, and caused it to be commemorated by many statues, or groups of statues, of which more will be said later. The statue in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, which suggested Byron's poem on the Dying Gladiator, and the group in the Ludovisi Collection(now in the Museo delle Terme), representing a Gaul who is stabbing himself after killing his wife, whose hand he holds, are now recognised as being memorials of Attalus's great victory. Other statues, many of which are at Naples, belong to the same date and served the same purpose.

This same Attalus, and still more his successor, Eumenes II., inclined to friendship with the rising power of Rome. The fleet of Pergamum rendered valuable services to the Romans in their war with Macedonia, and later in their war with Antiochus; and in reward for his friendship Eumenes II. received large accessions of territory and became the most powerful ruler in Asia Minor. His long reign (B.C. 197-159) is the most brilliant period of Pergamene history. It was he who made Pergamum a great seat of learning with

a splendid library, and it was he who set up the great altar of Zeus, adorned with the extraordinary series of sculptures, which have, since their recent discovery, revived the fame of Pergamum. These topics may be deferred for a brief separate treatment. The next great event to be chronicled is the death, in 133 B.C., of Attalus III., who bequeathed his kingdom to the senate and people of Rome. This was the first of several provinces that Rome acquired without striking a blow. She turned the realm of Attalus into the province of Asia, for long the richest of her provinces and the most coveted by her proconsuls. When, in the New Testament, we read of "Asia" (*e.g.* in Acts xvi.), this province is meant; but by St. Paul's time the seat of government had been transferred to Ephesus, which was then on the sea and a much more important commercial centre than Pergamum. Certainly a great blow was inflicted on Pergamum by Antony, who was its master for some years before 31 B.C. The library and university of Pergamum were the chief rivals of those in Alexandria, which belonged to Cleopatra, with whom, as every reader of Shakespeare knows, Antony was madly in love. To gratify her, Antony gave her the whole of the Pergamene library, which she straightway transferred to Alexandria. The schools of Pergamum were thus permanently injured, but the medical school certainly continued to exist, and it is possible that St. Luke was a student of it. There is no evidence that St. Paul ever visited Pergamum, though he was familiar with its neighbourhood; and the only reference to the city in the New Testament is in Revelation ii., where, in the Epistle to the Seven Churches, there is a remarkable address to Pergamum. It is described as "the scene of the martyrdom of Antipas, as containing the "seat of Satan,"

and as addicted to the heresy of the Nicolaitans. All these allusions are obscure, and scholars differ as to whether "the seat of Satan" refers to the great altar of Zeus, or to the temple which Hadrian built in honour of Trajan, or to some earlier altar to a Roman emperor. The Nicolaitans were obviously a sect who tried to combine Christianity with Cæsar-worship.

There is no need to pursue the history of Pergamum further. It is time to turn back and resume some topics that have merely received a passing mention.

The kings of Pergamum, like the Ptolemies in Egypt and like Alexander the Great himself, took a lively interest in learning of all kinds and also in art. The Pergamene library, when Antony gave it to Cleopatra, is said to have contained about 200,000 volumes, and was notable for its accurate copies of the masterpieces of Greek literature. It is said that, on one occasion, a quarrel rose between the librarians of Pergamum and Alexandria, and that Ptolemy, in support of his own official, prohibited the export of papyrus to Pergamum. The booksellers of the latter city then invented a new writing material, a preparation of sheepskin which was called "*charta Pergamena*." From this name our word "parchment" (in German *pergament*) is derived. The material was heavy and inconvenient in books of the rolled form, and, though it was much used for note-books, it was not used for large works till about A.D. 300, when books began to be made up in quires and leaves as in modern times. Something also should be said of the Pergamene school of sculpture, though nothing of it is now to be seen in Pergamum itself. This school, which descended from the school of Lysippus and more remotely from that of Scopas, both of them of the fourth century B.C., found its greatest opportunities on two distinct

occasions. The first is the reign of Attalus I., who appears to have invited many Greek sculptors to his court and commissioned them to commemorate his victories over the Gauls. They probably worked in bronze, as Lysippus did; and, in that case, the statue of the Dying Gaul, above mentioned, must be regarded as an early copy in marble. This and the Ludovisi group appear to form part of the decorations of the Acropolis of Pergamum itself. But there is another type of statuary which also is attributed to this early Pergamene school, but which is thought to belong to a monument set up by Attalus I. in Athens. There are, in many European museums, small figures of dead or dying Gauls, Persians and Amazons, which, it is said, are copies from a set of groups which Pausanias saw in Athens close to the south wall of the Acropolis. These were dedicated by Attalus, when he visited Athens in 200 B.C., and consisted of figures about three feet high. They are distinguished, like the statue of the Dying Gladiator, for their remarkable pathos. Very different is the work of the later Pergamene school, which flourished under Eumenes II., Attalus's successor. This king set up, on his Acropolis, a great altar of Zeus. It consisted of a huge basis, on the top of which stood a colonnade surrounding the actual altar of sacrifice.

A large part of this frieze was lately recovered by German excavators, and is now to be seen in the Pergamum Museum in Berlin. About the year 1875 a German engineer, named Humann, then resident in Pergamum (the Turkish name is *Bergama*) noticed some stones built into a Turkish wall which he believed to contain sculptures in relief. At his repeated instigations, finally backed by the late Emperor Frederick, then Crown Prince the Prussian Government obtained a firman from the Porte and began excavations in 1878.

In the quantity of sculpture discovered this is almost the most important excavation that has ever been made. The work has, with brief interruptions, been continued ever since, and is now under the direction of Dr. Dörpfeld. The visitor to Pergamum will find the ruins of an enormous series of splendid buildings piled up the sides of the huge Acropolis. The plan (taken from Baumeister's *Denkmäler*) is rather misleading, because it does not show the different levels. As a matter of fact, the Acropolis was parcelled out in terraces supported by large substructions, and a winding road, of which the pavement is still in great part serviceable, leads from terrace to terrace. It starts at the south side, and at the first level we come to the Agora, then to a series of magnificent gymnasia, then on the west to the altar of Zeus, and so on to the top, which is itself crowded with buildings. No site conveys a deeper impression of past wealth and magnificence.

Troy*

BY WALTER LEAF, D.LITT.

LADIES and Gentlemen,—I confess that I stand before you this evening with considerable diffidence because you will have to take a great deal of what I say on word. I wish that I could say, as Mr. James says, "See guide-book," but unfortunately the guide books give very little indeed, as far as I have been able to see, of what is really interesting in Troy.

It is the most puzzling site that one could possibly imagine to find oneself upon. Within the space of a circle of about two hundred yards' diameter there is the history of about three thousand years. I do not think that there is any other site in the world of which that can be said. The site of Troy is of the most extraordinary interest, even apart from the literary halo that has been thrown upon it by the genius of the *Iliad*.

To find one's way about the ruins is a thing that would puzzle an expert archæologist unless he has got the subject up beforehand, and all I can do to-night is to point out a few landmarks upon which you can turn your attention. Fortunately, these landmarks are of great interest, and, in many cases, even of striking magnificence.

I said just now "three thousand years." I think that I may begin by giving you the approximate dates, as near as I can tell them, of the different settlements in Troy. You probably know that there are counted nine distinct settlements, but several of those have two, and in

* A Lecture delivered on board the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," on 16th April, 1910.

one case three, periods, so that there are really thirteen different periods comprised in that three thousand years—I might say three thousand five hundred years, because, as far as we can tell, the history of Troy ended about A.D. 500. There is, I think, no trace of any settlement at Troy after that date, and for a long time, until Dr. Schliemann appeared, it was simply a grazing-ground for goats. Some of you will remember the words of Horace about the herds feeding over the tombs of Paris and of Priam. That was literally carried out from about the year A.D. 500 to 1876.

From A.D. 500 back to about the Christian era Troy was a Roman town. The piety of the Romans, who considered it their ancestral town, led them to decorate it with magnificent buildings, of which you will see certain remains, and previous to that it appears to have been a Greek settlement famous chiefly for a Temple of Athens, which was an object of religious worship and pilgrimage. Xerxes and Alexander are both recorded to have visited the temple, and to have made offering at the shrine. That would probably carry us back to about 600 or 700 B.C. From that time to what we may call 1000 B.C. there was a pre-Hellenic settlement of no great importance. Then, roughly speaking, from 1000 B.C. to 1500 B.C. we may place the Mycenean city, what is now called the "Sixth City." That was the period of the greatest magnificence of Troy, and we can trace at least three different periods in those five hundred years. Of course, when we get to dates like this, a century or two does not much matter either way. Then for a long period before that there seem to have been very unimportant settlements, and we may say that, roughly, from 2000 to 2500 B.C. or so, there was another important city, much smaller than the Mycenean city,

which we call the "Second City," and, previous to that, reaching perhaps the 3000 B.C., there was a still earlier city, of which we know very little. This estimate of 3500 years of course you will take as only approximate; but the cities were all concentrated upon this one little spot of earth.

One generally has to begin an account of a town like this with a plan, but in this particular case I am going to begin with a section, because the plan is very difficult to understand unless you have seen the section. The fact is that in these 3500 years Troy got to be very like an onion: it consisted of successive strata of settlements.

(Mr. Leaf proceeded to explain the site of Troy with the aid of slides on a magic lantern. He said that the only cities with which he was dealing were the second, the sixth, and the ninth or Roman city. The second city was the Troy that Schliemann discovered, but unfortunately he died before the discovery of the Homeric Troy, which is the sixth city.)

The hill had been flat until the second city, but after that there were several settlements which involved a great deal of building and raised the hillock to a round hill instead of a flat one. The consequence was that when the sixth city builders came they built enormous walls, which were at once fortifications and retaining walls. You will see that they go up in three stages on both sides. These three stages can just be made out; but it is very difficult for any one to make them out without expert demonstration, and practically what we shall see is only the great lower walls, which, in some cases, remain almost intact. After the seventh and eighth cities came the Romans, and they sliced away the top of the hill and made it flat again. The result was that they swept away everything that was Mycenean in the middle of the hill,

and nothing is left of Mycenean remains but round the edges. This is the first fact that you have to get into your minds. One of the things that surprised Schliemann very much when he began his operations was to find that from Roman work he came straight down to prehistoric work.

On the north side the wall has entirely disappeared. The reason of that is that the Greeks in the sixth century established two towns on the promontory where we shall land to-morrow, and in order to build those towns they took from Troy all the stones that they wanted for their walls and houses.

I will just say a word about how it was that this enormous amount of material came to be accumulated on a small hillock. The materials used in Troy were entirely local. There is limestone, which is easily quarried, in the neighbourhood; some of it is pretty hard, good stone, some is very soft and could be used only for foundations, and as soon as it is exposed to the air it begins to crumble away. The second material was unbaked brick. The importance of unbaked brick in building all over the East can hardly be exaggerated; that was the favourite material for building during the time of the second city. The fortification walls were made of comparatively small stones set at a very low angle, and surmounted by a vertical wall of baked brick. The third material was wood, which was abundantly supplied from Ida. The houses, built with foundations of stone and walls of unbaked brick, had apparently roofs made of clay supported on beams—first beams, then rushes, in all probability, and then a level, or nearly level, roof of clay. That has been quite conclusively proved from the fact that the second city was destroyed by a conflagration which burnt the beams and turned the unbaked clay into burnt

brick. It fell down to the floors, and, in several cases, layers of wood were found covered by remains of burnt clay, which were evidently the roofs. You will easily see that in building these cities enormous amounts of material were brought up and gradually destroyed, either by fire or by weather, and when a man's house fell down and some one came to build on the site, he just levelled what was there and built up more stones and clay; and so the hill went on growing to this extent until it was more than double in size by the work of men's hands.

Now I will try to give you one or two landmarks by which you will be able to find your way about that second city. When Dr. Schliemann began his excavations he began by digging a great trench, which goes straight through the hill right down to the rock. That in a way was unfortunate because it destroyed a great deal which we should very much have liked to know. Among other things he went straight across a very important building, the great palace. Fortunately, however, he did leave a corner of a little curved bit of plaster which shows that there was a hearth in the middle of it. I shall take as my first landmark the sharp pillar of earth which has been left to show the original level, and which stands as nearly as may be in the centre. At the foot of it you will find the *megaron*, the great palace; in fact, this bit of earth stands over one of the walls. The general plan of the palace is much simpler than at Tiryns, and more similar to the one at Mycenæ, being simply one long hall with a hearth in it and a porch in front. In front of that porch there is a small forecourt. The forecourt has an entrance like two porches back to back, such as we saw at Tiryns. This is the propylæum. The walls of the courtyard have curious little projections, a sort of inside buttresses, which

presumably supported a roof of thatch. The courtyard appears to have extended later in the second period of the city, and a similar wall was built outside with rather larger buttresses. The upper part of the palace was built of unburnt brick with courses of wood in between, and as the whole place was burnt some of the unburnt clay has been preserved by baking, and there again we can trace the construction of the walls by the bits of burnt clay with the wood ashes in between.

Then there is one other very well marked landmark in the second city which you cannot fail to find, and that is the great ramp, the sloping approach to the south-west gate.

There is another most interesting thing in the second city, which, however, I have reason to believe, is getting entirely filled up with mud, and that is a gate which looks like a double gate—as a matter of fact, a gate which has been built up and a new gate made. That is one of the evidences of a second period of the second city. There is a passage that leads up from the original gate. It was a narrow passage between two thick walls, and there was an upper story. The reason why Dörpfeld found out that there was an upper story is rather interesting. All along both sides there were perpendicular wooden pillars, evidently meant to support something above and to prevent the wall bulging out under the weight of an upper story. When the fire came these were all burnt, and they have clearly left their marks in the clay, which the fire has hardened so that it remains to this day showing the remains of the wooden posts all the way along. At one point they are very close indeed together, and Dörpfeld says that he has no doubt that that was because they had got some bad work there and the wall had begun to bulge, so they

had had to put in additional wooden posts in order to keep it from breaking down altogether. This carriage way, when it got to a certain height, turned to the right in order to make a sort of carriage sweep, I suppose, into the courtyard, and at the same time there was a short staircase for foot passengers which led straight up to the front of the palace. This was in the earlier period of the second city, and at that time it would appear that the forecourt had not been built. Subsequently this was entirely covered up.

The palace, the ramp, and this sunken passage are the things upon which you had better concentrate for the second city; and if you can make out these three things you must not try to do very much more.

Now I come to the sixth city. You will have no difficulty in finding your way there.

There is at the north-east corner a great tower—the water-tower, it is generally called, because it is built round a great square well which goes down something like twenty feet in to the solid rock. The well is very deep and very large, more than twelve feet on each of its sides; no doubt it was filled by a spring, and this great tower was built to protect it.

Close to this tower there are one or two things that you have to look out for very carefully in order not to be confused. In the first place you will see a long staircase. Please remember that this is not Mycenaean; it belongs to the eighth, or Hellenic city. One naturally thinks that the staircase is part of the Mycenaean work; it is nothing of the kind; it was probably added somewhere between 500 and 400 B.C., several centuries after the tower itself was built. Then you will see remains of walls with very finely squared stones and masons' marks on them. This is Roman work, the substructure of the

Roman temple precinct and the buildings which surrounded it.

Starting from this tower, you will be able to follow the wall a long way. This wall is built of large stones, sometimes very well squared indeed, at other times much rougher. The slope at the bottom is considerable for a wall, and it is more like a retaining wall, as indeed it is. It was apparently capped at the top originally by a vertical wall of unburnt bricks, like the walls of the second city. This wall was afterwards strengthened by towers, and you can easily see that they were additions to the original wall, because they are built so as to follow the slope, and the stones are not bonded in.

As you pass southwards along the walls from the water-tower, you will be sure to notice the sally-port, with its passage running up in a curve between two walls, and turning sharply to the left; and after that you will come to the lower part of a large tower, which, as you will see, had an upper story. The lower part is very thick and strong; it seems to have been entered by a trap-door from the room above, and no doubt was a store-room or treasury, like those at Tiryns. After this you will lose the wall for a time, as a small Roman theatre has been built over it. Passing this you will find, not very clearly, the ramp of the south-east door, and behind it remains of another tower with a similar inner chamber.

With the Roman or ninth city I do not propose that you should trouble yourselves much. The great wall which was built by the Romans apparently supported some large building. You will not confuse the second city with the Mycenean city; but the Roman stratum is over all, and is an element of confusion which must always be kept in mind.

I want now to say something about what is

quite as important as these ruins, and that is the reason why these places are where they are. You will see to-morrow that Troy is at the end of a gradually descending ridge just where it comes down to the plain. The river Scamander flows on the west side along an almost level and rather swampy plain, and rather wanders at its own sweet will, sometimes on one side of the plain and sometimes on the other. On the north side is a smaller stream, Homer's Simois.

Now let me say, once and for all, that there is not the least doubt that this is Homer's Troy, because it corresponds in every respect with the scene of the *Iliad*.

Why did Troy come here? Because it is the natural meeting-place for the traffic of the Black Sea with that of the Ægean. The Black Sea traffic was very important in Greek days, as indeed it is now. The great wheat-fields of the south of Russia were an important source of supply for historic Greece; then there were the ores, gold, silver, and iron, all along the south shore of the Euxine; and this is the natural place for all this to be dealt in by the Greeks so long as the Greeks could not get up the Hellespont. For a sailing ship the Hellespont is not an easy place to pass. In the first place, there is a current, not a very rapid one, about one and a half knots, but it is quite enough to trouble a sailing ship which has no possible means of beating against the wind. The prevailing winds are the north-west and the north-east, and they prevail for something like two days out of three during the summer. If there is a north-east wind blowing it is very difficult to get up the Hellespont, and the sailing ships coming from the west have to wait day after day, sometimes many days in succession, until the north wind drops a bit, and they can then manage to get farther

up the Hellespont; and then probably the north wind sets in again, and they have to lie up again for days. It was doubtless a long time before the Greeks ever thought of getting up the Hellespont at all.

Besika Bay, on the west coast of the Troad, has quite a good landing and a level road along the marshes up to Troy, and it was no doubt quite common in ancient days for the Greeks, instead of trying to get up the Hellespont, simply to sail to Besika Bay, unload their goods there, and bring them up to where the tribes from the Euxine brought down their goods to meet them. That, I think, is the whole secret of the existence of Troy at this place.

I regard Troy, as I regard Tiryns and Mycenæ, as the combination of a fort, a palace, and a warehouse. As at Tiryns, all these three characteristics are well marked—the very strong walls, the palace in the middle occupying nearly the whole of the ground, with only room for a comparatively small body of retainers, and large treasure chambers. There is no reason to suppose that there ever was any town of Troy outside those walls; it is practically a feudal castle up there to take toll—just as Mycenæ was—of the merchants who congregated round the foot. What I imagine to myself is that Troy was an extremely dull place during half the year. The king sat and feasted with his retainers on the profits of last year's trading until about June or July, when a huge bazaar was set up, probably on the ground just under the castle, to which nations used to come from every side to barter their goods.

In the *Iliad* there is a very interesting passage, a catalogue of the Trojans and their allies. The allies are enumerated along four lines radiating from Troy, to north-west, north-east, south-east, and south. These, I believe, represent four

trade routes which met the Greek trade-route across the Ægean in Troy. The nations who dealt with the Greeks through the Trojans are represented as being the allies of the Trojans, and I think that they may very probably have been the real allies of the Trojans to this extent—that there was a pushing young nation which wanted to get up the Hellespont, and that it was to the interest of these traders to keep these Greeks out of the Hellespont.

It is not likely that people like the Greeks would consent to be kept for ever out of the Hellespont; but so long as Troy was there it was very difficult for them to get past, because the shore was under the command of Troy, at a spot where they might be detained for perhaps a fortnight at a time; and if Troy commanded the shore they commanded the water, and if they could prevent the Greeks watering it was impossible for them to go up the Hellespont. What, then, would the Greeks do? They could not attack Troy, because it was too strong, but it was possible to mask it. If they could establish a camp at the mouth of the river they could prevent Troy from cutting them off from water, and, what is more, they could prevent the trade from the north and north-east getting there.

This course of things is exactly what is described in the Iliad. We speak of the siege of Troy; there was no siege of Troy. The only siege that Homer describes is the siege of the Greek camp. It seems to me that the Iliad is exactly what would have happened if the Greeks had come here and simply attempted to mask Troy. The war is represented as going on for ten years without any attack upon Troy; the Greeks simply held a camp covering the mouth of the Scamander; there was no attempt to besiege or blockade Troy; there were raids, and battles in the plain,

in which sometimes one side and sometimes the other got the better. It seems to me exactly what would have happened historically if the Greeks had attempted to control the Hellespont simply by masking Troy. So long as they held their camp, the war might go on for an indefinite time, until the feudal lord who held Troy was simply starved out by the cessation of his usual income from the traders who resorted to him.

As soon as Troy fell, which may likely have been by some such surprise or stratagem as legend records, then would come the voyage of the Argonauts. The *Argo* would make its way up into these unknown lands, and establish that most important relation with the Black Sea which virtually was the beginning of the national life of Greece.

Greek Sculpture*

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KNIGHT

I SHALL try to give you a brief sketch of the characteristic features of the Greek genius in Sculpture (and the allied arts), in the hope that it may be of use to you during this voyage.

I pass over the prehistoric art of Greece, which is to be seen at Tiryns and Mycenæ, and also its earliest Architecture (which preceded Sculpture in all lands, because houses were needed for use before they were decorated). I am less familiar with it, and in dealing with its Sculpture it may be better, both for those who have already seen the best of it which survives, and those who have not yet done so, to state a few general characteristics rather than to enumerate details.

The first remark I have to make is this. The allusions to Greek sculpture in the classic writers of antiquity are very miscellaneous and meagre, many of them quite untrustworthy as to the facts they mention, and all of them more or less haphazard in the way in which they are presented. The statues of the greatest Greek sculptors are scarcely ever mentioned by the classic writers; and so much of their work has been subsequently destroyed that it is almost as difficult for us now to realise in full the consummate art of the age of Pericles (the centre of all Hellenic culture) as it is for us to reconstruct the skeleton of a prehistoric animal from a single bone. In almost every case the original statue and the pedestal belonging to it (with the artist's name inscribed) have been separated. We have only one instance in which the two remain together—that of the Victory of Pæonius at Olympia. Then it must

* A Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," April, 1910.

be confessed with sorrow that scarcely any of the original Greek sculptures now survive. It is a curious delusion which many entertain that when they go to Greece they are to see its ancient Art as it was in its prime. Very little of that, however, exists at the present day. We have copies (more or less faithful) of the originals, which were taken during Roman times. But the great statues of gold and ivory have perished wholly. The tens of thousands of bronzes, which were once the glory of Greece, were long ago consigned to the melting-pot. Statues of priceless value were thrown into the limekilns, or—after being broken and disfigured—were used for building purposes. There is only one original statue, of all the six great Greek sculptors, now existing at Olympia. I refer to the Hermes of Praxiteles. Many more, however, are being disinterred by the labours of archæologists. But the point to be remembered is this, that there were hundreds of copies of all the great works of antiquity taken by pupils or imitators, and that very many of these copies survive.

Now it is natural to ask, can we trust these copies as genuine reproductions of the original sculptures? In answer, it may be said that the reproductions have as a rule been tolerably close, although for the most part they are hard and lifeless; and the copyists very often thought that they could improve upon the originals, while some of them were unconscientiously arrogant on that point. But let any one who visits the Dresden Gallery, or the Uffizi at Florence, or our own National Gallery in London, watch the way in which the copyists try to reproduce the originals, and they will understand Browning's reference, in his poem entitled *Old Pictures in Florence*, to

The wronged great souls of the ancient masters.

Referring next to the materials and the technical processes of Greek Sculpture: the earliest material used, both in Egypt and Greece, was wood, which was employed in the production of temple-images. Next came stone and marble; uncrystallised limestone first, and afterwards the white marble of Paros and Pentelicus. And here note the fact that very few of the Greek marble statues were made out of a single piece of stone. Take the so-called "Venus of Milo," now perhaps the chief glory of the Louvre gallery in Paris. There are two main parts of it, the division being just above the drapery, while several smaller parts (*e.g.* the left arm) were subsequently attached. Then we know now that the great Laocöon (to be seen in the Vatican at Rome) was originally in six separate pieces; although Pliny—untrustworthy in this matter—said it was only one. You can see in the Naples Museum some statues with portions broken off, showing the hole through which the last part was rivetted to the main trunk. As a rule the head of every Greek statue was made separate from the body, and of a finer kind of marble, joined afterwards with extreme care. You probably know how, in contrast to this, our modern sculptors act. They generally make a clay model, into which they put all their artistic strength; and then they leave it to workmen in their studios to copy this in marble by chiselling the stone. But in the best period of Greek art there was no mechanical copying of finished models. The sculptor struck out freely with chisel and mallet, as his genius led him on; and this accounts, I think, for the freedom and bold expressiveness of the best Hellenic Sculpture.

Then you must remember that almost all the best Greek marble Sculptures were subsequently painted; and that the colour was laid on in flat

tints, not shaded or graded. The modern world has come to think of Painting and Sculpture as allied arts, but as radically distinct ones, partly because of the amazing success obtained in each of them; but the Greeks combined them in a remarkable manner. Their Sculpture, as well as their Architecture, was polychromatic; and this was due to several causes. The ancient Greek eye took pleasure in the combination of form and colour; and pure white marble figures, like those of our modern world, would have been thought lifeless and dull, as well as cold. And there are many Greek sculptures which still retain their colour almost intact. You will see some at Olympia.

The next material used in Sculpture after marble was bronze, which is, as you know, an alloy of copper and tin or lead. It was costlier than marble, but the art of cutting solid bronze images carries us back to almost prehistoric times in Greece; and large bronze statues, made of separate pieces, were first shaped by the hammer, and then riveted together. The traveller Pausanias tells us of one at Sparta which he considered the earliest extant in his day. Unfortunately it no longer exists. But this process of hollow casting gave a great impetus to bronze sculpture.

The usual plan was this: First, to make an exact clay model: next to dismember it; and next, to take a cast of each part separately. The several bronze pieces were then united by rivets, or solder; and defects were repaired by the insertion of bits of bronze. The eye-sockets were always left hollow, and eyeballs of glass, or metal, or precious stones were afterwards inserted. Finally, the tool of the graver was brought to bear upon the whole, and the hair especially was furrowed by it. Now these hollow

bronze statues were much lighter than marble ones, and much less brittle: and these two things led to a greater boldness in dealing with the subjects chosen, and also to a greater delicacy in rendering the folding drapery of garments and the natural grace of hair.

The next, and most costly, material used in Greek Sculpture was gold and ivory; but their products were few and far between. They were usually of colossal size, and were prepared especially for temple-use. They are termed chryselephantine. We do not know much as to how they were made. But usually there was first a very strong framework of wood, and metal bars. Over this a figure of wood was placed; to which the gold and ivory were attached, the ivory being used for the flesh, and the gold for the harder bony parts. The most famous of all these chryselephantine statues was the Athena of the Parthenon at Athens. It weighed a great deal more than a ton. They were all very costly, but they were put up for the purposes of the Greek Religion, and were esteemed not for their price, but for their beauty and their symbolic significance.

Of the last material brought into Greek sculpture—terra-cotta—I need say only this; that it was used almost exclusively for small figures. Of the large terra-cotta figures, so common in Etruria, there were very few in Greece.

And now, as to the *uses* to which Greek sculpture was put. They were as follows: (1) For architectural adornment, or temple-decoration, especially on the pediments; although relief-sculpture, or bronze repoussé-work, was applied to the metopes, and the friezes. (I take it for granted that you know the meaning of these technical terms.) (2) As statues of the divinities in whose honour the temple was erected; and this

the Greeks almost certainly derived from the Egyptians. (3) As votive offerings. The Greeks (deriving this also from Egypt) used to present to their divinities all sorts of gifts, and sculptured or graven images were the most common of them. They were set up within the temple-precincts. What more natural or simple in the spontaneous devotion of primitive man! And so the temple of Zeus at Olympia was as full of these images as the greater ones at Luxor and Karnak in Upper Egypt were. (4) As sepulchral monuments; slabs of marble, usually with an idealisation of the deceased and of his or her family. This, too, was an Egyptian inheritance, as may be seen in the Gizeh Museum at Cairo. (5) Honorary statues; representations of distinguished men—kings, lawgivers, poets, warriors, and politicians.

Now you will see from this—and it is not an exhaustive list—how high was the function, how elevated and inspiring the rôle assigned to the sculptor in Greece. His work was that of a national educator; and while there was not priesthood to teach the masses, and no current literature to inform the public mind, what the artists of Greece did for their nation was magnificent work. The best of them appealed not to the gross or coarse elements of our nature, but to its nobler instincts, and its permanent interests, at times to its most serious and exalted ones; and that appeal of the best Greek sculptors to the masses was real enlightenment to the public mind, a widespread education of the Greek people.

Now as to the evolution and the chronology of Greek Sculpture: There were three great periods of it: (1) an archaic one, ranging from about 625 to 550 B.C.; (2) a transitional period, ranging from 480 to 450 B.C.; and (3) the Great Age, from 450 B.C. onwards which may be

subdivided into two periods—the earlier, from 450 to 400, and the later, from 400 down to 325 B.C.

In the National Museum at Athens, or perhaps still better in the Acropolis Museum, you will see many memorials of the archaic period—pediment figures and heads, one representing a dedicator bringing forward a calf for sacrifice, and a still more interesting one brought from Delos, representing a Wingèd Victory, the forerunner of all that splendid series of Wingèd Victories which followed. But the most important point to be noted in this period is the way in which the early Greek sculptors treated both hair and drapery—a most difficult branch of the sculptor's art. It was amongst the primitive Ionians at Chios that the art of cutting deep folds was first practised, and it was from Ionia that the treatment spread to Athens. Now note that when drapery is introduced the aim of the sculptor is to reveal all that he properly can (or ought) of the form underneath it; and it is the matchless grace with which the Greek sculptors “half reveal and half conceal” the human form that gives to their draperies the indefinable fascination which they possess.

Our knowledge of early Attic sculpture is largely due to the discoveries which were made on the very summit of the Acropolis at Athens, between the years 1885 and 1890. And here let me mention one or two historic facts.

In 480 or 479 B.C. that Acropolis was occupied by the Persian soldiers of Xerxes, who reduced its buildings and ancient sculptures to a heap of fire-blackened ruins; and in the next generation that débris was made use of by the Athenian citizens to raise the general level of the summit of the Acropolis.

Now all that material—which had been buried for twenty-three centuries and a half—has been

excavated and examined in detail, much in the same way as Dr. Schlieman has cut with pickaxe and spade through the mound of Hisarlik in the Troad. From this labour numerous side-lights have been thrown on the ancient art and history of Greece. We now know, for example, that it is to the sculptors of Ionia (and to the Athenian ones when brought under Ionian influence) that we owe most of those splendid female figures which now adorn the museum of the Acropolis in Athens. Do note them when you visit it; you will see these figures standing, as a rule, with the left foot slightly advanced, the arms no longer straight at the side, as in the earlier figures, but the right extended from the elbow, and the left arm holding up the voluminous drapery. Some of these figures are grotesque, and puzzling at first sight, but they soon fascinate the beholder. The garments are often quaint, clinging to the figure behind, and falling in formal folds in front; but the countenances are gracious, and one comes to ask, "*Who were* these mysterious beings thus deftly portrayed, and preserved for posterity?" Some think that they were representations of Athena herself. Others that they were simply the daughters of the Athenian citizens. But what special claim these women had to be set up upon Athena's hill is a mystery not yet solved.

There are several sculptures which should be specially noted by you in the Acropolis Museum, especially one archaic female figure, with a wonderful arrangement of her hair over the forehead, and in which the modelling of the face is of great beauty.

But now, coming down to the transitional period of Greek sculpture, which dated from the year of the Persian invasion by Xerxes to that of 450 B.C., Athens was the dominant centre of Art and Literature; Sparta, its political and

military rival, being destitute of both. We have first the famous bronze statue of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the work of Antenor, which you see in the Naples museum. These famous statues were carried by Xerxes to Persia, and brought back to Greece by Alexander the Great a hundred and fifty years afterwards. They are now one of Italy's choicest treasures. They were hacked and broken, and a new head was put on to Aristogeiton a century later by the restorer. Its chief interest to us is that it is the earliest known example of a group of sculpture other than a pediment-group.

But leaving these earlier works, the first great Greek sculptor we come to is Myron, one whom all musicians will understand me when I describe him as the John Sebastian Bach of sculpture. He was one of the notable group of the six greatest in Greece. He worked chiefly in bronze, also in gold and ivory; dealing with gods, heroes, and men. His principal work—copied so often—is the Discobolus (the disc-thrower). The original of this was found at Rome in 1781. Copies were found in Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, and elsewhere. The interest to us in this statue of Myron is this, that the sculptor caught, with consummate skill, one of the rapidly changing positions which the exercise of disc-throwing involved. Having passed the discus from his left hand to the right, the athlete has swung the missile as far back as possible. In the next instant he means to hurl it forward, at the same time advancing his left foot and recovering his erect position; so you see that Myron tried to represent not the athlete at rest, but the athlete in motion, as in another great sculpture (his Ladas) he represented a runner panting towards the goal.

But note that in the Discobolus, as in so many other similar statues, we have no attempt to

portray an individual. The disc-thrower is an ideal effort to represent a type. In fact, it may be said that not individuation, but rather generalisation, rising from the actual to the ideal, guided all the early Greek artists. You see the same in the Satyr, attributed to Myron, which is in the Lateran Palace at Rome.

I have already made a passing reference to that wonderful Olympia, which we are so soon to see during this cruise. It was one of the chief religious centres of the Greek world, the other being Delphi. Olympia was sacred to Zeus, the presiding deity in the Greek Pantheon; and the great Doric temple of Olympia was the chief religious building of its time in Greece, built probably about 460 B.C. I shall return to it later on.

But now coming down chronologically to the chief age of Greek Sculpture. The era of Pericles was no doubt the golden age of Greek Literature, Art, Philosophy, and even, I think, of Politics. From 447 to 432 B.C. Greece was at the height of its magnificence, and Athens—represented and guided by Pericles—possessed great riches, derived from its subject allies. In sculpture the presiding genius of the age of Pericles was Phidias. The one date in his life which we know for certain is 438 B.C., when the great gold-and-ivory statue of Athena in the Parthenon was finished. He worked chiefly in bronze. Only three statues of his in marble are recorded. For Olympia he designed a colossal elephantine statue of Zeus. Nothing of it survives, but we know this for certain that the god was seated on a throne with a figure of Victory in one hand and a sceptre in the other. This great work survives only on some coins belonging to the time of Hadrian.

Is it not curious that some coins have preserved for posterity what Architecture, Sculpture, and

Painting do not, and cannot do? Phidias's statue of Zeus at Olympia was great, but we know much more of another of his works (just mentioned, but alas! also destroyed: viz. the Athena of the Parthenon at Athens, because we have Pausanias's description of it in detail, and because so many copies of it were made. Its height with its pedestal was nearly thirty-eight feet. The copies of it, however, as you can at once see, would not be very accurate, since no one was allowed to do more than reproduce it by eye. No measurement was permitted, and of course there was no photography then. But one of the reproductions is interesting, viz. a statuette three and a half feet high, found at Athens in the year 1880. You can see it in the national museum of the city. The goddess stands with her left leg bent a little, dressed in a heavy Doric chiton, open at the side. Over the chiton is the ægis, fringed with snakes' heads. The helmet she wears has three crests, and the central one is supported by a sphinx, the other two by winged horses. On her left is a shield, within which coils a serpent. Her face is the most disappointing feature, and probably it was just in reproducing it that the copyists failed. But it is possible, I think, to divine, or imaginatively to reconstruct from its copy, the characteristic feature of this great work of Phidias.

Then, there is a noble genuine statue by Phidias—a head of Athena—which you cannot see at Athens, as it is now at Bologna, in which the virginal face is conceived and wrought out with ineffable refinement, far removed from the two extremes of ascetic ecstasy and of voluptuousness. Those of you who may have seen it at Bologna may recall the fact that the face of the goddess is represented as one of pure passionless beauty; and yet, to carry out the contrast, it cannot be

said of her that she was "touched with any feeling of human infirmity."

The Parthenon at Athens, which you will see and examine in detail—begun in 447, and finished in 436 B.C.—was, as all the world knows, the supreme achievement of the Periclean age. Its architecture, its sculpture, its pediment groups, the metopes of the exterior frieze, are the very wonder of the world. You know how much of the frieze we now have in the British Museum in London, thanks to Lord Elgin, the grandfather of our present peer. After being a great Greek temple for a thousand years, it was converted into a Christian church; afterwards, in the fifteenth century of our era, into a Mahomedan mosque. In 1687, when Athens was besieged by Venice, the Turkish defenders turned the glorious Parthenon into a powder-magazine; and the result was that a shell, fired by the assailants into this magazine, made of the building an almost total ruin. Many of the greatest sculptures of Phidias were subsequently thrown into the lime-kilns, or otherwise destroyed; until Lord Elgin, in 1816, bought the most valuable which remained from the Turkish Government, and sent them to England.

I need say nothing of what we possess in that vast national treasure-house of ours in London except this, as to the heads of the chariot horses from the southern frieze. You should note the slab from the eastern frieze of the Parthenon, which is in our British Museum, because of the wonderful drapery of the figures. Mr. Ruskin often said to me he thought these the finest representations of movement in the whole realm of art.

But as to what remains in Greece, the most curious thing is that we do not know who sculptured these glorious works of the Parthenon, except from what the faithful chronicler Plutarch

tells us; viz. that Phidias superintended the whole of it. Probably he had a whole army of workers under him; just as Aristotle, at the Lyceum, had a host of scholar-pupils, who transcribed his peripatetic lectures on Philosophy, and all the then known sciences. It is very likely that the so-called Theseus in our British Museum was the work of Phidias himself. The noble head of Pericles, also now in our British Museum, once adorned the Acropolis, but it was an idealised bust of him, made not by Phidias, but by Cresilus, a Cretan artist. Of Phidias I may say in conclusion that he did more to breathe the very breath of life, and of noble life, into marble than any other artist of the Periclean period.

Coming now to the second and last half of the great age of Greek sculpture, I pass over such men as Scopas of Paros, to reach the great successor of Phidias, viz. Praxiteles, since his work was so much grander, and is much better known. But before referring to his work at Olympia I should return to that remarkable place and say something, in a few sentences, of what went on there.

In ancient days Olympia was not a city, but a sacred grove, similar to those at Nemea and Epidauros. It was dedicated to Zeus. In that sanctuary "every four years, where all the inhabitants of Greece were convoked, the Olympic games were celebrated; and, by what is now to us a wonderful and most delightful arrangement, all hostilities were suspended throughout the rival States of Greece, and the very bitterest foes met together in peaceful contests on the sacred soil of Olympia." I quote these words because they are an anticipation of our British parliamentary golf matches, when the leaders of the Government and the Opposition meet together for friendly encounters on the green. What

makes Olympia so interesting now to us is that these quarternary celebrations had a remarkably civilizing influence on the nations of antiquity. Just think of it: that—by an unwritten law—once every four years there was a truce among the rival Greek tribes, who intensely loved the din of conflict, and the chances of victory. It was a magnificent education to the whole Hellenic race; and, through it, to the future world at large. It came to this. The Greek people virtually said, "Let us lay aside our strife at times, whatever may be our rival ambitions, or our opposite ideals, and remember that after all we are human beings and cosmopolitan Greeks." How much I wish, ladies and gentlemen, that all the jarring sects of Christendom had their Olympic Games every four years, to enable them, not only better to appreciate each other's work, but to enter into these friendly contests for superiority, which are so much better than the acrimonious strife of partisans.

Pausanias, our chief ancient authority, tells us of thousands of statues, hundreds of altars, and scores of temples at Olympia, as well as of a great theatre and hippodrome. All these were destroyed by an inundation of the river Alpheus, and the vast accumulations of mud and sand that followed it; and it was not till the third decade of this century (1829) that the work of rediscovery and restoration was begun by the French. Then, some thirty-six years ago (in 1875) the Germans began their work of excavation, and carried it on for six years. The result of these labours, and of those afterwards carried on at Athens, is this, that the finest surviving memorials of ancient Greek art which exist—although many fragments are to be found in Italy, and all along the Mediterranean littoral—may now be studied at leisure both at Olympia and Athens.

Within the precincts of the great temple of Zeus at Olympia you see the very type of a sanctuary of classic form. The Heraion is the most ancient Doric structure which survives, while the Philippeion of Olympia is the oldest Round-Temple known. But there are other buildings—gymnasia, hippodromes, etc., which cast much light on the architecture of Greece; while the excavations of our archæologists have disclosed hundreds of specimens of the decorative work of antiquity. Praxiteles was in a sense the Raphael of Greek sculpture; or I ought perhaps rather to say that Raphael was the Praxiteles of the Italian Renaissance. What they did in common was this. They introduced a refinement, and an ideal grace of execution, into subjects in which realistic severity used before to dominate. Delicacy and grace, wondrous loveliness of form and motion, were thus brought into art. In Phidias we had grandeur, and beauty was expressed in the entire figure and its drapery; but the expression of facial beauty was not always found, or even attempted. In Praxiteles emotion was expressed in the face, and by means of it, even more than in the figure. Not only so, but Praxiteles, with none of the strong majesty of his predecessors, made beauty of form and grace of movement supreme. He of course reflected and expressed the spirit of his age; but it was Aphrodite and Eros, more than Zeus or Athena or Heracles, that he reproduced. As a result, his men are almost all of them quasi-feminine. There is exquisite beauty, and sublimated passion; but there is no rugged strength or power. In addition there was a degeneracy in his art toward the material side of things. The charm of physical loveliness, rather than that of ideal or spiritual grace, ruled his work.

Of the life of Praxiteles we know next to

nothing; but one of his greatest works happily survives. It is that of Hermes with the infant Dionysius on his arm. It was found in 1877 in the temple of Hera at Olympia, lying in front of its pedestal. I well remember the excitement which its discovery caused in artistic circles in London. But even it is not preserved to us in its entirety. The legs of Hermes are restorations in plaster; so are the arms of Dionysius. But the figure of Hermes is in admirable preservation, and its surface quite uninjured. The luminous Parian marble from which it is carved has preserved its glory to us. The tale which this great statue tells is briefly this. Hermes is taking the newborn Dionysius to the Nymphs to be reared by them. Passing on his way he has thrown his mantle over a tree-trunk, and he leans upon it with the arm that holds the child. In his closed left hand he doubtless carried his herald's wand; while the lost right hand must have carried something like a bunch of grapes, for the entertainment of the child. The Hermes is modelled with faultless skill, and the expression of the face is one of indescribable refinement and radiance. The most curious thing is that this great statue does not seem to have had any special fame in antiquity. It is only Pausanias who speaks of it.

In conclusion it may be said of Praxiteles that his genius was pre-eminently sunny. He was drawn towards all that is fair and untroubled, ignoring the tragic elements in our mundane life.

Perhaps the most beautiful Greek portrait which the modern world possesses is one belonging to this period. (I say "portrait" advisably, because the chief sculptures of the nation were not portraits, but ideal creations.) It is the head of Sophocles now in the Lateran Museum at Rome.

It is the very perfection of ease and dignity combined. A serene face, with self-mastery expressed in it, and yet embodying a sense of mystery, the ultimate inscrutability of the world. And it suggests another Greek sculpture, which is not a portrait, but an ideal creation, viz. the head of Zeus, also in Rome at the Vatican, in which there is a wonderful union of strength and gentleness, of supreme sovereignty, with a gracious helpfulness and pity allied, a very rare union in Greek art.

As there was a more than close genealogical tie between Egyptian and Greek Art, and especially between the sculpture of the two lands and races, I may, in conclusion, make a brief allusion to two things which every visitor to Cairo sees.

The first is the great and monumental Sphinx, one of the most wonderful remains of prehistoric art—nay, I think one of the wonders of the world. I never return to Egypt without going out to see the face of the Sphinx, and usually alone; because, to understand and feel its power, you require to be alone; or detached at least for a time from a crowd of sightseers, even more than when you visit such a natural phenomenon as the Falls of Niagara. All I say of it is this, there is in that face of the Sphinx a very marvellous union of opposite elements in harmony. I give you the list as once written down on the spot. There is strength, tenacity, intelligence, reason, delicacy, even tenderness, resolution, endeavour, patience, majesty; while over all of them mystery broods. A voice speaks out of that mysterious face from a region in which (as a poet says) "time and space are not," speaks to us of the things which endure for evermore. I am glad that we do not know its date, or its designer. Its story may be a living series of archaic legends; but its symbolism is ever young, and everlasting.

The second thing is what to my mind is the chief wonder in the Gizeh Museum, notwithstanding the glorious discovery a few years ago of the sacred cow Hatten, and the historic interest which is attached to the face of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It is the wooden statue of Shêkh el Beled, sometimes called "The Wooden Man." This statue, the director of the museum, and chief Egyptologist, M. Maspero, says, was found at Sakkara, and refers to a contemporary of Cheops, one of the superintendents of works who built the great pyramids. He is about fifty years of age, and heavy for his years. He is standing upright, stick in hand. The legs were wanting when the statue was discovered, and have been restored. The expression of the face, and the realism of the whole bearing of the man, have never been surpassed by any Egyptian sculptor at any time; the use of wood giving the artist a liberty which he had not when carving limestone, or any other kind of stone. The eyes were inlaid, as is the case with many Egyptian statues. They are made of a piece of opaque white quartz, with a line of bronze surrounding them to imitate the lid; a small disc of transparent rock-crystal forms the iris; while a tiny spangle of polished ebony, fixed behind the crystal, imparts to it a life-like sparkle. By a curious coincidence, the statue of this ancient Egyptian was an exact portrait of one of the head men of the village of Sakkarah; and the Arab countrymen, always quick to discern a likeness, straightway called it Shêkh el Beled; and the name has stuck to it ever since.

I feel that those of you who have read the multitudinous literature which exists on the subject on which I have spoken, or even the condensed summaries of it in the guide-books we all carry with us, may have found my lecture

almost superfluous. Nevertheless, if it may have opened up a few side-windows into that wonderland of Greek achievement in the realm of Sculpture, and the extent of the debt which the modern European world owes to Hellas, I am rewarded for the work I have done, and you for the patience with which you have listened.

Exploration in the Levant *

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR SANDAY

I WILL begin by stating that the period of excavation may be roughly divided into two sections, that which preceded 1870, the date of the Franco-German War, and that which followed. Up to the year 1870 our own country had taken the leading part in Levantine explorations. It may be said to have been commenced by the Popes, the Vatican Gallery and the Gallery of the Capitol furnishing striking evidence of this fact. It was naturally then taken up by the Cardinals, amongst whom I may mention Cardinal Ludovisi, and by the Roman aristocracy, amongst whom the Albani deserve prominent mention.

In the latter half of the fifteenth and in the sixteenth century our own aristocracy followed suit. In those days the "Grand Tour" meant, above all things, paying a visit to Italy, and there our aristocracy caught the spirit of collection. Amongst the first was the Earl of Arundel, whose family in 1667 presented part of the collection of marbles which he had made to Oxford University; the remainder was given in 1755 by the Countess of Pomfret.

In 1733 there was founded a society which was destined to have a great influence upon exploration in the Levant, the Society of the Dilettanti, some of whose most distinguished members were painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and their portraits were exhibited in the Grafton Gallery.

From 1750 to 1765 the leading names in exploration were Revett, Stuart, and Chandler. In 1800 to 1815 we come to the great period marked by the acquisition of the Elgin marbles.

* A Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," April, 1910.

Lord Elgin must take first rank in this period, followed by William Martin Leake, afterwards Colonel Leake, and by the brilliant architect, C. R. Cockerell. From 1850 to 1870 the great name is that of Sir Charles Newton, the keeper of antiquities in the British Museum. Looking back upon these names, it is well that we should realise the difficulties that confronted men like Stuart and Revett, and even the men who worked at the beginning of the last century.

The action of Lord Elgin in securing the Elgin marbles raises some delicate questions, but on the whole is approved, or condoned, by foreign opinion as well as our own. He made use of his position as ambassador, and perhaps rather strained the authority that he was entitled to use in that position. He went to Greece fully equipped with skilled artificers and assistants from Italy, and, after some difficulty with the Porte, succeeded, with a fortunate conjunction of circumstances, in making this great coup. The Elgin marbles were sent to England in chests, in the days of sailing vessels, and one batch was landed at one place and another at another. It took a long time to collect them all; indeed, one of the ships was lost, but the slabs were recovered by skilled divers and ultimately found their way to England.

Lord Elgin was not well treated on his return. It was rather a blot on the history of the Dilettanti Society, but at that time the leading member was an expert in bronzes, and for some reason or other depreciated the Elgin marbles. The result was that Lord Elgin was met at first with a great deal of stubborn opposition. Ultimately, in 1815, Canova, the great sculptor, used his influence to recognise the greatness of these marbles, and himself refused to restore them because he held, rightly, that they were too great

to be restored. His influence turned the scale, and a vote was passed by the two Houses of Parliament, and they were purchased for £35,000, not much more than half what they had cost Lord Elgin.

Colonel Leake was sent out in 1800, as an officer in the English army, to instruct the Turkish artillery in Constantinople. He had a very adventurous time and worked his way through Asia Minor, and did a great deal for the scientific topography and geography of Greece.

Sir Charles Newton was made Vice-Consul at Mitylene, and he was thus able to carry on his explorations in the neighbourhood, in which work he was vigorously backed by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, British Ambassador at Constantinople. Fortunately England was at this time in high favour at Constantinople, so that the circumstances were very favourable, and he was able to bring a large collection back to England.

During the period preceding the Franco-German War the French made some single finds of great interest and beauty, including the Venus or Aphrodite of Melos, and they were the first to establish a definite school at Athens. Much of the French research in this period was due to the initiative of Napoleon III. The greater work of the French, however, belongs to the next period.

The Germans had a number of individual scholars working in the East, but, during the first period, they were really preparing themselves for the period that followed the Franco-German War. The Germans set about systematic and scientific study, and the headquarters of that study were not so much in the East as at Rome and Berlin, but when their opportunity came they had scholars more completely equipped than those of any other nation.

To summarise the results of all this research up to 1870, it is necessary to divide the period with which I am dealing into its parts and to keep them chronologically distinct from each other.

- (i) The prehistoric period, down to about 800 B.C.
- (ii) The classical period, culminating at the end of the fourth century—that is, about 300 B.C.
- (iii) The Hellenistic period, extending from 320 B.C. to 31 B.C.
- (iv) The Græco-Roman period, down to about 500 A.D.
- (v) The Byzantine period, from about 500 A.D. to 1453, the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks.

Very little was known, previous to 1870, of the prehistoric period; but a great deal of research had been carried out in the classical period, and all the most prominent and accessible monuments had been collected. People were not interested in the Hellenistic period, and very little was done for it until after 1870. A good deal of work had been done in a desultory fashion for the Græco-Roman period, but research in the Byzantine period was not very actively prosecuted until the second period.

From 1870 onwards might be called the German period, as the Germans came on to the field in full force and made their influence felt all over the East. They worked by characteristic German methods and with characteristic German thoroughness and completeness, and other nations are now following their example. The work was done for its own sake, and they made an agreement with the Greek Government that nothing should be removed at Olympia; everything remains where it was found.

Whereas the earlier work was carried out in a more desultory manner by travellers, the work in the second period was much more organised, and we find the nations vying with each other which can do the most and best work.

The French have done a great deal of work at Delos and Delphi. Our own school has lately been exploring at Sparta, and on the Island of Melos, and in Thessaly, and has discovered a great deal bearing on the prehistoric period. At the beginning of the period Professor Sir William M. Ramsay did a great deal of work, chiefly geographical and topographical, and collected a large number of inscriptions; and, since 1900, Dr. Arthur Evans has been working in Crete. The Italians have also done excellent work in Crete.

Comparing the results of the second period with the results of the first, the prehistoric period might be said to have been practically discovered during the last forty years, and this work began at Troy with Schliemann, who afterwards obtained the assistance of Dr. Dörpfeld. Schliemann went from Troy to Mycenæ, and from Mycenæ to Tiryns. With regard to the classical period our knowledge has been deepened and made more thorough. At first the research was for objects of art, but later the leading interest was rather archæology, the object to understand ancient life; and, from that point of view, special interest attaches to Pergamon, which is a characteristic specimen, and one of the most important, of a Hellenistic city. The Sarcophagus of Alexander and the "Weepers' Sarcophagus" belong to this period. With regard to the Byzantine period it was to be hoped that research would be carried on. A society for this purpose had lately been formed, and, with the changes that had taken place at Constantinople, great things might be expected in this direction.

Astronomy and Navigation in the Odyssey*

BY SIR GEORGE GREENHILL

VICTOR BERARD has re-invented a new method of the study of Homer, described in his book, familiar to the enthusiastic scholar, *Grecs et Phéniciens dans la Méditerranée, d'après l'Odyssée*.

Schliemann, setting to work with spade and pick-axe, as we saw at Troy, had started already the new school of antiquarian research which has thrown so much light on early Greek history, in spite of the protest of the old-fashioned scholar that nothing was to be learnt from an inscription. But the decried method has proved that fables, such as of the Labyrinth and Minotaur, are based on an historical foundation; and many a passage considered spurious is literal truth, and must be restored to the text; such as that called "the obvious late addition of the beautiful description of the shield of Achilles in the Iliad," which now we can compare with Mycenæan works of art from Vaphio and Cnossos.

Bérard tells us how he chartered a small sailing vessel, and reconstituted as closely as possible the physical conditions of the voyage of Ulysses. The epithet formerly considered otiose he finds is always intended to convey some information, and as an enthusiast he is prepared to use the Odyssey as a corrective to the *Sailing Directions for the Mediterranean*. His chief object is to discover Scheria, the port of Alkinous and the Phæacians, and he proves to his own satisfaction that Corfu answers to the conditions. Rival theories are in the field: here is a book, *Phéniciens*

* A Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," April, 1910.

et Grecs en Italie d'après l'Odyssée, by Philippe Champault, which identifies Ischia with Scheria; and our own Samuel Butler, author of *Erewhon*, was already in the field with the claims of Trapani on Sicily.

Samuel Butler's essay on *The Writer of an Iliad and Authoress of an Odyssey* shows by the title that he wants to split Homer up into two personalities—man and woman, bringing many quotations to bear on his argument, among others that Penelope was allowed the last word with Ulysses. To the speculative mind the subject owes much of its fascination to uncertainty.

But in my opinion the Bérard school of theory has not paid attention enough to the astronomical lore of the stars and their seasons, on which Ulysses and the old sailor were compelled to rely to find their way at sea. A study of these allusions is found to throw much light incidentally on the date of Homer.

Ulysses is in the island of Ogygia, identified by common consent as at the Pillars of Hercules, and Bérard says it must be Perigil (meaning σέλινον, sea-parsley). Ulysses obtains consent at last from the nymph Calypso to return home; they spend the last few days of winter in building the raft, so as to set sail as soon as the spring allowed of navigation.

We know it was the spring time (just this season here at sea) because of the flowers in the farewell nosegay presented by the nymph, as well as from her sailing directions, given here in Pope's version—

And now, rejoicing in the prosperous gales,
With beating heart, Ulysses spreads his sails;
Placed at the helm he sat and marked the skies,
Nor closed in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There viewed the Pleiads, and the northern team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye:

Who shines exalted on th' etherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left those radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he sailed the deep.
Full seventeen nights he cut the foamy way:
The distant land appeared the following day:
Then swelled to sight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost:
That lay before him, indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watery waste.

Looking up outside to-night at the Great Bear, it will be noticed that the Pole Star is much lower in the sky than in England, and that the star Alkaid at the tip of the tail, η Ursæ majoris, is going to set well below the horizon, and it would graze the horizon in latitude 50° , say at Calais.

This is easily verified with a piece of string. One end held in the direction of the Pole Star, and the other towards Alkaid, will cut the horizon, when pivoted, about Polaris; and Ulysses had to navigate with the same primitive appliance. The method is still of practical utility, and the theory has been enunciated by Lord Kelvin.

Here is a contradiction with Homer's statement. But we have to reckon with the appearance of the sky about 900 B.C., say 2800 years ago, and the change due to Precession.

The Precession of the Equinox is caused by the axis of the Earth, moving slowly like a spinning top, so that the pole of the sky goes round in a circle; the period of a revolution is the Platonic Cycle of 26,000 years. In 2,800 years the pole has gone round more than one-tenth of the circuit; one-twelfth of a circuit, in 2200 years, will carry the constellation of the Zodiac through one division into the next house.

The nymph Calypso could give Ulysses no information to check his longitude, only latitude near enough to keep him off the land. Lord Kelvin professed to be able to get his longitude

with the piece of string, measuring the distance of a bright star from the moon, but then he required also the *Nautical Almanack*, that book of prophecy which the naval chaplain declared was the best he ever knew.

About thirty years ago a calculation of this effect of Precession on the study of Homer was made by the Rev. Dr. Pearson, and his articles are here at hand for you to consult. (*Proceedings of the Cambridge Philosophical Society*, 1877, 1881.)

Here is an earlier address, of 1869, by Dr. Goerlitz, of the Gymnasium at Sagan, *Der Himmel und Himmelserscheinungen in den homerischen Gedichten* (The Sky and its Appearance in the Homeric Poem). The author has made a careful collection of all the references to the stars and their peculiar epithets, so as to show that none are otiose.

It is curious, as Dr. Goerlitz points out, that Homer makes no mention of a planet, except Ἑωσφόρος (Lucifer) and Ἑσπερος, which we can identify with *Venus*, visible only as a morning or evening star. The other planets must certainly have attracted attention, but the irregularity of their motion in the sky would make them useless to the sailor for navigation, when steering his way by the stars, and so Homer omits to mention them in his sailing directions.

Dr. Goerlitz does not attempt the numerical calculation carried out by Dr. Pearson, who is an enthusiastic astronomer as well as a classical scholar. The work was heavy, as it required the conversion and reconversion of the Right Ascension and Declination of a star into celestial latitude and longitude, the deduction from the longitude of the Precession in the interval of time, say 2,800 years, and the reconversion of this new longitude and the latitude back again into Right Ascension and Declination.

But this laborious operation is obviated by another German programme I have here, by J. Gallenmüller, of Regensburg, 1885, *Der Fixsternhimmel, jetzt und zu Homer's Zeiten, mit zwei Sternkarten*, 900 B.C. and A.D. 1855, in which the columns of annual variation may be used for an interval of 100 years on each side, without sensible error. The two star charts here are useful in checking, in an instant, a result of Dr. Pearson's calculation. The date, 900 B.C., is chosen, I presume, to agree in round numbers with the estimate of Herodotus, that Homer and Hesiod lived about 400 years before his day.

The 900 B.C. chart shows that the N.P.D. of β (Mirak) and η (Alkaid), the forefoot and the tail of the Bear are each about 25° , and so these stars would not go below the horizon in the Mediterranean at that date.

Bootes and Alkaid were the pointers, but no large star was in place to serve as the Pole Star. The N.P.D. of Bootes is then about 53° .

Ulysses sets sail on his raft from Ogygia, and following Calypso's sailing directions, keeping an eye on the Pleiades behind, setting at this season about sunset. Orion goes down soon after, but Bootes *ὄψ' ἐ δύνοντα* not till the early morning.

After seventeen days' drifting on his raft, following Calypso's instructions, *ποντοπορευόμενος*, hugging the coast, Ulysses makes the land of the Phæacians on the eighteenth day, where the land is high, close to a cloud-like coloured sea, and has the appearance of a shield floating in the water (Odyssey v. 281). What was this land?

Here is the chief subject of conjecture, discussed by Bérard Butler, Champault, and all writers, Colonel Mure long before. Bérard puts the land at Corfu (now or soon in sight), Butler on Sicily at Trapani, Champault at Ischia.

According to Herodotus (iv. 85), a ship will

sail 70,000 fathom (700 stadium) in the day, and 60,000 (600) at night—130 sea miles in the twenty-four hours, a speed of $5\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

Now from Gibraltar to Corfu is a distance of 1,300 miles, which seventeen days' sail requires a speed of three to four knots—much more than a raft can go; and it is 800 miles to Trapani and 900 to Ischia, still beyond the run of a raft.

One knot is as much as can be expected in speed, and this would carry Ulysses a little over 400 miles, and put him ashore at Algiers; and Algiers in my opinion is the city Scheria of the Phæacians, as it corresponds in other respects in a surprising manner.

I found an ally on a former voyage in Mr. Forbes, our chief officer of the *Argonaut*; and he promised me to be prepared to bring out the theory when the subject was discussed on board, but with what success I have not been able to hear.

We identified the shield in the cloud-like sea with Cape Matifou, looking very much like a saucer, and the colour of the sea answered to the description, being clouded with the muddy fresh water brought down by the rivers, where Nausicaa would have driven the donkeys with the family wash.

The French Ordnance Map here will enable you to identify the features afterwards. The simile of the shield is very remarkable. Imagine it like this dish, an alms dish of the National Lifeboat Institution, not held out as if for a collection, but upside down, floating as it would do in water.

Homer's description of the town answers in every detail—the high walls, the two harbours, the fruit in the gardens, and the rock Algefna, like a ship. "What about the rock into which the ship was turned?" asked Mr. Theodore Cook,

editor of *The Field*. "Why, we were moored to it." Here it is on the map.

And the skill of the Phæacian oarsmen in their galleys has come down to recent times in the Algerine galleys, a terror to the Strait of Gibraltar, as Cervantes found, and Robinson Crusoe, and even up to the last century before steam.

From Algiers to Ithaca, about 900 miles, would require 90 hours at a speed estimated at 10 knots, sustained by a relay of rowers; here is an awkward objection to be met in the narrative, it must be confessed. Ulysses is put on board in a dead sleep—not the victim, we hope, of the hospitality of Alkinous, stronger than an opiate; and after what seems to him a short night he finds himself in Ithaca.

The rowing man in this learned company will know that in still water a boat should have nothing loose in it to roll about, and the swing of the body is of equal importance with the drag of the oar. The reverse is the case when sailing among waves: everything on board should be as loose as possible. This dynamical theory seems to be practised by the galley of Alkinous, in that Ulysses is described as in a rigid state.

Here is an extract from an *Account of Mahometans* by Joseph Pits, of Exon, 1704, giving his experience as a galley slave:

"In the Algerine galleys, all things capable of any motion must be fastened down or unchanged, even the smallest weight or jug, and all must sit stock still, lest the pursuit should be something retarded thereby."

On the other hand, in Mahan's Nelsonian reminiscences the order is the reverse: "Pipe the hammocks down and put a shot in them."

But here is the contrast between rowing and sailing. In a rowing boat or boat-race nothing must roll about loosely. But sailing among

waves the speed is increased, as Nelson saw, by making everything in the interior as loose as possible, even to the rigging. And so the Dunkirk privateer could easily escape our pursuit, and take refuge among his shoals by knocking the wedges out of the mast, to let it swing freely to the surging of the seaway.

The same dynamical theory is seen in the contrast between the coal train, with trucks which can be started and stopped one by one, and of the express train with carriages screwed up tightly. "Bien serré, n'est ce pas?" I overheard the carriage inspector say to his mates just before we left Paris. The miller's horse, too, knows the difference between a load of children, taking them to a school treat, and the same dead weight of sacks of corn. Something similar was observable as we were towed ashore at Agropoli this morning, with the tow-rope slack and taut alternately, among the waves.

Ulysses, were are told, was carried on board the galley in a fast sleep, and not allowed to stir or wake up till he was put ashore. We see a dynamical reason for it; but a new difficulty arises, in that Ithaca is some 900 miles, which cannot be covered in a single night; 600 miles a day means 25 knots, and is just within the power of the *Lusitania*. He might have got as far as Malta from Algiers in that time.

Coming back to the stars, we find similar references by Hesiod, Homer's contemporary, or perhaps a century later, and these have been used by Dr. Pearson to explain the difficulty about ὁψέ δύνοντα Βοώτην, comparing Hesiod's account of Arcturus rising on the edge of twilight.

When from the wintry tropic of the sun
Full sixty days their finished course have run,
Lo! then the sacred deep Arcturus leave,
First shining on the verge of twilight eve.

(*Works and Days*, 564.)

Arcturus and Bootes are the same star, I need hardly remind this learned company. He catches Ovid out very neatly in some of his astronomical references in the *Fasti*, such as—

Auferat ex oculis veniens durora Booten,
Ubi est hodie, quæ Lyra fulsit heri.

Showing that Ovid, the typical classical scholar was taking the astronomy from Hesiod, without reflecting on the change due to Precession in the 700 years elapsed.

We are now reaching the end of a delightful cruise, in which in a short three weeks we have covered almost the full extent of the years of wandering of Ulysses.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE
HELLENIC TRAVELLERS'
CLUB, 1911

Syracuse*

BY THE REV. CANON S. R. JAMES

SYRACUSE is a very big subject. In its palmy days it was by far the largest of all the Greek cities, and down to the time of the second Punic War it held that pre-eminence quite undisputed. Sicily was the meeting-place of all the nations who ever navigated the Mediterranean. Its history begins, like all those histories, with the legends of gods and demi-gods, of wandering heroes like Ulysses and Æneas, of Acis and Galatea and Polyphemus, and then we come on to the time of the Phœnicians and the Greeks and the Romans. The Phœnicians and the Greeks and the Romans fought for its possession; it was a great prize. The early inhabitants were subject to perpetual encroachments. The Phœnicians were the first foreign race who came and made a footing in Sicily in the eleventh century B.C., first from the east and then from Carthage. In the eighth century B.C. the first Greek colonies were founded there, Naxos and Syracuse from Chalcis and Corinth respectively, and for the next hundred years a constant succession of colonies came from the motherland of Hellas—Catana, Leontini, Zancle, Megara Hyblæa, Selinus, Gela, and Acragas. Within that time, the coast not only of Sicily but of South Italy was mainly in the hands of the Greeks, and if the Greeks had had the imperial instinct of Rome or of Great Britain, a Hellenic

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Empire might have grown up on the same lines as the Roman Empire or our own Indian Empire afterwards did. But that imperial instinct somehow or other was lacking, and Sicily has always been a prize and never a conquering power. Its rulers have been the Sicels, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Normans, Germans, French, Spaniards, Bourbons, Savoyards; but we are concerned with Syracuse, and Syracuse lost its great position about two hundred years before Christ.

About the time when Xerxes set out to avenge Marathon, the Carthaginians, perhaps in collusion with him, made a gigantic effort to conquer the whole of Sicily. They were already in possession of the west of Sicily. In all the Greek towns in Sicily despots were ruling at that time, but the two greatest were Theron of Acragas and Gelo of Syracuse, and it was the great victory won at Himera, almost simultaneous with the Battle of Salamis in 480, over the Carthaginians, that set the seal on the fame of Gelo and made Syracuse the leading city in Sicily, and indeed the greatest of all Greek cities.

It was Gelo's brother who offered at Delphi the glorious statue of the charioteer which you will see there in the museum next week.

Gelo's successor, Hiero I., defeated the Etruscans and so secured Western Hellas against that danger, but Hiero's renown rests largely upon the part that he played in the great contests at the Olympian and Pythian games and the fact that his victories were celebrated by Simonides and Bacchylides and by the immortal Pindar. Æschylus too, visited his court, and it was at Gela that Æschylus met his death, as the story goes, from the unfortunate error of an eagle. One of these usually keen-sighted birds was carrying a tortoise in its talons, and desiring to

crack the shell thereof without unnecessary effort, let it fall upon what it conceived to be a large round stone; which was, however, the bald head of Æschylus. The aim was painfully accurate, and the poet wrote no more tragedies.

Hiero's incompetent successor lost his throne and Syracuse became a republic.

Now those kind ladies and gentlemen who have been wise enough to bring their maps might refer to the plan of Syracuse, and in case there should be some missing I have, with the skill which is part of my nature, tried to draw a sort of plan of Syracuse and its fortifications, and should like to say a word about the kind of town Syracuse was at this time, because this is the most important time for our purpose, the close of the fifth century B.C.

It was founded originally on a little island called Ortygia, the Island of Quails. That is where Archias of Corinth founded the colony—a small island connected with the mainland by a bridge. Then it extended inland. Immediately west and north of Ortygia there is a rising ground along from north to south, on which was constructed the suburb of Achradina, and that was walled in.

In 415 we come to the principal event in the history of Syracuse, and as it was also one of the principal events in the history of the world at that time, I am bound to dwell upon it for a short time. You must understand that the Athenian expedition against Syracuse was one of the leading factors in the history of that time and had an effect on subsequent history which can hardly be estimated.

In 415 the Athenians made their expedition against Syracuse. I say it is the greatest event in the history of Syracuse, and upon the issue of that siege depended the issue of the war between

Sparta and Athens, the fall of the Athenian Empire, and in the next century the complete suppression of Hellenic independence by the Macedonian power, itself destined ere long to crumble away like the power of Napoleon.

Time forbids anything like an extensive account of the causes of this expedition, but it was undertaken ostensibly to aid a small town, Segesta, in the west of Sicily, in a struggle against a neighbour, Selinus, a somewhat larger town, also in the west of Sicily, and also a town called Leontini, near Syracuse itself. Of course that was the excuse. Like all big wars it started with an insignificant excuse. I never in my life heard of any great war that did not start with some insignificant and inadequate excuse. But in reality of course it meant an attempt on the part of Athens to secure supremacy in Sicily in view of the commercial rivalry of Corinth, and that supremacy could only be attained by the conquest of Syracuse, because the conquest of Syracuse meant the conquest of Sicily.

Such an expedition might have succeeded if it had been commanded by the right men and vigorously prosecuted. In fact, it ought to have succeeded as it was, but it was not given a fair chance. The selected generals were three in number—it was rather a bad thing to start with, but they had a way of doing that; they did not trust one another well enough to allow one to command—Nicias, Alcibiades, and Lamachus. Nicias was a highly respectable man, a representative of the upper classes. His selection was a kind of guarantee of caution, respectability, and piety. He was sure not to do anything very wrong. Alcibiades was brilliant in every way, but he was absolutely untrustworthy, and he was entirely wrapped up in himself, at any rate at this time. Lamachus was an excellent soldier,

but outside military circles carried no weight. To make things worse, Nicias was the principal opponent of the expedition which he was appointed to command. He spoke long and often against the expedition being sent at all, and then they appointed him to be commander.

Just before the fleet started, Alcibiades was accused of gross impiety, and of being concerned in the mutilation of the *Hermæ*, the images which studded every street in Athens, and were regarded with great veneration. These were mutilated one night, and Alcibiades was accused. He asked to be tried before the expedition sailed, but his enemies managed that he should not be tried until his return, and so he started under a cloud; and what chance did Athens give this splendid expedition they were fitting out? It was an enormous expedition for those days. Thucydides tells us in his well-known words of its magnitude, of the extraordinary expense to which the people went to fit it out; not only public money but private money was spent on it, and it made a most splendid show. There were 134 triremes, ships of war, transport, small vessels, 5,100 heavy armed troops, and an enormous number of light armed troops; but there was no cavalry, as they trusted to find that in Sicily. And so this enormous expedition started. Thucydides tells us that when the ships were manned and all the stores on board, the trumpets commanded silence and prayers were offered, libations being poured from gold and silver vessels. All the people on shore, the Athenian citizens and their friends who were present, joined in the prayers, and when they had sung their hymn and finished their libations they put out to sea, first in column and then forming into line they raced as far as Ægina, some sixteen miles.

The fleet reached Rhegium and found themselves

disappointed in the support they expected to find. The three generals held a council of war. Nicias said, "Let us just make a demonstration, sail round about, and then go home." Alcibiades said, "Let us try diplomacy among the Greek cities in Sicily and see if we can get a number of allies, and then we can force Syracuse into submission." Lamachus said, "The Syracusans cannot be expecting us. Let us go straight for them"; and this was the only wise advice, but they compromised and began to take diplomatic measures.

In the winter of that year the Athenian fleet sailed into the Great Harbour of Syracuse, into which we shall sail to-morrow. There they pitched camp, and then they went back again to Catane, which is at the foot of Mount Etna, and then Alcibiades was recalled. They sent for him home to stand his trial, and of course, being what he was, he accompanied the ship that was sent to fetch him as far as Thurii in South Italy, and then he slipped off and went over to Sparta, and there he became—I will not say he was a traitor, it was vindictiveness—the bitter foe of Athens, and gave them advice which led ultimately to the Athenian ruin. He induced them to send help to Syracuse, and to fortify Decelea, near Athens, to be a thorn in the Athenians' side, and he did a frightful amount of damage.

The next season the Athenian army landed on the north side of the peninsula upon which Syracuse stands. Syracuse, as I pointed out to you just now, consisted at that time of the little island of Ortygia and of the rising ground on the mainland called Achradina. There is a bay on the north called the Bay of Thapsus. There the Athenians landed, and their object was to establish themselves upon the upland westward

of Syracuse, and to build walls—their only idea of siege in these days was to build a wall so as to shut off supplies from the besieged—and they started to build a wall from north to south across that peninsula. They landed on the north side, and they seized the heights above Epipolæ. Epipolæ is the ground that rises westward from Achradina to the fort afterwards built there called Euryalus. There was no fort when the Athenians landed. The ground rises slowly and gently upwards, and whoever was able to secure those heights was really master of Syracuse. They made a big, circular fort, and proceeded to build walls north and south of the circular fort to another fort called Labdalum on the north edge of Epipolæ.

What did the Syracusans do? Their idea of interrupting the building of this wall was to build walls at right angles to the Athenian walls. It seems elementary nowadays, but that was the idea. They built walls east and west. They built three. The first was destroyed. The second was on the low ground near the Great Harbour; that too was destroyed. Not being built of stone, but of wooden palisades, it was burned. So this too failed.

The Athenians then finished their wall from the circular fort in the centre of Epipolæ to the south joining to the Great Harbour. They never completed the whole to the north of the circular fort, and that was the one fatal error which prevented them from being successful in capturing Syracuse. They left an opening, and through that opening, before very long, in marched Gylippus, the Spartan general, who was sent to help the Syracusans in their resistance. Gylippus slipped in, and the third counter-wall which the Syracusans built to stop the Athenian fortifications was not only

carried past the Athenian wall at right angles to it, but two miles more, up to where Euryalus now stands, and from the moment that counter-wall was finished, the Athenians were absolutely prevented from being able to finish off their line of circumvallation, or prevent Gylippus from getting inside.

In the year 413 Nicias migrated from his camp on the west of the Great Harbour to Plemmyrium, which is the promontory which faces Ortygia on the opposite side of the harbour. There he built three forts and settled down to wait for reinforcements, but he was attacked there by Gylippus when he had made his footing secure in Syracuse. Gylippus was a splendid leader. He made the Syracusans into soldiers, and was able to inspire them with martial spirit.

When the reinforcements came from Athens, and big reinforcements they were—there were seventy-three triremes and five thousand fighting men—Demosthenes at once said, "It is no use our going on with this. You must withdraw." Nicias agreed, but most unfortunately on the night when it was settled that they were to withdraw and commence their retreat, there was a full moon. The full moon would not have mattered, but it was eclipsed, and an eclipse of the moon was such a terrific portent that the soothsayers had to be sent for, and said, "You must either wait three days or a whole month." That was just as bad as condemning the Athenians to complete annihilation, because by the time that they were ready to start, all the approaches were blocked, and they had no real chance of a fair retreat.

There was a fatal battle in the harbour between the Athenian and Syracusan ships—eighty-six Athenian and seventy-six Syracusan. The Syracusan ships had been specially shortened in

the beaks for the purpose of fighting in this place, and with their stout beaks they worked havoc among the Athenians. The Athenian power at sea-fighting consisted in the rapidity of their manœuvring, and being cramped in the small space of the harbour, they were out of their element. The Athenians got an awful beating from the Syracusans in the Great Harbour.

Then the Syracusans, having got the better of them by sea, proposed to barricade the harbour mouth and completely block it up, and so shut in the armies and the Athenian fleet. And then there came one last despairing struggle on the part of the Athenians to break the barricade and make themselves masters of the sea again.

There is a passage in Thucydides that I must quote to you on that point. He says: "Meanwhile the two armies on shore, while victory hung in the balance, were a prey to the most agonising and conflicting emotions; the natives thirsting for more glory than they had already won, while the invaders feared to find themselves in even worse plight than before. The all of the Athenians being set upon their fleet, their fear for the event was nothing like what they had ever felt; while their view of the struggle was necessarily as chequered as the battle itself. Close to the scene of action, and not all looking at the same point at once, some saw their friends victorious, and took courage, and fell to calling upon Heaven not to deprive them of salvation; while others, who had turned their eyes upon the losers, wailed and cried aloud, and, although spectators, were more overcome than the actual combatants. Others, again, were gazing at some spot where the battle was evenly disputed; as the strife was protracted without decision, their swaying bodies reflected the agitation of their minds, and they suffered the worst agonies of all, ever just within

reach of safety, or just on the point of destruction. In short, in that one Athenian army, as long as the sea-fight remained doubtful, there was every sound to be heard at once, shrieks, cheers, 'We win,' 'We lose,' and all the other manifold exclamations that a great host would necessarily utter in great peril; and with the men in the fleet it was nearly the same; until at last the Syracusans and their allies, after the battle had lasted a long while, put the Athenians to flight, and with much shouting and cheering chased them in open rout to the shore."

The sailors were in despair, and the ships were abandoned, and the roads were blocked, and the wretched remnant of the army first moved four days westward and then towards the south, then it got cut in two, and half of it was left behind and taken, and then Nicias with the leading half capitulated too. Seven thousand Athenian prisoners were taken, and they placed them in the quarries that you will see to-morrow. You will see what kind of a place it must have been to be imprisoned in, open to the baking heat. The allies of the Athenians were kept for seventy days, and the Athenian citizens themselves were kept for six months there and then sold as slaves. Some of them found favour by being able to recite the choruses and the scenes from the tragic poets—some of them even worked their way to liberty and freedom that way, and went home to Athens and thanked Euripides for being their liberator—but most of them perished by a miserable death.

The immediate consequences of this catastrophe lie outside the history of Syracuse, and there are many other events to cram into this lecture; but, as the weakening of Athens and Sparta made Persian influence paramount in the Ægean for a time, so the exhaustion of Syracuse invited

Carthage to renew her attempt to vanquish Sicily, and so in a very few years after the victory of Syracuse, a Carthaginian expedition landed in Sicily and captured several of the towns in the west, and then came the rise of a very remarkable man, Dionysius I., the tyrant of Syracuse.

He was a man of whom I must say something, not only because he was a remarkable man, but because most of the work you will see to-morrow is his. The enormous walls were his work. He was a very obscure person to start with; he was a clerk, but somehow or other he rose—as people do—from the ranks, by a series of accidents. He made a violent speech in the assembly, and got the other generals deposed and himself made one, and was eventually made sole general and then procured a bodyguard. If he had a bodyguard of six hundred or a thousand men he could do pretty well what he liked. So he rose to be the saviour really of Greek Sicily against the Carthaginians. He fought them with considerable success, and then he made a treaty with them, and then things went pretty calmly for a time.

Syracuse at the end of that century was really the leading European power in the Mediterranean. It was a remarkable and rapid rise.

Dionysius remained tyrant until his death—for thirty-eight years. It is very difficult to say how it was he managed to retain power without being assassinated; but he made very few personal enemies. He was absolutely cruel and unscrupulous in a public way, but had no personal enemies. He was not constitutionally a trustful man. He liked to wear his hair and beard short, but as for letting a barber come near him, not he! His daughters, the princesses of the household, were allowed to act as barbers to him, but he would not let them use a razor; [they singed

him with red hot walnut shells. At least, I read that in Cicero; it may be true or it may not.

To depart from these domestic details, he was a very great builder. His building operations were on a vast scale. The Acropolis—which in most cities was on the highest point, was the lowest on Ortygia—reached from the mainland through five successive gates. The immense thing that he did was to fortify Epipolæ. Walls seventeen miles in length were built; of these ten-and-a-half miles are still existing. The walls were made on a vast scale; three miles were built in twenty days by sixty thousand free citizens. That will show you the way in which he set to work.

He was not too quick about it, because before long the Carthaginians besieged Syracuse, and if it had not been for the walls they would probably have taken it; but they did not. The Carthaginians were reduced to Western Sicily once more. He extended his empire to Southern Italy, and even up the Adriatic, and so at his death, or just before, he ruled an enormous extent of territory, directly or indirectly.

Like many other considerable men he was very touchy on his weak points. He thought that he could write verses; he thought he could write plays. He used always to send plays to the competitions at Athens. They were very bad, but ultimately he got a third prize, and a second prize, and at last he got the first prize. He was ordinarily a very temperate man, but when he heard that he had got the first prize for his tragedy, *The Ransom of Hector*, he went on the spree. He had a big drink, and the consequences were so bad that they gave him a dose of medicine which, instead of curing him, accelerated the end. And so the man died, we cannot say in a very

dignified manner. But he saved Hellenism, though he destroyed liberty.

His son, Dionysius II., was an unworthy son of a great father. He was very much under the influence of his brother-in-law, Dion, who was a philosopher, and not the least bit meant for a statesman; but he had a great respect and admiration for the immortal Plato, and he said, "Now, here is our chance. We have a young king, Dionysius, and here is Plato, who knows all about how a state should be governed. Let us send for Plato." And they sent for Plato to teach Dionysius. Plato arrived. Plato, as you know, was most systematic, and he said, "Now, to be a proper ruler, there is no doubt that you ought to be properly educated, and no education is complete which does not include the elements of geometry." On that, of course, we school-masters all agree. So he set to work to teach Dionysius and his court geometry. For some time there was nothing but Euclid—or it could not have been Euclid in those days, but whatever was equivalent to it. Dionysius got bored with his Euclid after a few days, and he said, "This is too long a road to governing, I shall go on my own lines"; and so Plato went back to Athens, and the result was of course that Dionysius did not govern so well as he otherwise would have done.

In 356, after twelve years' reign, he was de-throned, and Dion the philosopher took his place, and he was more intolerable as king than as philosopher, so he was assassinated. Dionysius II. came back for a couple of years in 346.

In 343 things came to such a pretty pass with Dionysius governing on his own lines, that they sent to Corinth and said, "Send us a man to help us out of this business." They sent them a man of impossible virtue, Timoleon. He was the man

who rescued his brother in battle, and then finding that his brother was plotting against the State had him put to death. For some time after that Timoleon lived in obscurity in Corinth, and was then sent to restore order in Syracuse. And very ably he did restore order, and he did very well at Syracuse, and there he stayed for some six years.

Dionysius by the way, having been expelled from Syracuse, went and lived at Corinth, and we are told that the love of tyranny was so ingrained in his nature that he became a schoolmaster.

Some twenty years later, a person named Agathocles arose. He held sway from 317 to 289, and did great deeds against the Carthaginians. He actually invaded Carthaginian territory, and burned his ships when he got there, so that his men should not be able to run away. We have had many burners of ships, but he was one of the best of them. He was a man with plenty of character, most of it bad. Let him go at that. Perhaps I should not mention it in a company like this, but he happened to be poisoned in the end by using an old toothpick. A slave poisoned this toothpick and then he died.

Pyrrhus of Epirus invaded the island by invitation of the Syracusans, and defeated the Carthaginians, but he went back home and left it to itself.

And now the Roman power began to overshadow the island, and the first war between Rome and Carthage was waged for the possession of Sicily. It lasted for thirty-three years and ended in the victory of the Romans, with the exception of Syracuse, because Syracuse was now ruled by a very wise man called Hiero II. Hiero reigned from 270 to 215, and managed to keep the balance trimmed between the Romans and the Carthaginians. He would not ally himself with either,

but managed to see that his interest lay in keeping things evenly balanced between the two. Hiero was rather like Leopold I., King of the Belgians, in later times, and preserved his independence on sufferance, as we may say. Hiero II. did great things in that way, and it was a prosperous time for Syracuse. Theocritus and Archimedes adorned his court. Everybody knows the story of Archimedes and the burning glass with which he destroyed the Roman fleet when Syracuse was once more besieged during the second Punic War.

Marcellus tried to blockade the town, but could not make it effective, and it was a queer turn of chance that made him master of the situation. A Roman soldier who had nothing to do casually counted the courses of stone at a place where the wall was lowest, and by a rough calculation made out that scaling ladders could be so placed as to reach the summit. So while a feast of Artemis was going on a thousand picked men scaled the wall and opened a gate and let others in, and Marcellus was master of Epipolæ. So the Romans captured Syracuse after a terrific siege, and as you may remember Archimedes met his death there because a casual Roman soldier found him drawing a problem in the sand and disturbed him, and he said "Hold your tongue," and the soldier did not understand him and killed him. The death of Archimedes is a warning to all of us not to be too much immersed in our studies.

You will now be relieved to hear that from that time onwards there is extremely little to say of the history of Syracuse. Verres visited it more than once, and St. Paul visited it also. For some years in the seventh century A.D. it was the seat of the Byzantine emperor. In 878 A.D. it was captured by the Saracens, and in the

Napoleonic wars it was often visited by the British fleet—it was a fine harbour for the British fleet under Nelson—and in 1911, given ordinary luck, it will be visited by the *Dunottar Castle*.

And now for a few practical notes as to Syracuse of to-day. I imagine that most of us will drive to-morrow along the road that leads below the south walls of Dionysius to the great fort of Euryalus, which commands the western angle of the triangle of Epipolæ, and from that point you will observe the gradual slope down towards Ortygia, the Island of Quails, the original settlement, on which the modern town stands. The circuit of these walls was $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and if any member of this congregation manages to survey the $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles that still remain I will give him a gold medal to-morrow night.

But of the town that filled the vast space enclosed by the walls not a vestige remains to-day, and no trace of any Athenian siege-works. But you can get some idea of the magnitude of the siege operations when you note, north and south, how far it is from the Great Harbour, and how far it is from Euryalus to the existing town. Their wall-building capacities must have been positively marvellous.

After lunch you will of course proceed to the theatre. The theatre has a first-class view. It is a beautiful theatre, very well preserved and very large, and from it is a most splendid view of the Great Harbour.

I should not go to the amphitheatre if I had ever seen an amphitheatre before. If you have never seen one, perhaps you had better look at it.

You ought to go into one of the quarries. They are the feature of Syracuse. You ought to go into the quarry which contains the cave called "The Earl of Dionysius." It is shaped in such a way that it is said that he sat above in an

unseen chamber and listened to the talk of the prisoners below. Well knowing what we do of Dionysius—the story of Damocles's sword belongs to him too—I should say it might be true.

After that you will drive to the *Latomie de Cappuccini*, because it is in that quarry that it is supposed the Athenian prisoners were confined. There you will stand on the edge of the quarry and look into it and think of the unfortunate prisoners below, simply stewed and broiled in the baking heat, and of the Syracusans coming out for their afternoon walk and looking down over the edge. If you have any taste for catacombs you can gratify it to the full in the immediate neighbourhood of this quarry.

In *Ortygia* itself you ought to look at the cathedral, not because it is a good cathedral, but because it is built round a Doric temple. Many of the columns are still visible in the walls of the church, and at one point you can see part of the entablature.

You may also step into the museum, which I believe contains many interesting remains of the first specimens of pottery, and the Syracusan coins are among the best existing in the world.

Then you can walk to the mouth of the harbour and figure to yourselves the last fight that took place when the Athenians were struggling no longer for victory, but for their existence and the preservation of their city's power, and the Syracusans had their chance not only of crushing the greatest power of the day, but of exalting their city to a pinnacle of greatness.

The fight ended in a victory for Syracuse, and the ruin of Athens followed. Athens, however, left behind her in her literature, her architecture, and her sculpture what will live for ever; but Syracuse, as we have seen, though for a brief space she was the greatest European State in

the Mediterranean, was never under a government of so stable a character as to give her a chance of lasting, and her great men may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Syracuse is a beautiful place, and I hope that you will find it interesting in spite of all that I have said.

Ithaca*

BY DR. WALTER LEAF

THE question of the home of Ulysses, as you doubtless know, like most other Homeric questions, has been lately a matter of eager dispute. I propose to put to you first what I may call the orthodox view, and then the sceptical view, leaving you to take your choice between them. I do not think the question can by any means be regarded at present as decided in favour of either.

The orthodox view is that which was first started with great ability by Sir William Gell about a hundred years ago. It takes the island now called Theaki to be the Ithaca of Homer, and is the view that was held, without doubt, by every one until some ten years ago. I show you a map of it on the screen. The doubtful point in this theory is as to the position of the capital of the island. According to Gell and Schliemann it was at Mount Aëtos, the sharp conical hill which lies astride of the narrow isthmus dividing the island about the middle. This has the advantage, as you may be able to see to-morrow, of bearing ancient but not prehistoric remains, walls of "polygonal" masonry indicating an early Hellenic town. The other claimant for the position of capital is the little Port of Polis, off which we shall be to-morrow morning. I will mention in the course of what I have to say the arguments, none of them very strong, in favour of each of these, if you will leave this point open for the moment, and I will go through the passages of the *Odyssey* which bear on the topography of

* A Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," on Monday, 17th April, 1911.

the island itself, and show you how completely the conditions of the Homeric poem are satisfied by them.

The story of the *Odyssey*, so far as it bears on the topography of the island, may be summarised thus: When it opens Telemachus is about to start on a search for his father by way of Pylos and Sparta, sailing from the capital southwards. His ship may have started either from the Bay of Polis or from the little Bay of Opisaëto which, as its name implies, lies at the back of Mount Aëtos. During his absence, Odysseus is brought by the sailors of Phæacia, which we may take to have been Corfu, and landed at the Harbour of Phorkys. This is either the Gulf of Vathy, where we shall be in the afternoon, or the little Bay of Dexia immediately to the right of it. It is thus described in the *Odyssey*:

“There is in the land of Ithaca a certain haven of Phorkys, and thereby are two headlands of sheer cliff which slope to the sea on the haven side and break the mighty wave that ill winds roll without, but within the decked ships ride unmoored when once they have attained to that landing-place.

“Now at the harbour’s head is a long-leaved olive-tree, and hard by is a pleasant cave and shadowy, sacred to the nymphs that are called the *naiads*, and therein are mixing bowls and jars of stone, and there moreover do bees hive; and there are great looms of stone whereon the nymphs weave raiment of purple stain, a marvel to behold, and therein are waters welling evermore.

“Two gates there are to the cave, the one set towards the north wind, whereby men may go down; but the portals towards the south pertain rather to the gods, whereby men may not enter, which is the way of the immortals.”

The two headlands of sheer cliff you must look

for for yourselves and see how far they justify the description. The cave will be shown to you, but I must warn you that this will not coincide with Homer's description, for it is not hard by to the bay, but some three-quarters of an hour's walk up the hills. It has the entry at each side, as Homer described it, and within are stalactites which may well answer to the mixing bowls, the jars of stone, and the great looms of stone of the nymphs, the water-nymphs of the streams which percolate through the limestone. If you are not too particular, this will satisfy you, but I ought to tell you that it is only quite recently that this cave has had to do duty. Sir William Gell found another close to the harbour, that is to say, the Bay of Dexia, and in all respects equally answering to Homer's description; but in his day the top had already fallen in and the stone was being carried away, and I believe that the cave has now entirely disappeared. This must serve as a warning against too close a reliance on the local description.

Odysseus was landed here by the Phæacian sailors, and is met by the goddess Athene, who tells him where he is, and advises him as to his next step. Together they carry into the cave the treasures which Odysseus has brought with him, and before the mouth of the cave they roll a stone to preserve the treasure from robbers. Odysseus then starts up a steep hill-path to visit his swineherd, Eumaios, who has remained faithful to him. The home of Eumaios is described as follows in the words of Athene:

"Do thou thyself first of all go in to the swineherd who tends thy swine, and is loyal to thee as of old, whom shalt thou find sitting by the swine as they are feeding near the Raven Rock and the Spring Arethusa, and there they eat abundance of acorns and drink the black water."

And again:

"He found the swineherd sitting at the front entry of the house, where his courtyard was builded high in the place with wide prospect. A great court it was and a fair, with free range round it."

And this locality is easily fixed on the south end of the island on the hills of Marathea. There is here a cliff still called the "Raven's Rock," with the fountain in its place for the Fountain of Arethusa. The forests which fed the swine have disappeared. In place of them you will find scattered olive trees. The outlook towards the east is a remarkable one, and the cliff is well suited to the words of Odysseus:

"If my lord return not according to my word, set thy thralls upon me and cast me down from a mighty rock that another in his turn may beware of deceiving."

The home of Eumaios is at the top of the cliffs, the sties for the swine are at the foot close by a fountain. Here Odysseus stays three days. Athene meanwhile has gone to Sparta to bring Telemachus home. She tells him that in his absence the suitors have manned a ship and are lying in wait for him at the island of Asteris between Ithaca and Samos, and that in order to avoid them he is to sail by night and land on the nearest point of the island. This landing-point can be easily fixed at the little bay which lies directly on the course from Pylos almost at the foot of the cliff. An easy path leads Telemachus up from this bay to the dwelling of Eumaios, and here he meets his father. Telemachus arrives at early dawn, and Eumaios is immediately sent off to the city to announce his return to Penelope and bring the city news back. During his absence Odysseus makes himself known to his son. Eumaios returns in the evening, and next

morning Telemachus sets out first, and after him Odysseus and Eumaios, reaching the city in the afternoon, and from this point the story moves rapidly to its end.

With this in view, we must now consider the question of the ambush of the suitors. The island of Asteris is described as follows:

"There lies a rocky isle in the mid-sea midway between Ithaca and rugged Samos, Asteris, a little isle, and there is a harbour therein with a double entrance where ships may ride."

Again, when the suitors return home, disappointed of their prey, they give the following report:

"Lo, now, how the gods have delivered this man from his evil case. All day long did scouts sit along the windy headlands ever in quick succession, and at the going down of the sun we never rested for a night upon the shore, but sailing with our swift ship on the high seas we waited the bright dawn, as we lay in wait for Telemachus that we might take and slay the man himself."

Assuming that Samos is the island of Cephalonia, we have to look, therefore, for an island in the channel between it and Ithaca, with two harbours and windy heights, from which an outlook could be kept. Now there is no such island. The only islet in the whole channel is the little rock of Daskalio, close to which we shall pass to-morrow. You will see for yourselves that it has no vestige of a harbour, much less of two, and that it has no windy heights, rising only some fifteen feet above the sea. It is, moreover, not upon the road which Telemachus would follow, as it lies rather farther away from the route to Pylos than the Bay of Polis. We must, therefore, suppose that if this island is the Asteris of Homer, Homer must have completely transformed it both in

place and character. This island, however, has been the chief reason for placing the capital of Ulysses at Polis.

I may add that, though there are some Greek ruins to be found at Polis and in its neighbourhood, all of them appear to be of the Hellenic period, and nothing has been found of pre-historic or Mycenæan date.

We may say, then, that the island as we see it to-day agrees internally in the most complete manner with all the data of the *Odyssey*, but directly we begin to look outside difficulties arise. There are various passages in which the character and general position of the island are minutely described. This is what *Odysseus* himself says:

"I dwell in clear-seen Ithaca, wherein is a mountain Neriton with trembling forest leaves, standing manifest to view, and many islands lie around very near one to the other—*Dulichium* and *Same* and wooded *Zakynthus*.

"Now, Ithaca lies low farthest up the sea line towards the darkness, but those others face the dawning of the sun—a rugged isle, but a good nurse of noble youths."

Now this passage has caused infinite trouble. In the first place, four islands are named. Ithaca we know and *Zakynthus* we know. What were *Dulichium* and *Same*? *Same* has generally been taken to be *Cephalonia*, on which stood the ancient city of *Samos*, just opposite the south end of Ithaca. Where, then, was *Dulichium*? Some took it to mean the southern part of *Cephalonia*, others made it the islet of *Leukadia* in the north. Neither of these satisfies the Homeric description. "Farthest up the sea line towards the darkness" clearly means the last island to be reached in sailing to the north-west. This cannot be true if *Dulichium* lies either to the west of Ithaca or to the north of it, and opinions have

accordingly always differed as to where Dulichium was.

In antiquity, too, there was no tradition of the name of Neriton in Ithaca itself; the only Neriton known was in Leukadia.

Secondly, we are told that Odysseus keeps his flocks and herds on the mainland whence they are ferried over to Ithaca. Ithaca lies some fifteen miles from the coast; the sea is subject to violent storms, and it is impossible to speak of ferrying across a distance like this. We must therefore come to the conclusion that if the poet is really describing Ithaca he either knows nothing of its surroundings, however intimately he knows the island itself, or else is content to give a purely imaginary description.

Now a bold theory has recently been propounded by Dr. Dörpfeld, which, if correct, solves all, or nearly all, of these difficulties. According to him, the Homeric Ithaca is the island called by the Greeks Leukadia and by the Italians Santa Maura. You will see how this answers the description. This Ithaca does lie "farthest up the sea line towards the darkness"—that is, towards the north-west; and the others lie apart, towards the dawning of the sun—that is, the south and east. The name of Neriton is found in it. It is, like the other islands, rugged and unfit for the breeding of horses. Its title to be an island has, indeed, been disputed. It is separated from the mainland, not by any navigable channel, but only by a lagoon of about a foot in depth, through which a boat channel has from time to time been dredged, an opening having been cut in the long sand-pit which extends to the north, first by the Corinthians and afterwards by the Venetians. It is, therefore, what the Greeks would have called an island, being actually surrounded by water and thus cut off from the mainland far more than one

great island, the Peloponnesus, or Island of Pelops. We can see at once how the king of the island would naturally keep his flocks on the mainland and could ferry them across the lagoon in barges at pleasure.

There still remains the difficulty of the words, "Ithaca lies low." In what sense can any of these islands be called "low"? They are all mountainous, rising generally abruptly from the water. Strabo in antiquity gave an explanation intended to apply to the modern Ithaca, but still more applicable to the island of Leukadia. He says that "low" means low in the sea—that is, near the land. The Greeks always regarded the sea as being uphill, just as we speak of the high seas, and modern Greek sailors to this day use the word "low" to mean near the land, and "high" to mean out at sea. Strabo thought that the word "low" was applied to Ithaca because it lay nearer the land than Cephalonia; but it is obviously in this sense far more applicable to Leukadia.

As for the sites in the interior of the island, Dörpfeld identifies them with as much facility and appropriateness as Gell's sites in Ithaca; and finally we get a real island of Asteris. You will see this little island, Arkudi, close to which we shall, I hope, pass to-morrow, lying right on the line between the mouth of the bay of Vlichos, where Dörpfeld puts the capital of the island, and Pylos, whence Telemachus is coming. It is an island with hills some five hundred feet high, which doubtless may be considered as windy heights. On the east side is a little promontory, partly natural, partly artificial, which affords a double harbour to north and south still used by fishing boats. This would form a refuge where the suitors' ship could lie unseen, and pounce upon Telemachus passing within half a mile on his return home.

The obvious difficulty to be faced is how the name Ithaca, if it once belonged to Leukadia, became transferred to another island. Dörpfeld suggests that the inhabitants were displaced at the time of the Dorian migration by invaders who drove them out, and that they thereupon took possession of the island of Same, to which they gave their own name of Ithaca. The island of Cephalonia he considers to have been Dulichium, and to the south part of it he supposes the inhabitants of Same to have been expelled. Here they too carried the name of their old home, founding the new city of Samos. We have at least one instance in the near neighbourhood of a name having thus been displaced. Homer's Pylos used to be placed at the historical Pylos on the Bay of Navarino. It has long been recognised that this locality in no way suits the conditions, and even in antiquity there was a tradition that Nestor's Pylos lay farther north on the sandy shores of the Gulf of Kyparissia. Mycenæan remains have been found near this shore at a spot which exactly answers to the description of Telemachus' journey, and there can be little doubt that here the name of Pylos was carried from north to south in the course of migrations. The same thing may have happened in the case of Leukadia. Dörpfeld has excavated in the plain at the head of the Bay of Vlichos in Leukadia, where he supposes the capital to have lain, and has actually discovered the remains of a large Mycenæan tomb, proving that at the time of the Mycenæan age the island was inhabited by people of the same race and culture as the Achæans of Mycenæ.

He has thus made out a strong case for his bold theory, but we cannot yet call it proved. The view we shall take will probably depend largely on the general conception which we have

of the poet's relation to his scenery. If we consider that Homer was at liberty to take only the general relations of Ithaca for granted and to deal freely with his geography, we may still accept the traditional Ithaca in good faith. If we believe, however, that the tradition had a real basis, and that the geography is real, it will be difficult for us not to admit that it is Leukadia alone which is consistent with the geography of the poems.

Delphi*

BY DR. CATON

DR. CATON'S short lecture was freely illustrated by lantern slides. In the course of it he said that Delphi was considered by the ancient Greeks to be the most holy spot in their country. The Greek poets tell us that the god Apollo chose it on account of its romance, and the magnificence and sublimity of its surroundings.

He described the ascent of 2,000 feet to Delphi to the ledge on the northern side of the valley, where was situated the ancient city, and immediately above that the precinct of Apollo, the rocky Phædriadæ rising above it 900 feet. Behind them rises the great mass of Parnassus to the height of 8,000 feet. Moreover, the Delphians looked across the valley to the slopes of Cirphis, 3,400 feet high. The valley runs, roughly speaking, east and west, and the view is extraordinarily grand, though the snows of Parnassus cannot be seen from Delphi.

Dr. Caton showed a photograph taken at the time when the French were removing the village which stood in the precinct. The village was cleared away and constructed elsewhere. Behind the site rise the giant Phædriadæ, masses of vertical rock. They are two in number, and between them is a cleft down which flows the Castalian Spring. This spring was of importance in the great days of Delphi, and there still remains the tank in which votaries visiting the shrine had to undergo certain ablutions. The lecturer advised his audience to drink of the spring above the place

* Abstract of Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," on Tuesday, 18th April, 1911.

where the inhabitants of Delphi are in the habit of cleansing their family linen, as he had doubts as to that operation increasing the purifying qualities of the sacred stream.

He showed a restoration of the precinct, calling attention to its quadrangular shape with surrounding walls, and the number of gates in it, and the colonnade external to it which, in the old Greek times, contained the statues of several hundred of the successful competitors at the Pythian games, which were held every four years.

He described the course of the Sacred Way among the treasuries. It was the custom of Greek cities, States, and colonies to found at Delphi such treasuries in honour of the god. They put their most precious gifts there; also any valuables they had taken from their enemies. There is a curious semi-circular building which contained eight figures of distinguished kings of Argos, and one can still see the position of each and the name inscribed in the old-fashioned way, beginning at the right instead of the left. He remarked, in describing the Siphnian treasury, that the island was rich in gold and that the people of Siphnos used to send to Delphi a large quantity yearly of the gold they got from the mines. These mines were under the sea; but as the Siphnians got rich they ceased to be pious, and sent diminishing amounts to Delphi, and at length none at all, and then the god caused the water to penetrate the mines and they got no more gold. The moral of this was that all ought to be very liberal with the offertory on Sunday!

He specially described the Sikyonian, Cnidian and Athenian treasuries. The last was built after Marathon and before Salamis, out of the spoils taken in the Persian War, and was a very interesting building. It is the only one now to be seen in fairly complete condition. The reason that

it is standing to-day is that the French approached the Athenians and suggested that this being their treasury it was their business to put it in order; the Athenians rose to the offer and rebuilt it. It was remarkable for the splendour of its metopes. On certain of the stones in the interior there are ancient Greek hymns with the musical score, so that it has been possible to reproduce some of these ancient melodies.

On the left of the Sacred Way was an elongated building, the Bouleterion or council-house where the rule and governance of Delphi took place. Considering all the opposing parties that were represented, it must have been difficult always to keep the peace, but it generally was kept.

Close at hand are several interesting objects, including a rock called the Rock of the Sibyls: a curious circular area, the remains of a threshing-floor, where every seventh of eighth year was enacted the great drama of the slaughter of the Python; the Naxian Column with Sphinx. Beyond this we have the remains of the stoa of the Athenians, put up nearly three thousand years since. It was erected by the Athenians after their great victory over the Bœotians and Chalcideans. Behind is the polygonal wall which has for so great a length of time supported the temple. It is composed of huge blocks fitting with great accuracy, some of them four, five, and six feet in diameter, irregular in shape. The surface is smooth and is engraved with six or seven hundred inscriptions.

Climbing eastward of that, we ascend to the plateau of the temple. Here Apollo's shrine stood, in which was the chamber where the Sibyl uttered her prophecies, sitting on the tripods and inhaling the vapours which rose from the cleft in the earth. Hence came the inspiration, according to the Delphic tradition, to solve the

difficult questions that were addressed to the Oracle. Careful investigation has been directed to find the cleft, and discover if any such vapour now arises, but Delphi is much subject to earthquake—in fact, the temple has been destroyed over and over again by earth-tremors—and it is probable that dislocation of the soil has entirely destroyed the cleft through which the vapour is said to have risen in ancient times. The temple had thirteen Doric columns on each side and six at each end, and fine sets of pediment figures.

The monument erected after the Battle of Platea was in the form of a triple serpent of bronze, the three heads of which carried a huge golden tripod. It stood a little to the east of the temple, and is the only monument that survives: it is now in Constantinople (minus the golden tripod.)

The theatre is well preserved. There is also the talking-house or club of the Cnidians. The ruins are interesting for the reason that two of the greatest paintings by Polygnotus were there, and we can still trace remains of paint on the walls.

It was an audacious conception to construct a racecourse on so precipitous a rock face; but a full-sized stadium 600 feet long with admirable seating was constructed at this great elevation, the view from which is magnificent.

Delos*

BY DR. CATON

I WAS telling you the other night that Delphi was one of the holiest places on the mainland of Greece. Delos, as the birthplace of Apollo, of course was a holy place of great renown also.

Some of us to-day on the Acropolis were looking at the trident marks of Poseidon. The old tradition as to the genesis of Delos was that Poseidon made the island with his trident, first of all as a floating island; but that being found inconvenient, Zeus constructed certain great pillars of adamant stretching from the bottom of the sea to support this holy island of Delos; and it was a matter of belief among the Greeks that nothing in heaven or earth could ever move Delos in consequence of these pillars of adamant which fixed it with absolute security to the bottom of the sea. You can imagine how great was the terror of the Greeks when an earthquake did occur after all at Delos. It is within sixty miles of the volcanic centre of Santorin, so earthquakes were quite probable.

This island has two or three names. It used to be called Asteria. As Pindar says, it was the "famed star of the dark earth." It was also called Ortygia, because when the poor unhappy Latona fled from the wrath and the jealousy of Hera she was converted by Zeus into a quail. She flew to Delos, and there became the mother of the two children of Zeus—Apollo and Artemis. The island was also called Cynthos on account of the hill which rises about 370 feet, and from that

* Abstract of Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," on Friday, 21st April, 1911.

hill Apollo is sometimes called Cynthos, and his sister Artemis, Cynthia.

The worship of Apollo began at an early period, and seems to have been brought from the island of Crete.

The island was so holy that no birth and no death was permitted to take place upon it; no dogs were allowed, because of the fear that they might kill rabbits or other animals, and in that way desecrate the island.

So sacred was this island that it was deemed unnecessary to fortify it, although at that time it was the treasury of all the Greek confederate states, and vast amounts of gold were kept there. No Greek would violate it, nor would the barbarians. The most striking example of the belief of its sacredness is the fact that during the deadly war between Persia and the confederate states of Greece, although the treasury of the confederates was kept here, the Persians declined to bring their galleys near, nor would they permit any plunder. They caused a small deputation, however, reverentially to land on the island and visit the shrines, and they burned on the great horn altar three hundred talents of incense. That shows how great was the reverence which was felt, even at the time of the most active warfare and antagonism, by barbarian nations for Delos.

The island is a flattish one, with this hill of Cynthos and another smaller, a harbour, and a mole which has almost disappeared. The sacred precinct and the sacred lake, on the shores of which Apollo and his sister were born, are of much interest. Of the great stadium no trace can be found, because the Knights of St. John made a fortress here, and destroyed the stadium in their search for material. There is a theatre, certain shrines of foreign gods, a very considerable Græco-Roman town, and the Agora.

(Dr. Caton explained the position of the sacred precinct and some of the buildings which surrounded it, by the aid of a plan, specially mentioning the great portico erected by Philip of Macedon in the year 200 B.C., the three-sided stoa, and the temple dedicated to Aphrodite and Hermes, outside the sacred precinct.)

A sacred way, in the course of which were monuments and memorials of various kinds, leads to the propylæa erected by the Athenians. Passing through that gateway, we find ourselves in the walled precinct itself. Two thousand years ago visitors noticed a lofty palm-tree here, which had this peculiarity, that it never altered, it never shed its leaves, it never grew, for the reason that it was made entirely of bronze from root to crown. It was presented by Nicias. Close beyond it was the gigantic figure of Apollo, 24 feet in height, given by the Naxians and cut out of one great block of marble. Its base is 6 yards in length, 4 yards in breadth, and 1 yard in thickness; however, the Naxians managed to cut from the quarry this gigantic figure and to transport it to Delos in these early days is a problem difficult to solve.

As we enter the precinct we find on our right a curious roofed passage with eight central Ionic columns. It appears to be a covered way leading to the heart of the precinct, the great temple of Apollo.

Here three temples stand side by side upon a raised plateau. The temple of Apollo has its entrance, as had the temples of all the great gods, at the eastern end. The two minor temples have their entrances at the west: to whom they were dedicated is uncertain. One may be the temple of Latona, and it is possible that the other was dedicated to Theseus. Theseus came from Crete after his little adventure with Ariadne,

and was a very important person here, so the temple may have been dedicated to him.

On the north of these three temples stands a row of treasure-houses. What cities or states founded them is a matter of uncertainty.

Immediately to the south-east of these and of the temple there is the council-house. You remember at Delphi a similar one stands behind the Athenian treasury, and this is a building for the same purpose.

In a line with this stands another building, believed to be the temple of Dionysus, the wine god, and one cannot too much admire the wisdom of Apollo and of the council in their arrangement that the doorway of this temple should be outside the precinct. The temple somewhat corresponded to our British public-house, so that it no doubt contributed to peace and propriety of conduct within the precinct, that when Dionysus and his votaries retired from their sacred orgies they found themselves outside rather than within.

Here stood also another propylæa, a smaller one, and a curious elongated building. The floor of this building is, or was, curious in its construction; it had singularly winding pathways and obstructive arrangements between these pathways. It is difficult to ascertain what this building's object was, but it has been thought that conceivably a peculiar dance may have taken place there—a dance introduced from Crete named "the stork dance." This dance was performed by Theseus after his return from Crete, and had remarkable labyrinthine turnings and windings. All the people who took part in this danced with curious twisting movements, and hit one another violent blows as they passed. (It is interesting to copy classical usage, but I do not know that I can recommend the adoption of this dance on the quarter-deck.) It is called

at the present time the Hall of the Bulls, because there are certain figures of bulls there. At its far end stands the base of the great horn altar, which was one of the Seven Wonders of the World, built of the horns of animals, chiefly those of rams. That is the altar, in all probability, on which the Persians burned their three hundred talents of incense. You can see that the base was extremely large; all the horns have disappeared.

There is a long portico between the two propylæa on the north side called the Portico of the Bulls again because of the number of bulls' heads to be seen there. It was used for the sacred embassies that used to come to visit the precinct of Apollo.

To the west of the second propylæa there is another shorter portico; and close to it you will see a house that was called Oikos Porinos, because it was a building of poros stone; it was the treasury, the storehouse for the gold and treasures belonging to the precinct, and also for those which were lodged in the precinct for security.

You will notice a curious, rather irregular, four-sided building adjacent to the Oikos Porinos. This is believed to be the shrine of Artemis, or Diana, the sister of Apollo. There are the remains of two temples in it. In these temples were discovered six effigies of respectable and amiable-looking ladies, similar to those you have seen in the Acropolis Museum, very sacred and venerable dames with hair in long curls, and the "archaic smile," who evidently lived in the best of all possible worlds, well satisfied with themselves and all around them. Some of them very likely represent Diana; others, perhaps, some of her friends and relatives.

If we pass out of the precinct by the Athenian propylæa, we come on the left to a building the object of which is not absolutely certain, but

which very likely is a prytaneum, a sort of house for hospitality and various other uses, where the sacred fire was kept burning.

In the building adjacent, believed to have been the house of the priests, there is a courtyard having a special interest. The Greeks believed in the existence of a remarkable people called Hyperboreans, a race who dwelt in the far north beyond the north wind, in a delightful region where, of course, the north and east winds never blew; where there were always blue skies and brilliant sun; where abundance of fruit and olives grew; and where the people's character was remarkable—they never had any quarrels, political or otherwise; they always lived in the greatest peace and amity together; they were never intemperate; they lived chiefly on fruit; they were always united, never at war; in fact, they were a most wonderful people. They had no disease, and they generally lived about a thousand years. It is not easy to find out where this region was. It has been suggested to be London, but some difficulties arise in adopting this theory. It was somewhere in the north, at any rate. This country used at one time to send every year a deputation to Delos, consisting of a number of young ladies bringing certain presents, and accompanied by certain gentlemen called Perphereès. Curiously enough, these ladies never returned; they always stayed in Delos, and the Hyperboreans, being dissatisfied with that, gave up sending similar deputations, and sent their gifts by a sort of parcel post. These took some years generally to reach Delos, the post being much like the *petite vitesse* in France to-day. The Hyperborean maidens are believed always to have been buried in that courtyard. I think we ought to go and drop a tear or two over our predecessors who are reputed to rest there.

The temple of Apollo was a plain Doric building; it had no pediment groups, no metopes, and the only external figures were acroteria on the edges of the roof. Within, at the western end, was a great figure of Apollo, bearing in his right hand a bow, and by his left arm supporting the three Graces, who carried certain instruments of music—one a lyre, one a harp, and the third a flute. This figure in the temple was much smaller than the great Naxian Apollo referred to above, which stood near in the open air; the latter was archaic, of about the fifth or sixth century B.C., had a vast loin-cloth of bronze, and various other parts of the body were clad in bronze, but the figure itself was marble. You will see portions of the figure lying in the precinct. It was destroyed by the falling of the palm tree of Nicias. A great wind carried over the palm tree; it fell, unfortunately, against Apollo, and broke his supports and he fell in utter ruin.

There are some marbles representing lions, outside the precinct. The Delians were not good zoologists; these animals are more like extremely attenuated tom-cats of very remarkable form. One of these lions has been at Venice for centuries. It was no doubt stolen from Delos, which has suffered very much from theft. Objects have been taken hence to all parts of the Eastern Mediterranean, and the lime-burners used to come here and destroy the statues by converting them into lime.

The palm tree by the lake, under which Apollo and Artemis were born, is mentioned in the *Odyssey*. In the sixth book, Odysseus, in a conversation with Nausicaa, says to her, "Great awe comes on me as I look on thee. Once in Delos I saw as goodly a sight—a young palm sapling springing by the altar of Apollo. Never grew there yet so goodly a shoot from earth."

In the Græco-Roman town the streets are narrow—only about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad. Our sanitation to-day is certainly much better. As we traverse these alleys, while we grumble at the rates charged by our municipalities we shall be glad that they supply us with wide, healthy streets.

In one part of the island there are a number of temples to foreign gods. Apollo seems to have been liberal in his views; he allowed every one to believe exactly what he liked. Any one coming to Delos could find his special god if he so desired; there were many shrines of foreign gods, particularly those from the north of the Ægean and Egypt.

There are many Græco-Roman houses. Delos was in late times a commercial port as well as a religious centre, a sort of Liverpool or Glasgow. There was in these times a great amount of trade and commerce, and we consequently find the residences of a number of wealthy merchants. In one day as many as ten thousand slaves have been sold in the Agora.

We ought to climb to the top of Cynthos: one of the most interesting objects there is the shrine. No one knows how many thousands of years old this may be. It is in a cleft between two huge rocks, and at the far end is a ridge on which stood probably the image of some god. In front are the traces of an altar. On the top of the hill we shall find remains of temples, and there are some rather interesting inscriptions.

Cos*

BY DR. CATON

I FEEL extremely loth to appear before you a third time; indeed, in your interest I petitioned Lord Lyveden and Mr. Perowne to have this lecture cut out. However, I may say, in theatrical phrase, this is "positively my last appearance."

I am asked to say a word or two about the island of Cos, which we are on our way just now to visit. The island consists of a plateau of ground sloping up to a range of hills about 2800 feet high on the south. It is a beautiful island, richly cultivated and with a great deal of vegetation of all kinds. It is celebrated for its lettuces and its physicians—more widely, I fear, at present for the former.

The town of Cos is chiefly interesting from the ancient castle built by the Knights of St. John, and, perhaps of more importance than that, from the existence within two miles of it of the far-famed shrine of Asclepius, the god of medicine. For many centuries the site of that great centre of healing was absolutely unknown. It was only suggested by the present Bishop of Lincoln and Mr. Paton, who together were working on the inscriptions of Cos. They suggested, as the result of their investigations, that in all probability the shrine might be found there; and at that spot, showing not the slightest indication of it in its green fields and olive groves, Dr. Herzog, the eminent German archæologist, set to work and

* Abstract of Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," on Saturday, 22nd April, 1911.

found exactly what was predicted, the grand shrine of Asclepius.

When we land to-morrow, one of the first things we shall observe will be a magnificent plane tree growing close to the sea. The natives tell us that that tree is several thousand years old, and that under it Hippocrates himself used to sit and treat the poor of Cos. It is a little difficult to believe that the tree can be more than two thousand years old, but undoubtedly it is an ancient and a fine tree, and the Cos people nurse it with the greatest possible care, and prop up its branches, which are of great length and bulk. The Coans are exceedingly proud of Hippocrates and of the shrine of medicine so near them.

I will show you a slide of Hippocrates, the father of medicine, as he is called, a man whose wonderful clearness of vision, and marvellous insight have influenced the growth of medicine all over the world. You know that prior to his time there was a great deal of priestcraft and superstition associated with medicine. The worship of Asclepius and the sacred serpents had far too large a share in the treatment of the sick. In reading the works of Hippocrates one hears nothing of these matters; he says nothing about Asclepius; he does not consider that the way to cure a man is to cause him to sacrifice to the serpents; pure air, rest, simple food, and suitable medical treatment alone are relied upon.

To show you what the great health temple was like when it was in its grandeur I have drawn a restoration of it. You will, however, see nothing like this, I need not tell you, at the shrine, because only on a few spots do the ruins stand more than three or four feet in height above ground.

There are the remains of the Doric portico, by the steps of which the precinct was approached. The precinct is placed upon a slope and consists of

three terraces. There is first of all the lower terrace, which consists of a great rectangular three-sided stoa with colonnade, and a flat area in the centre which no doubt was used entirely for gymnastic exercises; these played an important part in medical treatment at the time of Hippocrates. Rising from this we come to a narrower, much smaller area, supported by a large buttressed wall and reached by a flight of stairs. This area is occupied by a number of temples, and by the great altar where the sacrifices were offered to Asclepius. Here are two temples and a number of other buildings, together with the house of the priests. Then you will notice that there is a long flight of stairs (with a great statue half-way up) which takes one to the third or highest terrace. This highest terrace has in its centre the great temple of Asclepius and round about that temple another three-sided stoa, which contained, it is believed, the beds upon which the sick reclined. Probably half of it was devoted to men and half to women. One side of the stoa was open, so that the sick folk had the advantage of abundance of light pure air. The air upon this hill is fine and bracing. The temple is situated about 370 feet above the sea, and the view from it is beautiful. You look over the emerald sea, with the purple islands and mountains of the mainland in the distance, and the beautiful verdant fields of Cos are down below you. Behind this great three-sided stoa on the topmost terrace is the sacred grove, and beyond are the mountains, which rise to the height of about 2800 feet.

I want to say a word or two about the various terraces. The portico by which you reach the lower stoa contains a number of large tanks, which probably were for the initial purificatory rites of the sick before they commenced to worship the god and to undergo treatment. One wing

was almost entirely occupied by baths. The baths formed an important part of Hippocratic treatment. Another portion of the stoa was in all probability used by Hippocrates and the priest-physicians as consulting rooms. There would be a dining-room where the patients received their proper diet; also cuisine arrangements, and the rooms for the treatment of surgical disease with a large amount of apparatus and instruments, also a store for the medicines, and there would probably be other rooms in which the records were written of all the cases, and possibly rooms in which the teaching of medicine took place; because this was not only a place of healing, but a great school of medicine. From Cos went out distinguished physicians to the whole of the Mediterranean coasts—all over the old world, in fact.

When we come to the middle terrace (which, by the way, is the oldest, constructed before the large stoa and also before the upper part) we find there the great altar, surrounded by a colonnade. There is near it a building of very considerable interest. In all probability it was at one time the old temple of Asclepius, and it seems probable that later it became the home of the sacred serpents. Everybody here who has been to Epidaurus remembers the round *tholos*, beneath which many people think were housed the sacred serpents; these probably emerged through apertures in the floor, and sacrifices were offered to them by the sick people, who considered the serpent to be the incarnation of the deity Asclepius. In all probability the same took place here. Nobody knows exactly what was the use of the second temple or of the other buildings.

(Dr. Caton here showed a number of slides of the three terraces.)

In the supposed serpent temple there is a large

stone cyst in the floor, built of solid slabs which have been fastened together by bronze clamps, and a huge mass of inserted stone nearly a foot thick formed the lid. In the centre was a small aperture five or six inches in diameter. Dr. Herzog holds the opinion that it was a treasure chest, and that treasure was put in here and taken out at will; but it is very difficult to understand how that could be. There are no rings or any other means of drawing up the stone lid nor any possibility of its being lifted. I do not think that anybody would have deposited money where it was impossible to get it out again. It seems likely that it was the dwelling-place of the sacred serpents. We know that in other shrines of Asclepius we find what is apparently a serpent-pit, arranged in a sort of temple, so that the sick can readily give their gifts to the sacred serpents. It was the custom for them to offer the serpents barley cakes. The snakes were harmless and tame. The sick were never more delighted than when the serpents would approach and come into close contact with them, a proceeding which would not be very agreeable to most of us, I imagine; but the sick in those days thought themselves highly favoured if they received the notice of the serpents.

I want to give you an idea of what took place in the wards which surrounded the temple. The sick entered these wards in the evening (many of them were able to get up) and reclined on the couches (they had to bring their own bed-clothing), and when the sun set, the priests used to come round and light the lamps, and recite certain prayers, some of which were beautiful and appropriate. Occasionally certain hymns were sung, and the sick were exhorted to put their confidence in Asclepius, and to pray for helpful dreams which would teach them what measures

to adopt for their recovery. Meanwhile, the sacred serpents were encouraged to approach the beds, sacrifices were offered to them, and at length the lights were put out and sleep fell upon the whole congregation; and many of them had dreams, remarkable dreams, of Asclepius appearing to them. Whether there was some jugglery, I do not know—perhaps the priests played Asclepius. There are many records of marvellous interpositions of the gods, of the patient going to bed ill and arising in the morning perfectly well. At any rate, the general result of treatment in these places was satisfactory. Recovery took place in a very large number of cases, and one can account for that largely by the pure air which these people enjoyed, the simple diet provided for them, and the other means that were employed, the baths, the athletic exercises, and the mental diversion offered. There was always a theatre at hand, and all who were well enough used to enjoy the tragedies and comedies of the great Greek writers. There was a great deal of music, solemn processions, and religious songs and pæans, usually a library, and the cultured and intelligent sick were encouraged to take books out of the library and to sit to study them in the open air. All these influences were helpful and salutary.

One other thing—there were some very remarkable springs associated with this great health centre. Those of you who are fairly good walkers would do well to walk up the hill to the Spring of Hippocrates. You enter by a door and traverse a lengthy tunnel which leads to a curious fountain. You enter the long tunnel, and, walking along to the far end, find yourself in a curious structure like a huge champagne bottle. There are benches round the chamber and a spring of water. Through the neck you

can look upwards into the blue sky. From above there are some steps that take one down to an aperture in the side of the champagne bottle, and thence you can look down to the seats and spring. What the purpose was no one quite understands. It seems likely some religious ceremony took place there; probably the priests entered at that point and went through some religious ceremony or offered some prayer as the sick drank of the water below. There is also another very remarkable spring of sulphur water.

Rhodes and the Knights of St. John*

BY W. ALLAN JAMIESON, M.D., V.-P.R.C.P.E.,
KNIGHT OF GRACE OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM

I MUST apologise for the shortness of the lecture which I am going to give you to-night, but I was only asked to deliver it during dinner-time, and must depend a good deal upon my memory in what I am going to say.

Both yesterday and to-day we have seen, and to-morrow we shall see again, some of the wonderful works of that great confraternity which is known as that of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1100 a number of pilgrims, as you know, went to the Holy Land, as they had from the time of the death of our Saviour, but at that period they were suffering very much at Jerusalem, and to mitigate this some merchants of Amalfi who traded there, founded a hospital outside that city in order that those pilgrims who went to the Holy Land might be attended to in sickness. This was the commencement of the Knights of St. John.

In a short time a number of persons united and formed themselves into this confraternity, which was blessed by the Pope. It was a Roman Catholic order, and at first its members devoted themselves to hospital work. But in a short time they increased in numbers so much that they took upon themselves military duties, and became

* A Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," on Monday, 24th April, 1911.

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the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, and that name they have retained ever since. During the Crusades, they and the Knights Templar, with whom the Knights of St. John have often been confused, fought in defence of the Holy City. After the failure of the Crusades their last possession in Palestine was a castle at Acre. Thence they were eventually driven out.

Their first place of refuge was Cyprus, where they remained for some years, but were permitted by the Pope to fight against the Greeks in Rhodes and to take possession of that island. They did so on August 15, 1310. They also founded castles at Cos, Halicarnassus, and at other places, besides the large castles which they built in Rhodes, but in Rhodes itself they made their largest and strongest fortifications.

I show you a photograph of St. Nicholas Tower, which stands at the end of a long mole, upon which, or near which, stood in early times the famous Colossus of Rhodes, but that bronze statue of the Sun was overthrown by an earthquake and destroyed two hundred years before Christ. The old metal lay in ruins till 653 A.D. and was eventually sold to a Jew of Edessa.

There are two harbours at Rhodes, the outer and the inner, and there is also another mole called the Mole of the Windmill, on which several windmills exist to the present day. The fortifications of Rhodes consisted of extremely strong walls, with outer and inner ramparts, and a wide space between in order to defend the inner from attacks from without, or if the outer walls were carried, so that there would still be protection. Immense storehouses were prepared in the fortifications so that large amounts of grain and other supplies could be provided for the garrison. The defenders were composed of a

comparatively small number, but these were all tried men and men of great valour.

(Dr. Jamieson here showed several lantern slides illustrating the fortifications and harbour lent by Dr. Caton and Mr. James.)

Though often threatened, it was not till 1480 that the Turks made an attack on them. Then they besieged the city of Rhodes with an army of 70,000 men and fourteen cannon, capable of discharging stone balls a foot in diameter. You may have seen some of those large cannon balls lying about at Cos and Halicarnassus. However, after the siege had lasted three months, the Knights continued to defend themselves with such valour that it was abandoned, and for a while they had rest. They were always aware that attacks were imminent, and were generally in a state of preparation. Yet as time passed without interference they began to be a little careless, until one of their Grand Masters restored discipline and order, and finally the defence of the city fell into the hands of L'Isle Adam, who was a knight of the highest prowess and courage.

In 1522 the Sultan Solyman the Magnificent determined to make another attempt to capture Rhodes. He had a force of 160,000 men. The Knights at that time only numbered 600, and there were also 5000 of the townspeople who were armed, and 900 sailors and Cretans who assisted. The siege lasted from June till December. Unfortunately there was within the ranks of the Knights a certain amount of disunion, and the Chancellor, D'Amiral, had not stored up provisions and had not provided ammunition to the extent he ought to have done. Ammunition by December began to fail. However, the Knights would still have fought on, but the townspeople were suffering from lack of food, and so they made a treaty

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with the Turks, and marched out of Rhodes with all the honours of war, carrying with them whatever things they chose.

Like other islands Rhodes was subject to earthquakes at times, and those arches which we shall see erected across the streets from house to house were designed to protect the buildings as far as possible from sustaining damage from shocks.

At Rhodes the Knights had a large hospital, into which we may not get admission, but at Malta a similar hospital still exists in use, and may have been seen by some of those present. The hospital in Rhodes was built much on the same principle as that at Malta, just as the fortifications at Valetta are largely based upon those at Rhodes. (Dr. Jamieson showed further slides of the town.)

After the Knights had left Rhodes they were granted Malta, and having been homeless for seven years they gladly settled in that island in 1530, and held it till 1798, when, most unfortunately, they had a coward as their Grand Master, and when Napoleon attacked it, Hompesch did not defend it as he might and could have done. It was absolutely impregnable if he had only held out, but he failed to do so, and surrendered in a short time to Napoleon, with, as you know, disastrous results. In the Church of St. John was preserved the hand of St. John the Baptist, who was the patron saint of the order; but Napoleon, who revered nothing, tore off the rings and other ornaments saying, "Throw the carrion away." Fortunately, in some of the chapels the Knights painted over the silver altar rails and other decorations and preserved them, and they are to be seen in Malta to-day.

In Rhodes there were many other places besides the town of Rhodes, which were fortified by the Knights of St. John, and one of these is

called Lindos. This castle, which is perched on a high precipitous rock, is in ruins, but still presents a good number of interesting features, and the view from it, both looking down to the sea and towards Rhodes, is very fine.

There is another castle situated likewise on the seashore, called the Castle of Philereinos, and in the Church of St. John at Malta one of the chapels is dedicated to Our Lady of Philereinos after this ancient castle, whose ruins yet exist at Rhodes. There are several others, but the two best preserved are those at Rhodes and Lindos.

I mentioned before that there were mistakes made between the Knights Templar and the Knights Hospitallers. It has sometimes been said that at Cos and Halicarnassus the castles were built by the Knights Templar; the latter had nothing to do with these castles. But when the Order of the Knights Templar was suppressed the Knights of the Hospital of St. John were granted to a large extent the possessions of the Order of Knights Templar. The Order of St. John became in consequence an exceedingly rich one, kings and others endowing it with lands all over the Continent of Europe. In England the Knights of St. John had possessions in many parts, and at Torphichen, near Edinburgh, there is an ancient priory which belonged to the Order.

At the Reformation the English Knights ceased, as a rule, to have any connection with the Order, but there were still some in Malta when that island was taken by Napoleon. It lingered on, till in 1830 the English langue or branch was reconstituted, and this in 1888 was granted a Charter by Queen Victoria, and established as an Order of Knighthood. It now owns St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, in London, where it

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has restored the Crypt of the Church of St. John, dating from 1170. The English Order maintains an Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem and manages the St. John Ambulance Association. It no longer devotes itself, as it did in former times, to hospital work and war against the Turks, but it attends to the wounded and those injured in accidents and conveys them to hospitals which have become universal charities.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE
HELLENIC TRAVELLERS'
CLUB, 1912

Marathon*

BY DR. GRUNDY

THE Marathon legend as we get it in Greek history is not by any means a simple one. If you read the account of the battle in Grote or the still better known account of Creasy, you would perhaps see the difficulties that arise. Some of these difficulties I shall deal with this morning. I am not going to enter into controversial subjects, excepting in so far as I think they have been resolved; but at the same time a certain amount of controversial matter must be included in any account of Marathon. Otherwise the campaign and that which led up to it become, from the historical point of view, I think, incomprehensible.

Now with regard to the authorities for the battle. I dare say some of you, those who are particularly interested in Greek history, have read in Dr. Macan's edition of the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of Herodotus the summary of the evidence with regard to Marathon that is found in ancient authors. Many ancient authors mentioned Marathon. The battle became a celebrated one in a very few years after it was fought; and Greek authors up to quite a late age and many Latin authors refer to it or to incidents of it; but in point of fact I may dismiss the matter of the majority of authorities very quickly. From the later authorities there is hardly anything to be got of a substantial character throwing light on the history of the campaign. The legend developed into myth at a very early

* A Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," on Thursday, 11th April, 1912.

age. I think we shall be able to see that even in Herodotus's time—and he wrote probably about half a century after the campaign—he had very great difficulty in getting at the truth in regard to this particular battle, much more difficulty than he had with regard to the battles of ten years later. He is our great authority; in fact, for the incidents of the campaign, he may be said to be our one authority. There is one other author who tells us two things which are of considerable importance with regard to the topography—Pausanias. He mentions the Soros, the mound under which the Athenians were buried. I think that even if he did not mention it, we should be able to identify with practical certainty the mound which there exists as the mound under which the Athenian dead were buried. Herodotus does not refer to it. Pausanias also mentions another detail which is a little puzzling at first. He says that in a picture of the battle which was in the *poikilé stoa* at Athens there was a scene in which the Persian fugitives were represented as being pursued into the marsh. That marsh must be the marsh at the north end of the field; and I take the view myself that these fugitives were fugitives of the Persian centre, which was so badly cut up in the second phase of the battle. Herodotus, in his account of the three great battles of 480 and 479, enters into a great deal of topographical information which moreover has the merit of being nearly all of it correct; but when we turn to the account of Marathon, we find only one topographical detail mentioned; and that is mentioned purely incidentally, not evidently from the view of topography, but because it happened to be connected with a remarkable coincidence, as it seems to him. He tells us that the Greeks when they went to Marathon took up

their position in the temenos of Heracles. This was discovered high up the valley of Avlona, sometimes called the Valley of Vrana. That is the only topographical detail that Herodotus gives us.

There are certain other peculiarities in his account. In the war of ten years later he gives us numbers on both sides—not always reliable; but, at any rate, he gives them. With regard to Marathon he has practically nothing to say about numbers. We have satisfactory evidence that the Athenian hoplites were about 9,000 and there were about 1,000 from Plataea. There were possibly some light-armed troops, but they were not a very effective body and played little part in the battle.

I venture to say that it is to the credit of Herodotus that he did not give more details. There was every temptation for him to do so. The battle was regarded by the Athenians of the time he wrote as perhaps the greatest glory of Athenian history; but, as I say, the history of the battle had become a legend in a few years; the legend had become almost a myth at the time he wrote; and he resisted the temptation—for he was writing essentially for an Athenian audience—of including in his story those palpable exaggerations which we find preserved in some later authors.

The story of Marathon, is, I think, to be explained by a consideration of the history of Athens in the previous twenty years. The battle itself was fought in 490, but the story of Marathon really begins in 510. In 510 the Athenians with the aid of the Spartans expelled Hippias, the last of the tyrants of Athens. The Spartans no doubt thought that when Hippias was expelled Athens would return to something of the old aristocratic form of government. But on that point they were disappointed; there came a period of fierce struggle between aristocracy and

democracy, or oligarchy and democracy, at Athens. That struggle began immediately after 510. The aristocrats called in the aid of Sparta, and from 510 onwards for a century there is a sort of tacit alliance between the aristocracy of Athens and Sparta. Now comes what may appear to some of you a somewhat strange part in the story. This powerful alliance of aristocracy and Sparta made it necessary for the democrats to seek an alliance somewhere outside Attica. There was no power in Greece which could possibly be matched against the military power of Sparta. Therefore, they turned to that great empire which had loomed so large for fifty years past before the eyes of the Greeks—to the Persians. They sent an embassy to the great satrap of Sardis; and Herodotus says that when the ambassador got there he demanded earth and water and they gave it him, and the embassy was much blamed when it came back. Who blamed it? I think the aristocratic party at Athens. We have a continual see-saw of predominance of parties in Athens—at one time the policy of the State is being controlled by the democrats; at another time (it may be a very short time afterwards) by the aristocrats; and the changes are frequent. With regard to this alliance with Persia, the Athenian democracy regarded it as an alliance; but Persia regarded Athens from that time forward as being officially a subject of Persia; and therefore any anti-Persian movement in Athens after that time would be regarded as treason against the Great King. Of the date of that alliance we cannot speak with certainty, but it was possibly about 507.

The Spartans, who had been distinctly unsuccessful in interference on behalf of the aristocracy of Athens, took up a new line. They could not get aristocracy back, but, at any rate,

they might get Hippias back, so they took up his cause. But Corinth checkmated that plan. At a meeting of the Peloponnesian League Corinth opposed it, and opposed it successfully. So Hippias had to go elsewhere.

The next thing that comes in the story is the outbreak of the Ionian revolt. I shall not expect all my audience to be expert in Greek history. The revolt broke out in 499 and lasted for seven years, being finally suppressed in 493. The Ionian cities rebelled against Persia, and they threw a great deal of vigour into their rebellion. When the revolt broke out a certain Aristagoras came over to seek for help. Sparta would not listen to him; Athens did, and help was sent by Athens and also by the then important town of Eretria, in South Eubœa, to the Ionian rebels. That shows pretty clearly that at that particular time the aristocratic element in Athens was dominating Athenian policy. Precious little good came of that help. The Athenians did not play much part save in the burning of Sardis, which proved of more harm than good. They also got defeated on the way down from Sardis to Ephesus; and then, we are told, the Athenian help was withdrawn. No doubt the democracy, the ally of Persia, had withdrawn the help, and from that time forward Athens takes no further part in the rebellion against Persian power; but the Persians remembered her interference. Persia, you must remember, regarded this assistance sent to the Ionians as having been sent by a subject of hers.

Then she struck out a new policy. She took up the cause of Hippias. We can pretty well date that by the fact that a certain Hipparchus was archon at Athens in 496. That seems to indicate—this is more or less conjecture—that the Athenian democracy had had to accept the

restoration of Hippias as part of the price of the Persian alliance—a conjecture which, after all, is confirmed by the later story of what took place at the Battle of Marathon itself.

Then we come to the year 493, a very critical year in the Athenian history of this time. In that year the great Themistocles appears suddenly as archon; that is to say, as one of the chief magistrates of Athens. Another curious thing took place. A man named Phrynichus wrote a play called the *Fall of Miletus, the great Ionian town* which resisted to the last. This play evidently had a considerable effect at Athens, and stirred up a great deal of feeling against those who had withdrawn the aid from the revolt, that is to say, against the democrats. So they prosecuted Phrynichus and fined him for his play. But in the same year there came back from the Thracian Chersonese, on the north of the Dardanelles, the great Miltiades. He had played something like a part in the revolt—at any rate, a passive part—and the Persians were now crushing the rebels, so he had to fly back to Athens. He appeared as a proper and suitable leader for the aristocratic element, and from 493 right up to Marathon the position of things in Athens, from the democratic point of view, must have been gloomy. An attack was made by the democrats on Miltiades immediately on his return. He was prosecuted for having been a tyrant, but was acquitted; and that was a great victory for the aristocrats. From that time up to Marathon, then, the aristocracy seems to have dominated Athenian policy. There would be every probability, as far as circumstances could be judged, that the old aristocratic oligarchic constitution would be re-established in the Athenian State.

It must have been in those three years that the connection between the democrats and Persia

took a more practical form. Mind you, Persia had other views, and quite different views, from the Athenian democrats. She wanted to punish Athens and to show the Greeks of Hellas that it was dangerous to interfere on the Asiatic side of the Ægean. The Athenian democrats had accepted, as it seems, the restoration of Hippias as part of the price of the Persian alliance, and therefore regarded any action of Persia in 490 as merely aiming at the restoration of Hippias. Tyranny was better than aristocracy, so they accepted the restoration of Hippias. There can be little doubt what Persia meant by his restoration. She meant that he was to be a tyrant ruling in Attica in the Persian interest; and Attica would act, in that case, as a sort of *tête du pont* on the west side of the Ægean for Persian interference in Europe. That they were meditating interference even at that time seems certainly to be the case.

We now come to the actual story of the campaign which I will put quite briefly to you. In the first place, I must say that in 492—the year after the suppression of the Ionian revolt and two years before Marathon—the Persians had sent a considerable expedition which evidently aimed at getting at Greece, but which came to grief off Mount Athos. That is to say, the fleet which accompanied the expedition, and which was not merely for fighting but also for commissariat purposes, was very largely destroyed, and the expedition came to a premature end in Macedonia. That expedition was of that character which was common in Persian strategy of that time when she was acting on a large scale. We have this case in 492, and the celebrated case in 480.

Marathon was not like that. The Marathonian expedition was conducted entirely by sea. The

number of the fleet is said to have been 600. That may be exaggerated, but it is almost certainly not an under-statement. If we take the size of the ships of those days and subtract from their probable carrying capacity their crews, we shall find that the number of soldiers sent on the expedition cannot have been extra-ordinarily large as Eastern armies go; in fact, as Eastern armies go, the army was small. I think we may reckon at the outset that not more than 60,000 Persian troops were on board that fleet. When you come to think that in later authors the numbers of the Persians were raised by legend to something like 500,000, you will see that it is somewhat necessary to look closely into the actual statistics. Sixty thousand is not a small number when you are dealing with a State the size of Attica. Here was the power which had conquered the whole of Western Asia attacking a small State the size of which was not larger than one of our smaller English counties. It is not likely that the expedition would be planned on the much larger scale of the expedition of ten years later, when the attack was made on Greece as a whole.

The expedition went first to Eretria. If we get to Marathon to-day you will be able to see the site of Eretria. It was taken. I will not enter into details, but I must just mention this—that its inhabitants that were not slain were enslaved, to use the Greek expression; that is to say, they were removed from the town and eventually taken down to the lower Euphrates. But the point is this—Persia showed her hand in the treatment of Eretria; and it was fortunate for the Athenians that the news of what had happened to Eretria reached Athens before the army left there. In fact, I think I may say that it was probably doubtful whether the Athenian

commander would have dared to march the army away from Athens had not the news of the treatment of Eretria reached Athens before that time. I think that there can be little doubt that it was the news of the treatment meted out to Eretria that disillusioned for the first time the Athenian democrat with regard to his alliance with the Medes. Some one may say, "But surely it is very strange to talk about the Athenian democracy allying itself with the Medes when we know what intense feeling there was in Greece in the fifth century against anything like Medism?" You must remember that that feeling against Medism was the work of a war as yet unfought and of a literature as yet unwritten. There was none of that feeling in 490. However, the Athenian democrat was disillusioned. It is quite clear in Herodotus that the news of the fate of Eretria reached Athens before the army left there; in fact, before the message was sent off to Sparta for help.

With regard to the landing in Attica, Herodotus, who, though a diligent inquirer, had, as far as we can see, no professional acquaintance with military matters, tells us that the Persians landed at Marathon amongst other things because the plain was suitable for cavalry. The reason sounds a very good one; the Persians had cavalry and the Athenians had none worth talking about. But when we come to the account of the battle, the strange thing is that we hear not a word of the Persian cavalry being present at it. There are other difficulties in Herodotus's account. One is with regard to the command. Did Miltiades command in the battle or did he not? Probably not. Probably the command was in the hands of the official commander of the Athenian army. Miltiades, however, seems to have been responsible for the strategy.

Now with regard to the strategy. The landing at Marathon is remarkable in this way—that the point of landing is as far distant from Athens as any landing-point within Attica could be. The Persians chose the point farthest distant from Athens. Why did they choose that? They were expecting treachery to do its work in Athens. Their democratic friends were expected to work matters at Athens in the Persian favour. The idea in landing at Marathon was no doubt to get the army to march out to Marathon and so leave their supporters in Athens a free hand. But before the army marched out, news of the fall of Eretria and its fate reached Athens, and therefore the generals had no difficulty in coming to the decision that the army must go to Marathon and face the Persians there. I say face the Persians there in rather a restricted sense—I wish I had a picture of the field of Marathon, but I will just describe it quite briefly.

The plain is an oblong, running, roughly speaking, from north-east to south-west. On the south-east side of it is the sea. The other three sides are surrounded by the mountains. The oblong, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, has an average breadth of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles running up from the sea. From the south end of the plain there goes the road to Athens. That is the lower road, the easier road. That road as it leaves the plain passes by what is known as the Little Marsh, between the foot of the hills and the Little Marsh, which lies between it and the sea. At the north end of the plain is the Big Marsh. Through the middle of the plain, cutting it into two equal halves, runs the stream, or stream-bed, as it is for the greater part of the year, of the Charadra. Up the valley of the Charadra into the hills, goes another road to Athens, bending round in a south-westerly direction, keeping among the hills;

but there is another branch of that road which comes down into the plain into the Valley of Avlona. The Valley of Avlona enters the plain at its south-west corner, and down that valley is an alternative route into the plain. Thus the upper road forks into two branches, one branch goes down the Charadra Valley into the plain, the other down the Valley of Avlona into the south part of the plain.

The Athenians took up their position at Marathon, near the forking of those roads. I think that we can see to a certain extent what the strategy was. In the first place, they commanded the upper road absolutely; that is to say, any one who tried to make his way through the upper road would have to force the passage. And in the second place, they were on what we may call the potential flank of the lower road; that is to say, if the Persian tried to make his way to Athens by the lower road he would, in so doing, expose his flank to the possible attack of the Athenians.

Then we come to a very strange element in the Herodotean story. We are told of a long delay of days that occurred, and we are also told rather fantastic details with regard to what took place between the commanders; but, roughly speaking, what we are told is that the management of affairs was practically left to Miltiades. And then comes the rather difficult statement that he was in favour of giving immediate battle, but waited until his day of command came round. Herodotus, of course, mixed up things, but the point is that Miltiades waited. He did not attack immediately. I think we can make out pretty clearly what was in the minds of the commanders of the two armies. The Greek was waiting in the hills, the Persian was waiting on the plain, neither making any definite move during that

time. What was the Greek position? The Greek position was that so long as the Persian remained there there was not much danger, and further, the Spartan help would come. The longer the Athenians waited, the better the chance of the arrival of the Spartan hoplites. On the Persian side, what did they expect? They expected the signal, which actually came, according to Herodotus's account; the signal to the effect that things were ready in Athens and that they could move on Athens. That signal came late. It was indeed given, but it was really given after the time the Persians had begun their move.

Now comes the question of the move, and here I must admit that we have to enter into the realm of conjecture. You must remember what I have already said—that there is no mention of cavalry in the battle. Where were the Persian cavalry? Every one has been asking that question since they began to read the account of Marathon. It was asked in ancient days. The cavalry must have been somewhere. The question was, where was it? I think that the only explanation is this. The Persians would know perfectly well from their connections in Athens that the Spartans were coming. They would therefore be anxious to bring about a decisive battle with the Athenians before the arrival of the Spartan auxiliary forces. They waited for the signal, and it did not come. They had therefore to make up their minds to do something, and what I think they made up their minds to do was to divide their forces into two parts, to send one part away along the reverse course that we shall be travelling this afternoon, round Sunium to Athens, and with the remainder to face the Athenians at Marathon, either with the intent to hold them there if they did not offer battle or with the intent to give them battle in case they showed a tendency that way; and

the cavalry (if this conjecture be tenable) was to be used after landing at Phalerum with a view to a sudden rush on Athens and to getting hold of the place before the Athenian army could get back.

What happened? We are coming now to the topography of the battle. The key to the topography of the battle is undoubtedly the *soros*. There can be no doubt that the *soros* is built at the point where the greater number of the Athenian dead lay, and that we can see, from the account of the battle, that that would be the place where the Athenian line and the Persian line came into contact. The battle, that is to say, took place at the south end of the plain. The Persian army was probably covering the embarkation or part of the embarkation of the other half of the army, which was to go to Athens. It had its back to the shore, that is to say. It was facing the entrance of the valley. This was the moment for which Miltiades would be waiting. He now determined to give battle, and the Athenian army must have marched down the Valley of Vrana and formed in battle array at the opening of the valley. That is to say, it formed battle array within perhaps a mile of the Persians. They were in battle array, there is no doubt about that. Some people have started the idea that the Persians were in a column marching towards the southern road. That is entirely impossible from Herodotus's account, because Herodotus particularly tells us that the Greek array was practically determined by the Persian, that the Greeks strengthened their wings, for instance, and had a very thin centre because of the formation of the Persians in front of them. So the idea of a flank attack on the Persians would, I think, be impossible.

What took place? We have now the two armies

facing one another, the Athenian army at the entrance to the Valley of Vrana and the Persian army about a quarter of a mile from the sea with its back to the sea, with its centre somewhere near where the forest is. The Athenians advanced at the quick-step. Those who are expert in Greek History will remember the word *δρόμῳ* about which German and English authorities have written so much. In fact a great many people have made very elaborate calculations as to whether it would be possible for a hoplite carrying the weight of his armour to advance at a run one mile. I can only say that the state of that hoplite when he arrived opposite his opponent would be very favourable to the opponent. *Δρόμῳ* does not mean "at a run" in Greek military phraseology. They advanced at what was no doubt the quick-step. Notice the Athenian formation. It was with very deep wings—a deep hoplite phalanx on either wing, and a notably thin line in the centre. The formation of the heavy body in the wings is quite common in Greek warfare, because the whole practice of Greek warfare in the fifth century was to roll up the enemy from the wing.

What happened was this. The Greek centre being very shallow was forced back inland and pursued inland. The Greek wings, however, defeated the Persians, drove them back towards the shore and the ships, and then turned on the Persian centre, and the Persian centre seems to have been, as far as we can see, practically wiped out. No doubt the Greeks would get between it and the retreat to the shore because it had pursued the Greek centre inland. Those of the Persian centre who escaped were probably those who are represented in the picture as taking refuge in the marsh. No doubt they fled to the north end of the plain and took refuge in the great

northern marsh, whereas the two Persian wings fled to the ships and a battle occurred there in which several prominent Athenians fell.

There is just one thing which I think those who are interested in Greek history might consider, and that is whether the retreat or the falling back of the Athenian centre was not premeditated. There is this in favour of that view. You must remember that the Athenian wings had defeated those opposite them. When you get an attacking body which has got its opponents on the run, it is very difficult to stop that attacking body, but evidently, in this instance, there was no difficulty in getting the Athenian wings to wheel round on the Persian centre and attack them. That leads me to think that the whole manœuvre was premeditated.

With regard to the rest of the battle there is very little more to be said, except that we must just follow up the story because it is not unimportant in connection with the general history of the campaign. Miltiades had given battle in the hope that he would be able to defeat the Persian forces opposed to him, which was, I think, half the army, and be able to get back to Athens before the remaining force should get round Sunium in the ships; and remember it is a long way round Sunium. That he was able to do. The Athenian army, immediately after the battle, marched back to Athens, and it was there, ready to receive the Persians, when they came. The result was that they never landed; they gave up the attempt as hopeless.

I would add one thing. Those who are acquainted with Greek history may not, perhaps, be acquainted with this view of Marathon. They may be rather surprised at the aspect under which I present it, and, amongst other things, no doubt many of you have, like myself, been

brought up on Grote. Of course, Grote's tradition of Greek history has very much prevailed in English scholarship ever since that great work appeared. Far be it from me to say anything at all depreciatory concerning it, but you must remember that Grote wrote with a political view, and that was to the effect that democratic Liberalism was the finest thing in the world, and that democratic Liberalism, as understood in Athens in the fifth century, was the finest that ever was; so Grote, and indeed other writers, represented Marathon as a glorious victory which founded, we may say, the great Athenian democracy in the fifth century. Aristophanes did not look at it in that way. He and the men of his age looked upon the men who fought at Marathon as the beau-ideal of the grand old times when there was not all this nasty democracy, and it seems to me that we shall be more correct in regarding it from the view of Aristophanes and the men of his age than from the point of view of Grote. If you come to examine the attitude which later writers of every shade of opinion, whether aristocratic or democratic, regarded Marathon, you find practically nothing to warrant the view that Marathon was regarded by the Athenian democrats then as a great victory for the Athenian democracy. It was Salamis which was the great victory to which the democrat referred the splendour of the Pericleian democracy. It was not Marathon.

Thessaly and Tempe*

BY THE REV. DR. GOW

I AM not much concerned with the fact that Thessaly is the largest plain in Greece, nor do I want to go to Thessaly because it has played a great part in history, for it has not. Being a large plain it used to breed horses, and Thessalian horsemen were in great demand as mercenaries in Greek wars, but Thessaly itself never was a conspicuous State. Indeed it was not a State; it was divided into a number of little principalities, conducted on a sort of feudal system.

But in the dim period before history begins, the period of which we only know a little by tradition and which raises very perplexed problems, great things happened in Thessaly. It is here that we first find the names of Hellenes, Achæans, Dorians, Æolians, Pelasgi. Who these people were, how they got there, and in what relation they were to one another, why it was that the Achæans appear afterwards in the Peloponnesus, why they made friends with one another and ultimately regarded themselves as akin with one another and also with the Ionians, who never were in Thessaly at all, and why they called themselves Hellenes and spoke the same language—all these are difficult questions which have given rise to very interesting discussions. I will tell you one of them. My friend Professor Ridgeway has propounded a theory which explains some things, but not others. He thinks that the Pelasgi were the aboriginal inhabitants of Europe and that they were the artists who did the

* A Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," on Friday, 12th April, 1912.

Mycenæan work that you saw in the Museum at Athens, and that they were also the people who made those excellent drawings of the mammoth and the reindeer and the horse on bits of bone that have been recovered from the caves in Dordogne. (You will find much about these in the book by Professor Sollas on the primitive hunter and his work, with many excellent illustrations, derived from prehistoric sites.) The Achæans were Celts who came from Lower Austria and conquered the Pelasgi in Thessaly and who afterwards moved on into the Peloponnesus, where, you will remember, Menelaus, who was King of Sparta by right of his wife Helen, and Agamemnon, who was King of Argos, and many more Homeric heroes were Achæans. Professor Ridgeway lately read a paper before the British Academy in which he maintained that Midas II., King of Crete, was an Achæan too, and that he destroyed Knossos and the other rich Cretan cities of which we shall see some relics in the Museum at Kandia. Certainly there were little bodies of Celts scattered about in different parts of the world where you would least expect to find them. They were a tall, blue-eyed, red-haired people, and it is curious that Midas and Menelaus and some other kings were described as being fair-haired. Many of you remember the story of Clytemnestra and Agamemnon, and how Orestes killed his mother in revenge for Agamemnon's murder. When Orestes came back to his home in Mycenæ he cut off his hair and put it as an offering on his father's tomb. Electra, when she heard of this, knew immediately that her brother had come back. Professor Ridgeway thought that if his hair was black she would never have known that it was her brother's hair, and that there must have been a family colour, and this, taken with the fact that in Homer the family is always

spoken of as having yellow hair, started him on his hypothesis that the Achæans were Celts.

It is not much use going to Thessaly to see anything of Achæans and Dorians and Pelasgians nowadays. You will not find much trace of them, though at the time when I was in Thessaly, five years ago, we went to Pagasæ to see a beehive tomb of the Mycenæan type.

But what interests me about Thessaly is that I shall see there some places which are exceedingly familiar to everybody who is interested in ancient mythology and romance. Olympus is in Thessaly and the gods lived in Olympus, or were supposed to live there. Why? Because Olympus was the highest mountain that the Achæans and the Dorians saw in their first Grecian home. There was in that far-distant time some sort of a religious contest between people who worshipped gods whom they believed to exist in the earth and below the earth, and other people who believed that the gods lived in heaven and rained their influence down from above. This contest appears in tradition as a fight between the gods and the giants, and we shall see the scene of that great fight as we sail up the Gulf of Volo, with Mount Pelion on the right hand, on the east side. Pelion ends in Mount Ossa. Mount Ossa is divided by the Gorge of Tempe from Olympus. In the great battle between the giants and the gods—which some of you will remember is the subject of the frieze round the great altar of Pergamon which is preserved in Berlin—the giants were beaten. Every properly brought up young lady knows and can pronounce very elegantly some lines of Virgil in which he describes the giants as trying to reach heaven by piling up Pelion on Ossa and forest-clad Olympus on the top of both. The passage begins—

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam,

where the collision of the vowels, very unusual in Latin poetry, is intended to make you take breath and so imitate the gasping of the giants at their enormous task.

Apart from mythology, Thessaly is the chief home of Greek romance. It was on Mount Pelion that Peleus married Thetis, the goddess, and their son was Achilles. It was on Pelion that Chiron the Centaur, half man and half horse, had his home. I told you that Thessaly was a great horse-breeding place. It appears that some people or other, the Achæans perhaps, when they came into Thessaly were not used to seeing people riding horses, and they supposed the horse and his rider to be one animal; just as the Peruvians did when Pizarro with his handful of horsemen appeared before the Inca. You will remember they thought that these were strange beasts until one of the Spaniards fell off and they perceived that they were two creatures and not one. It was in Thessaly that the ship *Argo* was built of pines from Mount Pelion and launched at Iolkos. She took in her men at Pagasæ, a little way to the west of Volo. Pagasæ was the port of Pheræ, of which you can still see the ruins a little way from Pagasæ on your left as you approach Volo. The story of the *Argo* begins at Pheræ with Phrixus and Helle, a brother and sister who had a wicked uncle, who was going to sacrifice them, when Hera sent down from heaven a ram with a golden fleece. Phrixus picked up Helle and mounted the animal, but Helle unfortunately fell into the Hellespont, which was named after her. Phrixus went on to Colchis, on the Black Sea, where he sacrificed the ram and hung up the golden fleece in an enchanted garden. In a later generation, Pelias, another wicked uncle, got rid of his brother and made himself king. His nephew Jason was brought up in the mountains by Chiron the

Centaur. Pelias was warned to beware of a man who came into Pheræ with only one shoe on. Jason sets out on his return to his native land and comes to a stream. There he very kindly carries on his back an old woman (Hera in disguise) who cannot get across the stream, loses a sandal in the water and so comes to Pheræ with only one shoe on. Pelias sees that this is the young man who is to displace him, and in order to get rid of him suggests that he shall go and fetch the golden fleece; so the *Argo* is built, and Jason collects all the heroes of pre-Trojan times—Castor and Pollux, Heracles, Peleus, Tiphys the steersman, Lynceus the keen-eyed, and all the rest of them—and away they go on that great voyage of discovery. The scene of that romance is within five or six miles of Volo, the port at which we shall land.

Another story connected with Pheræ is that of Alcestis, the subject of the famous play of Euripides. Admetus, her husband, was king of Pheræ, and it was there that Apollo served his time as a herdsman when he was punished for killing the Cyclops. It was there that Alcestis died and was rescued by Heracles, who had come to Thessaly to fetch the horses who breathed fire out of their nostrils and ate human flesh. It was at Larissa, which we shall see, that Peirithous, the Lapith prince, invited the Centaurs to his wedding and there arose that furious combat which is the subject of the metopes of the Parthenon and other sculptures. Many more stories of this kind return to the memory of anybody who is interested in ancient literature and art when he comes to Thessaly and passes along this famous plain.

Now to turn to Tempe. Why do I want to go to Tempe? Strabo says that Thessaly was originally a lake and the waters of the lake were let out by an earthquake which made a great

fissure between Mount Olympus and Mount Ossa, where now the River Peneus runs draining the whole of Thessaly. The gap is about five miles long, and, I think, about a hundred feet broad in the narrowest part. The tradition that this was a singularly beautiful place came down from the Roman poets to those moderns who are founded largely on ancient models. For instance, Spenser, in his *Prothalamion*, tells the story of two young noblemen who were going to marry two ladies, and describes the noblemen as swans sailing down the Thames, the waters strewn with flowers before them until they seemed like the waters of Peneus.

“That like old Peneus’ waters they did seem
When down along by pleasant Tempe’s shore,
Scatter’d with flowers thro’ Thessaly they stream.”

There are many more allusions of the same kind in poets. This fact interested me very much, and, as it happened, I looked up the references to see when this tradition of Tempe arose and how it arose. I find that it is of quite late origin. The first person that we know of who mentions Tempe with any praise is Theocritus, who was writing in Alexandria about 230 B.C. It is very unlikely indeed that Theocritus had ever seen Tempe. I think it is quite certain that Virgil and Horace had never seen it. The tradition, I suppose, arose from some poet whose works are not preserved, such as Philetas of Cos or an Alexandrian poet of about the third century, who had seen it and gave it its vogue. The Roman poets depended very largely on the example of the Alexandrian poets of that time. There is no mention of Tempe in the earlier Greek writers at all, nor is there any description of Tempe in any poet. They confine themselves to saying that it is a beautiful place and a cool place and sacred to Apollo, but they do not tell anything

definite about it. There is a description of it in a writer called Ælian, who was a rhetorician about A.D. 120 in Rome. He kept a number of scrap-books, one of them about animals and another called *Vera Historia*, which contains jokes and little facts of natural history and extracts that he thought of interest. Here he copied out this passage about Tempe. "Come, let us describe the famous Thessalian Tempe and give a picture of it, for it is admitted that language, if it is expressive, can present what it pleases as vividly as any artist in painting or sculpture." He then goes on to speak about the gap between Olympus and Ossa. "The place," he says, "has all manner of resting-places not made by man, but by the spontaneous effort of nature after beauty at the time when the place was created. Ivy grows there abundantly and creeps like noble vines up the tall trees, clinging to them, and smilax climbs to the cliff top and covers the rocky surface, so that all is green, and there is a feast for the eye. In the lower and level parts there are groves of many kinds and long aisles of shade, pleasant cool retreats for travellers in the heat of the day. Streamlets run through the woods and springs break forth, giving a delicious cold water to drink; they are said to be health-giving too to those that bathe in them. Birds are singing everywhere and especially those that make sweet music and delight the ear, sending the traveller on his way rejoicing, for they beguile his weariness with their melody. On either side of the river are the resting-places that I spoke of. And thro' the midst of Tempe Peneus flows slowly and gently like oil under the shade of the trees on its banks and their overhanging branches, and for the most part of the day it is sheltered from the sun and those that travel by boat may sail in the cool. And all the neighbouring peoples meet here and

make picnic, and there is a continual fragrance from their sacrifices." That sounds as if it were a pretty place; but Colonel Leake, who went there about a hundred years ago, and the tourists who went there from the *Argonaut* perhaps six or seven years ago, say that Ælian, or the rhetorician that he was quoting, could not have been in Tempe and that the place is not anything like Ælian's description of it. That rouses my curiosity a good deal; I want to see whether Tempe deserves its fame.¹

Another thing that also excites my curiosity is the question why it was not until such a late time that Tempe acquired this reputation and why no other place had it before. Did the Greeks really admire landscape in the same way that we do? That, I think, is a very interesting question, and I hope to find some kind of an answer to it by looking at Tempe; for it seems to me that the Greeks must have had quite different notions of beauty in landscape from what we have, and that really the absence of landscape in all Greek literature is something that one ought to think over and to account for. I should tell you that there is nothing in Greek poetry of what Ruskin called the "pathetic fallacy"—that is, the idea that Nature can sympathise with man's emotions. The simplest example of what I mean is in the little poem, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," when the poor forlorn girl wants all nature to grieve with her in sorrow. Nor, again, in Greek poetry is there anything like the famous passage of Wordsworth in which he says that to him a fine landscape has much the same effect as a sea-shell when held to the ear, for, as

¹ The southern end of Tempe is certainly not remarkable for beauty; but the northern end, where the railway station now is, was regarded by the passengers of the *Dunottar Castle* as thoroughly worthy of its reputation and not very inaccurately described in the passage of Ælian.

from listening to the sea-shell you hear strange murmurings of "mysterious union with its native sea," so when you look on a fine landscape it suggests all manner of thoughts about God and "authentic tidings of invisible things." There is nothing like that in Greek poetry, but there is a great deal of close observation of a certain kind. I will not quote Homer for the moment, but I will give you one example from a lyric poet called Bacchylides, who lived about 480 B.C. Bacchylides compares the ghosts of the dead to the withered leaves that he says are driven up the slopes of Ida among the grazing sheep. You cannot conceive any man saying that unless he had sat in a contemplative mood and looked carefully at the scene before him, watching the leaves whirling along the hillside and the placid sheep grazing quite indifferent to them. There was thought in the man's mind as he looked. There are plenty of observations of that kind, but the question that interests me is whether the Greeks really admired landscape. They watched it, they looked at it intently, but did they admire it? Did they love it in the same way that we do?

My doubt relates only to the earth and sea. They did watch the sky and love it. I am sure that many of you will remember the famous experiment of Tennyson in the translation of Homer where he translates a particular simile in the ninth book of the Iliad. It is only a few lines that he gives. The relevant part is this:

"As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine and the shepherd gladdens in his heart:
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain."

That man surely gazed on the sky with enthusiasm, and so did Aristophanes. There is a play of Aristophanes called *The Clouds* in which the chorus consists of people dressed up as clouds. Socrates is introduced into the play, and calls upon the clouds in a fine invocation, and they appear in the theatre singing an ode of which I will give you a translation:

"Clouds of all hue,
Ride we aloft with our garments of dew,
Come from old Ocean's unchangeable bed,
Come till the mountains' green summits we tread,
Come to the peaks with their landscapes untold,
Gaze on the earth with her garments of gold,
Gaze on the rivers in majesty streaming,
Gaze on the lordly invincible sea;
Come, for the Eye of the Ether is beaming;
Come, for all Nature is flashing and free.
Let us shake off this close-clinging dew
From our members eternally new
And sail upwards the wide world to view.
Come away, come away."

(B. B. ROGERS.)

Aristophanes surely took delight in watching the clouds, and Greeks loved the deities of the sky. When a person died of sunstroke or in his sleep, they said that he was killed by Apollo or his sister the moon (Artemis), with what they called "gentle shafts." They thought there was benevolence in the heavenly deities that used only gentle shafts to kill. But they did not look on the sea and the earth in the same spirit. Aristotle remarked that the Celts were the only people who were not afraid of the sea and of earthquakes, and thought it very curious that they should not be timid before these things that the Greeks were so much afraid of. In regard to the earth, something came between the Greek and his appreciation of it, and that was partly his religion. He thought that nothing happened unless somebody made it happen. The trees did not grow

unless somebody made them grow, rivers did not run unless there was a god to push them, springs would not flow unless there was a nymph to make them spurt out, and so forth. There was some god or goddess at the back of everything that did something. It was not quite what we now call "animism," as, for instance, when a sailor speaks of his ship as "she" or when a savage speaks of a kettle or a broom as if they were living creatures. It is not exactly that, although it shades into that sometimes. In Athens, until quite a late date, if you were walking along the street and a tree fell down and killed you they used to try the tree for murder before the Areopagus, and if the tree was found guilty it would be formally exiled and sent out of the country. That is animism. What I am thinking of is rather an anthropomorphic religion—a belief that there is some kind of a creature in human shape which causes the life and movement of everything that lives and moves. The world was full of dryads and naiads and other deities. These powers were not necessarily benevolent. They made things grow to please themselves and not to please mankind. If you wanted to take advantage of their work you had to propitiate them. That fact makes a good deal of difference in your contemplation of Nature. Where there are so many distinct influences at work, each of them independent of the others, you cannot expect that the same effect should be produced upon the observer that Wordsworth said was produced upon him by looking on a noble landscape.

As a matter of fact, you do not find in any Greek poet of the classical period enthusiastic descriptions of Nature, except inhabited Nature. Anybody who opens his Homer will find over and over again similes or pictures derived from farm-

life, happy vintages, harvests, timber-cutting, hunting scenes; he loved smiling country, fruitful, cultivated country; but woods, mountains, the sea, were always rather terrible to him, just as travellers in the eighteenth century used to speak of the Alps with loathing as being horrible and dangerous places that they were glad to be rid of as soon as they could get to France or Italy after crossing them. So to the Greek poets wild country was not beautiful. And some other reasons there were why to the ancient Greek landscape at large was not attractive. It was not safe for one thing. A man was liable to be attacked by savage people. Then, again, his political interests were so absorbing that city-life became infinitely attractive to him and diverted his attention from the country. A very curious example of this occurs in a dialogue of Plato called "Phædrus." The dialogue begins with a pretty description of the Ilissus, near Athens, but Socrates says that the trees and country are nothing to him; they cannot teach him, but his fellow citizens do. In fact, to Greeks of classical times the proper study of mankind was man, and that was why they loved sculpture and why practically all their other art was conventionalised. I dare say that some of you noticed in the Museum at Athens two exceedingly beautiful gold lilies of Mycenæan art from Argos. There is a large one and a little one, exquisitely done with natural turns to the leaves just like the living plant. There is nothing like them in later Greek art, no direct imitation of Nature. The acanthus leaf on a Corinthian column and the carved flowers are all conventionalised, reduced to a geometrical pattern as if man could make them a great deal better than Nature could. To the Greek of the great times, as I say, the proper study of mankind was man, and he did not really care for landscape.

But at a later period the Greek began to be interested in landscape, and why? Why did Tempe come into vogue? Why was it thought beautiful? There may have been a great many causes for that. I am not talking to you as one who knows; I am only telling you what passes through my mind. One reason perhaps was that the world was at peace. There were no politics any more after Alexander the Great had come and gone. Also cities began to be very large indeed, and Alexandria was extraordinarily large and situated in extremely hideous country—a large and prosperous city in an ugly place. You can imagine that the people in that place would begin to pine for the country and wonder that they had not liked it very much before. But, more than that, I think a love of landscape was due to the growth and spread of philosophy, the Stoic philosophy in particular. It is quite certain that the Stoic philosophy immensely influenced all Romans, and I should think that it influenced a large proportion of Greeks too. The main principle of Stoicism is that the world is one gigantic living thing with one soul which permeates every part of it, and we have only our share of it and are no more alive than the trees and the streams and everything else that lives or decays on the globe. This notion of the unification of Nature—Nature being all one enormous process of which we are part—gave a new significance to the landscape and a new attraction to it, and suggested that men should look for beauty where they saw none before. That, I think, had a great deal to do with this new appreciation of landscape of which I speak, and which appears, as far as we know, in literature first of all in Theocritus, later in Roman poets, and very largely indeed in Virgil. Virgil undoubtedly loved the country, and loved it in much the same way that we do. It was a

joy to him to see a beautiful landscape and to think of it in solitude. I am the more inclined to believe that Stoicism had something to do with this interest in landscape for a very peculiar and personal reason. I am not going to inflict a sermon upon you, but I will tell you that I did once preach a sermon on the text "Consider the lilies of the field," and I said that this was a paradox to the Jew, who had never been accustomed to look upon the lily of the field as being a thing of any importance at all. To be told that the flower was a finer thing than Solomon in his glory was a strange thing to him, for nothing of that kind had ever been said before. I discoursed upon this topic in a manner that you can imagine for yourselves. It happened that in the congregation there was a very distinguished missionary who wrote to me afterwards to say that he had worked among the Hausas in Central Africa, and that the very first sign of real conversion in the negro was that he began to take an interest in the landscape and flowers and to see that there was beauty and goodness in these scenes to which hitherto he had been wholly indifferent. I think that that little anecdote forms a fitting conclusion to what I have tried to say. I hope that I have not bored you, though I have not succeeded in telling you anything of what you expected to hear.

Thermopylæ*

BY DR. GRUNDY

I AM dealing with the history of the opening of the campaign of 480 B.C., the great invasion of Greece by Xerxes. The first point that you must remember with regard to that invasion is that the expedition was of a dual kind: there was a very large land force and a very large fleet, not only of fighting vessels, but also of transports, which carried the commissariat of the army. The consequence was that in the campaign of 480—up, at any rate, to the time of Salamis—the Persian army had a moving base; it was not dependent on any line of communications with Asia or Thrace or Macedonia.

With regard to the Greek preparations to meet the invasion, there can be no doubt that there was considerable difference of opinion among the patriotic Greek States as to where the defence against the invader should be concentrated. The difference came, roughly speaking, to this—that the Peloponnesians—that is to say, the people to the south of the isthmus, probably the Spartans above all—wanted to concentrate the defence at the isthmus. That meant, of course, that the States north of the isthmus would be exposed to invasion and devastation; and I need hardly say that the plan was not popular with the northern States. The predominating factor, however, in the conduct of the defence was the Athenian fleet; and it was very fortunate for the Greeks that that was so, because even the Spartans knew

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that without the Athenian fleet the defence must collapse, for the reason that, if a land army took up a position at any point and it was not covered by the fleet, the Persian fleet could land troops behind that point of defence and turn it. The consequence was that the Athenian fleet was the determining factor in the Greek strategy, for it amounted to more than half the number of ships which the Greeks at that time could put to sea.

That was an important determining factor in the defence of Thermopylæ. But before the Greeks went to Thermopylæ a plan was proposed of defending Tempe. A largish land force was sent there. It was landed on the shore of the Pagasatic Gulf and marched up to Tempe and there took up a position. But Herodotus tells us that tradition says that when they found out the numbers of the Persians they were scared, and retreated; but he himself says that his belief is that the reason they retreated was that they found that Tempe was not the only way to Thessaly, but that there were other routes by which it could be turned. Anyway, they gave up the defence of Tempe; and Thessaly, in consequence, medised definitely.

Then came the critical point in the whole campaign. The question was, where the defence should then be concentrated. No doubt the fiasco at Tempe rather played into the hands of those who would have concentrated the defence at the isthmus, and you must remember that the Peloponnesians were completing a wall across the isthmus ready for the defence. But the Athenians, led no doubt by the advice of Themistocles, insisted on an attempt being made to defend, at any rate, Middle Greece if they could not defend Thessaly, and the result was a compromise. It was determined that the army should go up to Thermopylæ and that the fleet

should go to Artemisium, which was on the north shore of Eubœa, opposite the entrance of the Gulf of Volo.

Now we come to another point which is of importance. Why did the fleet go to Artemisium and the army to Thermopylæ? Was there any connection between the two positions? Herodotus, who is not a very great military historian, but who is at the same time by no means the wicked story teller that some critics have made him out to be, does recognise that there is some connection between the two positions. He recognises it to this extent, namely, that he says that it was possible for the army to communicate with the fleet, and the fleet with the army, by means of boats; but what he does not recognise is this—that it was necessary, if the position of Thermopylæ was to be held, for the fleet to hold the strait. Otherwise the Persian fleet could have landed troops behind the defence of Thermopylæ and have turned the defence altogether. Well, if we take Herodotus as our guide, and if we take the tradition which he followed with regard to events at Thermopylæ and Artemisium, we must, I think, come to the conclusion that the real intent of the strategy which sent the army to Thermopylæ and the fleet to Artemisium was to make the defence of the pass the main thing—the land defence the main thing, and the defence of the strait merely supplementary to the defence of the pass.

That view, however, is not taken by some of those who have written in recent years on the strategy of this particular campaign. My friend Mr. Munro, who is a very lucid writer on this subject, thinks that the real intent was that the army should merely hold the Persian army up at Thermopylæ while the fleet made trial with the Persian fleet in what he regards as the narrow

strait of the North Euripus. There are certain objections to that view. In the first place the so-called narrow strait of the North Euripus is a very different thing to the strait of Salamis. The Salamis Strait is 1200 yards broad ; the North Euripus at its narrowest point is four miles. It does not seem to me that the Greeks would have derived any advantage from the narrowness of the waters. They were not sufficiently narrow to bring about some sort of an equality between the very superior numbers of the Persian fleet and the very inferior numbers of the Greek fleet. But I think that the great objection to that view is that in the days of Thucydides, at any rate, the idea with regard to this campaign that existed in the Greek world was that the defence of Thermopylæ had not been genuine on the part of Sparta and that it ought to have been a more serious thing. Thucydides puts into the mouth of the Corinthians at the first congress of the allies at Sparta these words, "You yourselves allowed the Medes to come from the ends of the world to Peloponnesus before any force of yours worthy of the name went to meet it." That shows pretty clearly what the Greek tradition was at Thucydides' time fifty years later than the battle. The tradition was that there had been some failure, using a mild term, to carry out the strategy, some failure to carry out a proper defence of Thermopylæ; and when we turn to Herodotus we find practically the same view of the matter present in that story, not explicitly but implicitly, and therefore perhaps in a more trustworthy form.

What force went to Thermopylæ and why did it go? What reasons does Herodotus allege? In the first place, the Spartan force which went to Thermopylæ consisted of 300 hoplites under Leonidas; the total Peloponnesian force that

went was over 3000 men. When you consider that at the battle of Plataæ, the next year, the same Peloponnesian States put 25,000 hoplites into the field, you will see that 3000 represents a very small fraction of the number which they could have sent. The rest of the army consisted of certain Phocians, certain Bœotians from Thebes and Thespiæ, and the Locrians, who were probably not a very important part of the force. The total numbers of the army sent to Thermopylæ were over 6000 but probably did not exceed 7000 men.

With regard to Herodotus's evidence of the subject. What does he say with regard to the Spartan intent in sending this force? He says that they sent the force really with the view of getting the States of Northern Greece, that is to say of Greece south of Thessaly, to keep to the patriot cause; he also says—and this is very significant—that Leonidas told the Locrians when he arrived there that his force was only the fore-runner of a much larger force which was going to be sent later. Leonidas himself, before the battle, made up his mind that his force was much too small to hold the pass, and sent for those reinforcements of which he had spoken. They never came, and, insofar as evidence goes, they were never even dispatched from the isthmus, which we may presume was the base of the Peloponnesian operations at that time. For these reasons, I am inclined to think that whatever the practical intent of this campaign was, the real intent of the Greek was that the defence of Thermopylæ should be a serious effort to stay the march of the Persians. There can be little doubt that had a larger force been there and had the Greek fleet been able to hold the Persians in the strait, the Persian army would never have got south of Mount Œta. But this was not carried out, and my own idea is that the Peloponnesian

element did not want to risk a disaster so far north. They agreed very reluctantly to the plan of this northern defence, and when it came to carrying out their part of the agreement they sent a small force, hoping that the Bœotians and the Phocians would send large forces with the Peloponnesian contingents. The Bœotians and Phocians did nothing of the kind.

I want to turn to the next question, and that is with regard to the evidence of Herodotus on the topography of Thermopylæ. My impression is that there is no doubt whatever that Herodotus had seen Thermopylæ and knew it well. I was surprised to notice that in Dr. Macan's recent edition of the last three books of Herodotus he took the view that Herodotus had not seen the pass—I must just mention that Dr. Macan had not seen the pass himself, and I am rather disposed to think that it is rather dangerous to make a judgment of topography unless you have really seen the ground of which you are talking and read your author on the spot. Dr. Macan's reason for saying this is as follows. He points out—what is perfectly true—that Herodotus in his account of Thermopylæ describes objects in the pass as being to the east and west of the road and not to the north and south of it, as they are of course. But you can easily bring before your mind the position of an author to whom the compass was unknown and who probably had never seen anything that we should call a map; and you will, I think, understand that mistakes of orientation were very common. It is very easy for us to make those mistakes, and I will tell you when such mistakes are particularly common—when you are walking in a certain direction and gradually change it. You may change it without knowing that you have passed through a considerable angle of change. Now

Herodotus had, I think there is no doubt, travelled from the Hellespont, that is from the Dardanelles, right along the route of Xerxes, past Mount Athos, the canal of Xerxes just to the north, and down through Volo and Tempe (about which he has a lot to tell in another part of his story), through Lamia and down through Thermopylæ, and so, by way of Bœotia and Plataea, to Athens. He knows a very great deal with regard to the topography of the long route round the head of the Ægean. I take it that it is not any disproof of Herodotus having visited these regions that he does not expressly imply or mention that he has done so; his description is enough. A man who had travelled across Africa, if he were writing his life, would mention it with some pride; he would not mention that he had visited Paris.

We will take Herodotus's description, and I will give you some idea of what you may expect to see to-morrow. I will take Thermopylæ without Herodotus first, and then with Herodotus.

[The lecturer here described the pass with the aid of the maps.]

A small stream at the west entrance of the pass happens to be a very important point—the River Phœnix. Its name, meaning "red," is derived from the colour of the stream-bed, which is discoloured by oxide of iron. We shall go along under the cliff until we come to a point where at present the great wet marsh, which is where the sea was in former days, comes quite close under the cliff. That is the west gate of Thermopylæ of which Herodotus speaks. After that the high land rather recedes, and we get a long, regular slope. That slope is formed of the *debris* of a torrent (which must in winter be very large, though in summer it is a mere trickle), which comes down a great ravine. It has piled

up a mass of *debris*, consisting of rocks, to the height of 300 feet. It is a long, gradual slope. At the west gate, just as we turn to this long slope, on the right we shall see above us a building on a sort of shelf—old Turkish cavalry barracks.

Some one, I do not know who it is, has told Baedeker that this is the mound on which the Spartans took their last stand. We can dismiss that without the slightest difficulty. In the first place, it is quite obvious from what Herodotus says that that is not the place; and even if we had not the evidence of Herodotus, it would be quite capable of proof for this reason—that this bastion of Mount Œta is quite low. The height there is only 600 feet; and if anybody attempted to defend that western gate his position might easily have been turned by troops sent over this low bastion. It is not a strong defensible position, and of course it is not, in that case, the mound on which the Spartans took up their stand. It is an interesting place, but I will speak of that when I come to Herodotus.

Then we shall pass over the long slope of the *debris* to the point where the sea came under the cliff. The cliff is about 3000 feet high, not absolutely sheer, but for all practical purposes perpendicular and insurmountable. When we get there we shall find some rather rough buildings, which are the modern baths, and through these baths comes the hot spring which gives its name to Thermopylæ. That spring rises under the cliff at the edge of the pile of *debris*, if I remember rightly about a quarter of a mile above the bath buildings; but I am afraid that you will not be able to get at its actual source without great difficulty, because the way to it lies among a tangle of boulders and brushwood. We shall see when we get to the baths a wide stretch of white stuff. It is sulphur which has been deposited

at the foot of the cliffs, to the extent of fifty-five acres, by the springs in the course of ages. That sulphur deposit is rather useful for topographical purposes, for it practically coincides with that part of the road in ancient times where the passage was peculiarly narrow; in fact, that is the middle gate of Thermopylæ.

As we go along under the cliff we shall come to a place where there projects from it a rather insignificant bastion, insignificant compared with the immense height of the cliffs above it. That is the mound on which the Spartans took their last stand.

I was four weeks at Thermopylæ surveying there without having a ghost of an idea where that mound was; and I only discovered it by accident. From the bottom of the cliffs it looks like a mere projection, and you do not know until you go up it or behind it that it is only connected with the cliff by a narrow neck. A small valley lies behind it. When the ancient road came to this mound, it went up it and over the neck into the valley, and when I was there in 1899—two years after the war of 1897—it so happened that the Greeks had cut a rifle trench across the neck of the mound and exposed the foundations of what I think there can be no doubt was the Phocian wall which Herodotus mentions as having been built at this point of the pass. I do not think we need trouble very much about the rest of the road, but, as a fact, it goes on to where a rather high bastion comes down from Mount Œta and sinks rather suddenly into what was probably the sea. That is the east gate which Herodotus says was peculiarly narrow.

Now I want to tell you what Herodotus says. He begins his account at Lamia. When he comes to Thermopylæ, he mentions first that there is a

little river called the Phœnix. I have explained what the Phœnix is. If he had not been there, why in the world should he mention the Phœnix? It has nothing more to do with the Battle of Thermopylæ than the River Thames has. Had he got his account of the battle from any informant second-hand, why should the informant have mentioned the Phœnix? Then he speaks of the gate which he says is in front of Thermopylæ. He says that only one waggon could pass this point, and that when you get beyond it you come to Anthele. This can only have been on the comparatively gentle slope. Then he says that there also is the Temple of Demeter, and the seats of the Amphictyons. Of course one cannot be certain about this, but I think that the position of the Turkish cavalry barracks, which is a very striking one, is probably the site of the Temple of Demeter. In the foundations of these barracks are certain stones undoubtedly of Hellenic cutting, and my impression is that that is the site of the temple. He speaks of the middle gate and also mentions the Phocian Wall. In speaking first of the Phocian Wall he does not actually say that it is on the mound, but in speaking of the battle he does say so. He tells us how in the very last fight of all, on the very last day, Leonidas and his men withdrew behind the wall and made their last stand there. Then he goes on to mention the east gate. He does not mention a great wall running right down to the east gate, which has certainly played some important part in Thermopylæan; but when I do not know.

Now, with regard to the battle. We must now consider where the forces of Leonidas took up their position. First, we will say what we know, and secondly, we will speak of what we can conjecture. In the first place, what we know is this—that the main force of the Greeks, that is

to say, all except the 1000 Phocians, took up their position at the middle gate, probably on the mound and immediately behind it. The 1000 Phocians were sent to guard the pass called the Pass of the Anopæa. The Pass of the Anopæa is rather difficult to show on the map; but if any of you happen to be with me to-morrow I shall be able to show you one point in it 3500 feet above our heads, marked by a very prominent rock right up on the mountain. But that is all I shall be able to show you, unless we go near to the east gate, when I shall be able to show you its end as it comes down to the mountain. The path ends almost half-way between the east and middle gate. It comes down the mountain from the summit where is the modern village of Drakospilia. When you get to Drakospilia you get behind the summit of this ridge above Thermopylæ, and you go along up a high valley rising through dense forest of Scotch fir, the finest trees I have ever seen in Greece; but it is a path which only one person can get along at a time. There is not merely the density of the forest which delays you, but you are winding in and out among rocks the whole time. Finally you arrive at a point behind the summit which is above the middle gate. At that point there is an opening in the forest. It is not an opening due to recent clearing, but seems, as far as one can see, not to have had trees on it within any traceable time. Away from the road, slightly up the hill, is an ancient fort. From there you enter the forest again and begin to descend into the upper part of the ravine, where the scenery is very magnificent. Then you ascend the other side of the ravine and go along underneath the summit, which summit, as I say, we shall fortunately be able to see from the Pass of Thermopylæ. Then you get into the oak forest. At the present time you come to a modern

Greek monastery and finally descend. So far the path is absolutely certain. It is when you get to the far end of the path, what we may call the west end of the path, that the question as to the identity of its course becomes difficult. My own impression is that when it reached the site of the modern monastery, it descended the mountain slope to the mouth of the Asopus Ravine. You can see the crack of the ravine in the mountain about three miles to the west of the west gate. That was the path of the Anopæa by which Hydarnes led the Persian forces to turn the defence of Thermopylæ. The 1000 Phocians were posted on that path. I do not think there is any doubt that their position was high above the middle gate, and that the fort is a successor of a fort which was there very likely at the time of the battle. However, that is conjecture.

There is another point which I cannot leave out, though it is rather technical. You see, as far as roads suitable for a large transport train are concerned, the road through Thermopylæ was the only road into South Greece; but if you were sending men in light marching order into South Greece there is an alternative route, and that is along the stream bed of the Asopus. That ravine is a very remarkable one. It is about 700 feet deep at the mouth with absolutely perpendicular sides, and, in the middle, when you get a little higher up, it is perhaps 1000 feet with absolutely perpendicular sides, and for a long way through the middle of it the breadth is not more than 12 feet. Even on a bright summer's day the light is comparatively dim at the bottom of it. It is about $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles through.

Was it really of strategical significance with regard to the Battle of Thermopylæ? Was it defended? Herodotus never says that it was.

Could it have been used by the Persians? It certainly could not have been used by any large turning force; they could not have carried provisions through it, in quantities at any rate for them to be able to make the large circuit which would have been necessary to turn Thermopylæ by that particular route. But even suppose we were to make the conjecture that such a force might have been sent through there is this to be considered—that about a dozen shepherds at the top of that ravine with a handy supply of stones and rocks (which are always present on every Greek hillside) could have stopped the biggest army that ever tried to go through. I do not think that any force would have faced a hail of rocks and stones in a crack $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles long with a width of from 20 to 12 feet; so that I do not think the Asopus Ravine is of very great strategical significance with regard to the defence of Thermopylæ. There may have been defenders of it; that is to say, men posted at the top with a view to preventing its being used. There may not have been. Herodotus does not say anything about the subject. The nature of the ravine, I think, quite sufficiently explains the situation, and the situation is this—that in the days of Leonidas and in later times, as long as Thermopylæ remained a narrow passage between the cliff and the sea, Thermopylæ was looked upon as the gate of Greece. Those of you who know the history of the fourth century know how long Philip of Macedon waited before he attempted to force the passage of Thermopylæ.

All I have to say now is in regard to the details of the fighting. In the first day's fighting Leonidas probably had about 6000 men, and the Persians could make no way at all. They lost severely, so it is said, and there is no reason to doubt it. On the second day the same thing happened.

The question is where that fighting took place. It was not on the mound; that is quite clear. It must have taken place on the road under the cliff, with the sea immediately on the defenders' right and on the assailants' left. Probably the defence was half-way between the present baths and the mound.

Then Xerxes made up his mind that he could not force the pass by direct attack, and he was told that there was a way round. Consequently during the night of the second day he sent Hydarnes and the Immortals, a picked force, along the Anopæa. They started probably about six o'clock in the evening and made their way along the path. Now what happened? Just before dawn they seem to have reached the point where the Phocians were supposed to be on guard. The Phocians said they were surprised. They were, and they practically made no fight at all; so Hydarnes and his men went on. But messengers were sent from the summit to Leonidas with the information that the Persians were getting round the path and had forced the pass.

We now come to a question of times. If that pass was forced before dawn, we may reckon that it would take these men, if they were mountaineers, at least an hour to get down to Leonidas. The descent is a severe one, but, at any rate, we may reckon that Leonidas was aware by something like between five and six in the morning of what had happened on the top of the mountain. But he was probably also aware that these men would take still a very long time to get down into the pass behind himself, because the road was a mere track along which only one man could go at a time.

What happened on the third day? There lies the secret of Thermopylæ. You must remember

that in the relation of the Marathon story of Herodotus the importance lies in the evidence of Herodotus himself; in the relation of this story of Thermopylæ the importance lies rather in the nature of the tradition he followed, and he followed the only one surviving—the official Spartan version. We have the official Spartan version for the very good reason that the only men who could have given us any other version either died in the battle or behaved in such a way that they preferred to have the true account of their conduct kept quiet. For facts with regard to the fighting, Herodotus no doubt made inquiry on the spot from dwellers in the neighbourhood who had actually been spectators of what took place; but for motive, and everything of that kind, it is the Spartan version which he has followed, and you must remember that version would be likely to be perverted, because the Spartan Government, however brave the Spartans showed themselves at Thermopylæ, played false to Leonidas. I do not mean to say that it deliberately sacrificed him, but it thought that if the worst came to the worst he and his men could at any rate slip back through the pass. Why did not he slip back when the defence was practically turned? Because he does not seem to have thought that the defence really was turned? The crucial point in the story of Herodotus is here. When Leonidas heard of the capture of the path of the Anopæa we are told by Herodotus that the men with him wanted to give up the pass, and we are also told that Leonidas determined that he could not leave it and was not going to leave it, but that half the army went away and left him. But Herodotus says he cannot believe that tale, and he thinks that Leonidas sent them away. When one comes to look at the path of the Anopæa and to consider

the whole question of the difficulties of Thermopylæ, one is very much inclined to think that the truth was really this—that Leonidas remained with half of his army at the middle gate, intending to defend himself against the frontal attack, and sent the other half to stop those men coming by the path of the Anopæa, but that other half went away home. It was not very unnatural that they should do so. After all, they had been grievously left in the lurch by the authorities at the isthmus. Probably that tale is true; they did desert Leonidas, and Herodotus' account of their conduct is correct.

Do not imagine that I wish by rationalising to attempt to destroy the story of a great piece of heroism; but, at the same time, if one wants to get to the truth one has to examine the evidence. There is one piece of evidence with regard to the last stand at Thermopylæ which is quite irreconcilable with what is the official Spartan version of the story, namely, that Leonidas stopped there partly because it did not stand with the honour of the Spartan to retreat (which is very likely true) and partly because an oracle, so we are informed, had foretold that the Spartan king must perish in this war or the Spartans would be destroyed. I think we may suspect that the oracle is an invention of the official version. You might also say that there are two irreconcilable statements that come into this story. Leonidas, having made up his mind to sacrifice himself and his men, kept the Thebans with him. The Thebans, so Herodotus says, had Medised and were taken to Thermopylæ against their will. Plutarch says they were Theban patriots who went there with Leonidas at their own will; and Plutarch's story is probably correct. But there was another thing. He kept the Thespians with him. The Thespians certainly did not

come under the oracle, and there were no obligations on their part to sacrifice their lives under a sense of honour which we can admire though we may feel that it was one to which few men could perhaps rise.

Therefore my own impression is that the real tale of the last day at Thermopylæ is that Leonidas had found that in spite of his small numbers the pass was far more defensible than he or any one else had supposed it to be, and he really thought that if he could stop Hydarnes and his men before they got into the pass he might still save Greece. The heroism of the thing is quite obvious. It lies in the desperate nature of the defence where he himself, with 3000 men, faced an army of many times that number, and where he took the risk of being able to stop these men who were going to surround him, a risk which was of itself very great.

What happened we know. He heard later in the day, it must have been about mid-day, that Hydarnes was down in the pass, and he retired to the mound. That would be naturally the defensive position. He retired behind the Phocian Wall; the wall protected him, and the steep slope which goes down from the wall westwards would protect him from attack on that side. On the other side there was a steep slope down to a little valley. That is where he and the men with him died.

As regards the identity of the mound, I hope that those of you who are specially interested in the matter will accompany me to the mound, and I hope too that the remains of the foundations of the wall will be still apparent. We shall then, I think, be able to discuss the matter.

Mount Athos*

BY L. R. FURNEAUX

FIVE years ago I landed at Mount Athos and made a journey on that occasion across the peninsula from sea to sea and back, a distance altogether of about twenty-two miles, in the course of which we paid fleeting visits to five monasteries.

The landing place on the west of the peninsula is Daphni. We may or may not land there on Monday, but we did land there on that occasion, and the people who landed went different expeditions; some who were not anxious to take the long trip visited some monasteries near the coast, one, in particular, Simopetra. The actual course that I took was about three-quarters of an hour up the hill from the landing-place to the Monastery of Xeropotamos; thence to the capital of the peninsula, Karyæ, a town of about 2000 people. I suppose that it is the only town in the world inhabited exclusively by a male population not one of which is younger than about 16 or 17. I am not quite sure what the minimum age permitted is. Thence, after seeing a monastery in the place and another close by, Koutloumousi, we reached the east sea, just about the centre of the coast, at the Monastery of Iberon. Then we returned to Karyæ and made our way to a point farther north of where we had started from, to the Monastery Xenophontos.

If we are lucky on Monday, our plans will be entirely different. It is hoped that it will not be necessary to put in at Daphni at all this time, but to confine our attentions to the east coast.

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That, however, depends to a great extent on Providence and on the weather. Last time, the plans were similar for landing on the east coast, but the elements were too much for us and it was necessary to go to Daphni and land there.

Subject to alteration, at present it is proposed that we land in order to visit two different monasteries on the east coast, one well to the north, Batopaidion, and another on the southern extremity, right under Mount Athos itself, the Monastery of Laura. Possibly there may be time to put in a landing at Iberon, which is about half-way between the two on the east coast, but I think that that is unlikely.

Before I remove the map I had better say that the peninsula, from the isthmus to the end, is about thirty-four miles in length; its breadth is some five to eight miles, and Mount Athos itself dominates the southern extremity, rising to a height of almost 6400 feet. It is on the southern slopes of Mount Athos itself that the Monastery of Laura is situated.

It is usual, I believe, to administer powder with jam. I propose to distribute the mixture this time and give you a good deal of powder first of all without any jam, and then let you have a certain amount of jam in the form of lantern slides.

I propose to bring out a few salient points in the history of the peninsula, and to bring out also some of the divisions which exist in the classes and characters of its population. By no means all of them are monks in the ordinary sense of the word. Perhaps I might say a few words first of all on what must be of special interest to half my audience, and that is the strange regulation by which all members of one sex, and that the more graceful, are prohibited from

setting foot on the peninsula. The regulation is not confined to human beings. It applies also to cows and hens and all animals which can be said to be subject to human control. The birds, I am afraid, are not amenable to monastic discipline in such matters, and the ornithologist will find an immense amount of material for study. Insects also are not altogether controllable, and one hears weird stories of those who have accepted the hospitality of various monasteries as to certain predatory forms of insect life which appear to exist in abundance. The regulation, however, such as it is, exists from the eleventh century and is in full force at the present day. It has not been maintained absolutely intact through all those centuries, though I believe the monks, if questioned entirely deny that there has been any laxness, intentional or otherwise. For instance, one emperor's daughter paid a pilgrimage to the peninsula and was allowed to land, and I believe a Servian queen on one occasion; but one very serious inroad occurred there once. It was in the twelfth century, when a large migratory horde of Wallachians, with their flocks and herds and their womenkind, penetrated into the peninsula from the north and settled there. Many protests were raised by the monks, but in vain; the only concession that these undesirable inmates were willing to make was that their womenkind should dress in male clothing, which they proceeded to do. The monks got rid of them, after some twenty or thirty years, I think, by forging a decree from the Patriarch that they should be expelled, and expelled they were; but, lamentable to relate, a large number of the monks followed in their wake. It is said that even at the present time those who are skilled observers will find that there are not a few women on the peninsula working in the fields and employed in various

pursuits, always, however, dressed in men's clothing.

One thing I should like you to consider. If you find what I have to say to-night abnormally dull, you will be charitable enough to put it down to my regard for the ladies, because I feel that if I were to make the subject interesting and my account of the peninsula attractive, it would intensify the sadness which they will be only too liable to feel when we have to leave them on board. One suggestion I might offer. I believe that there is a fancy-dress ball some day next week. Perhaps a little rehearsing might be done beforehand. Shakespeare has given us a few instances in his plays of ladies who masqueraded as men, and perhaps a little fancy-dress effort in that direction might achieve the desired result. I have no doubt that Mr. Justice Ross would be ready enough to provide robes for the manufacture of a new Portia, and perhaps Captain Stanley would successfully array a new Viola.

The monks, not unnaturally, try to claim as great antiquity as possible for their different foundations. They wish to be regarded as having been in possession from apostolic times, or as near to them as they can get. I see that in the notes furnished to the passengers on this cruise a cautious statement is made about Mount Athos, that the oldest of the monasteries is said to have been founded by the Empress Pulcheria, of the fifth century. There was a Pulcheria of the fifth century, daughter of the Emperor Arcadius, but I believe that the real founder of the monastery Sphigmenos, that I suppose was referred to, was a Pulcheria, a sister of the Emperor Romanos III, of the eleventh century. One of the monasteries enjoys the name of Karakallou, and, with somewhat questionable taste, they claim for their

founder the Emperor Caracalla, of the third century, who was not merely an out-and-out pagan, but a pretty bad one at that.

The truth is that until the tenth century there were no monasteries at all on Mount Athos. Perhaps, even in classical days, the mountain was regarded as a holy mountain, in so far as, for instance, the summit of Mount Athos itself was crowned by a statue of Zeus. The statue has now given place to a Chapel of the Transfiguration. Somewhere about the fourth century of our era there was a great move in the direction of anchorite life. The term "anchorite" was connected with the idea of retreat. The anchorites were men who wished to live a life of complete retirement from the world, and they settled on this ground, which was already getting a reputation and beginning to be known as the Holy Mountain, in little groups; and so it went on for centuries.

The real monastic history of the peninsula begins in the tenth century. It was in 960 that a monk of the name of Athanasius—no connection with the "Athanasius contra mundum" who has given his name to our Creed—a native of Trebizond on the Black Sea, was called to accompany a Byzantine general (Nicephoros Phocas) as his confessor in an expedition which he made to Crete to wage war against the Sultan of Cordova. The war went on for about two years, and Nicephoros Phocas, who was a man of ascetic disposition, with strong religious instincts, was induced by Athanasius to found a monastery in the south-east of the peninsula—that of Laura, the earliest of all, so far as we can safely say. That was in 963. Nicephoros Phocas intended to be an inmate himself, but he was called to other spheres, and became emperor. In that position he was able to give rich endowments to this monastery. It flourished exceedingly from the very first.

Further, its success led to rapid imitation. Monasteries followed thick one upon another, and before the end of that tenth century there were already three others founded—one being Batopaidion, in the north-east, which we hope to visit, one Iberon, and one Philotheos. In the eleventh century eight more were added, most of them imperial foundations. It became a tradition that the emperors should be interested in this movement. In the twelfth century there were two more; in the thirteenth, one; in the fourteenth century there were four, one of them being Simopetra, which some of you visited five years ago. Last, some time after the others, came, about the middle of the sixteenth century, Stavroniketos.

About a century and a half after the first foundation, the Emperor Alexius I issued a decree absolving the monks of the peninsula from allegiance to the Patriarch of Constantinople, putting them in direct relations with himself, and giving them a position of very considerable independence. He paid them about as great a compliment as he could. That highly privileged position lasted from about the end of the eleventh century to early in the thirteenth, when the patriarchs were able to reassert their authority; and yet not, apparently, to the detriment of the power of the monasteries, because they were extremely powerful and influential, not merely on the Holy Mountain itself, but outside, in the fourteenth century in particular. A number of monks from the mountain were employed at the court and in diplomatic posts, and in various other positions of influence.

This prosperity led, about the fourteenth century, to a radical change in the character of the monasteries. Hitherto all the monasteries founded had been on the cenobite plan, a word

derived from two Greek words meaning "common life," a system of absolute communism, each under its own appointed leader, an *egumenos*, who was a despotic ruler; and these *egumeni* had their Synod at the capital, under the presidency of a *protas*, who, I think, was appointed by the emperor.

Now a new system came in, which is technically called the Idiorrhythmic system—the system of independent regulation. The monks thenceforth were not all bound to live the same life and have their meals at one common board, but they were allowed personal property, which had never been permitted before in cenobite monasteries, and is not now. They were allowed to divide themselves into separate groups. There was in due time a reaction against the idiorrhythmic principle, and from the end of the eighteenth century onwards many monasteries—in fact, the majority—have gone back from this system of comparative independence to the system of cenobite communism, and at the present moment the monasteries are almost half-and-half. I think there are eleven cenobite monasteries and nine idiorrhythmic.

One other point in the history I might mention. In the fifteenth century there came a great crisis in the East—the Turkish peril. In 1430 Salonica fell to the Turks. What happened then? You might suppose that the proximity of the Turks would make a great commotion and revolution in the Holy Mountain. Never perhaps did the monks show more collective wisdom than they did on that occasion. They reversed the adage so familiar to us. The Mountain went to Mahomet, and very wise it was to do so; they had no desire to see Mahomet coming to the mountain. A deputation from the monks visited the Sultan Murad II and extorted from him the retention

of their privileges, only having to submit to very few conditions, one being the payment of an annual tribute recognising the supremacy of the Sultan, and that tribute has been paid ever since. It amounts now, I think, to not more than about £600 every year, but it is still paid. The history went on uneventfully until almost our own days, when great disturbances and changes were introduced, of which I will speak in a minute.

I will just say a little about the different orders and classes of inhabitants of the Holy Mountain. In the first place there are a considerable number of hermits, and they are generally looked upon with immense awe and reverence by the rest of the inhabitants. It not uncommonly happens, for instance, that the inhabitants of the monasteries will seek out one of these hermits as a confessor or spiritual adviser rather than one of their own brethren. They live lives of the most extraordinary asceticism; in fact, they depend entirely on charity. It is customary, I believe, for a hermit to slip out at dark and resort to some fountain, where the monks from the nearest monastery will have put out a meagre supply of dry bread for his consumption. That is the sort of way in which they get their living.

Next to them come the anchorites—the survivors as you may say, of the old premonastic days. They are known now by a special name—the inhabitants of the different cellions on the mountains, celliots. They rent a house, garden, and allotment from one or other of the monasteries and make what they can out of it, and often they are able to make a good deal. Their lives, so far as I know, are not particularly painful. They do not consider themselves under obligations to attend all the church services of the monasteries, but they go there for the great festivals and fast days.

Then comes the curious division of skete; there are eleven villages, I believe, of skete. They are the artists and handicraftsmen of the Holy Mountain. They live in houses, little groups of them together; each house has its own elder. The collection of the elders in the village forms a sort of local board, and the president of that local board represents the village of the skete with the monastery in whose domain it comes. I should mention about the skete that the chief works of art in the island come from them, and if they find in the monasteries or bazaars at Karyæ anything specially good in the way of engraving or woodcarving, it is probably from the skete.

The next division I come to is that of the cenobite monasteries, absolute communism. No property is allowed whatever; their diet is entirely vegetarian—all meat is forbidden. The vegetarian diet includes fish, which is a plentiful source of industry to many of the monks, dried cheese, and the like. Wine I may add, and I think that nowhere on the Holy Mountain is wine regarded as a luxury. Abstinence from wine is not part of their asceticism. As to their attendance in church, the ordinary daily services take up about nine hours out of the twenty-four. I am perhaps misleading you when I say “daily” service; rather more than half of the nine hours is spent in the church between midnight and about 9 a.m. In addition to that there are special *agrupniæ* as they are called, somewhat suggestively days of sleeplessness, when the number of hours spent in the church out of the twenty-four amounts to sixteen—fifty of these in the year. I may say also, as regards their extreme sparseness of diet, that about half the year is spent in fasts—fifty days’ fast, as compared with our forty, before Easter, forty days’ again before Christmas,

and so on; and not infrequently the strength of the inmates is not enough to bear up against it.

Then the idiorrhythmic monasteries. There there is much more independence, much less of the service and the perpetual psalm-singing. One feature of some interest is that each monk is given the charge of a novice who is attached to him. He and the novice live together as a little spiritual family. The novice regards the elder as his father, and *vice versa* the elder regards the novice as his son, and the novice cleans up the rooms. These monks are allowed little separate settlements; they do not have their meals together, or not more than they like. These monasteries employ a large number of laity, extravagantly employ them very often. There is one instance of a monastery of some eighty or ninety monks which employs 250 servants and owns a hundred mules. That is lavish. In fact, not many of them can afford to keep it up, and in recent times several have had to give up the idiorrhythmic plan on grounds of economy and go back to the cenobite plan.

It has not always been the case that there has been such ignorance and such distrust of education in the Holy Mountain as there is at the present day. In old days many of the monks of the cenobite monasteries were engaged in working up memoirs and chronicles and copying manuscripts, and to them, no doubt, is to a great extent due the enormous wealth which stocks the different libraries in these monasteries. Now there is very little of that; there is general distrust of education and instruction. One interesting experiment was made at the monastery of Batopaidion in the middle of the eighteenth century. In a sudden access of ardour for education they started something like a university or academy, a large school at which

they engaged one of the greatest teachers of the day. That lasted but a very short time, and if we see Batopaidion, we shall see the lamentable ruins of that splendid experiment which was but too short-lived.

[The lecturer here administered some jam.]

There is one point of great interest in the history of our time, and that is what may be called the Russian invasion of the peninsula. From the earliest days the ascendant population of the Holy Mountain has been Greek. There were other races—there have been Servian monasteries, and Bulgarian and Russian monasteries at early dates; but in our own time the Slavonic element has become very much in the ascendant. When I was there five years ago there was a great deal of talk about it. The Russian invasion began not long after the Crimean War in the nineteenth century, and large numbers of Russians, especially, it would appear, soldiers who had served their time with the colours, were encouraged to take up their quarters in one or other of the Slav monasteries there, and little by little the Russians increased their influence. In 1872 the Russian Government managed to get into its own hands the direct control of the large part of the peninsula which was Slavonic property, and they have used that to the uttermost. They have used all kinds of means, diplomatic largely, and an enormous amount of interest has been shown in Russia in the affairs of the Holy Mountain, from the Tsar to the humblest peasant. Even the Russian Embassy at Constantinople has taken no slight part, though generally a hidden part, in what has been going on. It was in 1875 that the Russians got hold of a monastery which had been founded quite early, many centuries before, under the

name of Panteleimon, the All-Merciful. That is the monastery now known as the Russikon.

I told you something about the celliots. They generally live three together, but where the Russians have got hold of cellions they have magnified them almost to the dimension of the skete, making them into small villages of sixty or even seventy, and similarly they bought up some villages of the skete from other monasteries, Greek monasteries, and where they have done that they have magnified these villages into new monasteries altogether. When we passed Karyæ on our journey back five years ago, we came across an enormous monastery and inquired what it was, and we were told that it was the new monastery of St. Andrew. That had quite recently been a village of skete. People were speculating about it very much and were inclined to think that the Russians were wanting to make Mount Athos by degrees into a military station. It was noised abroad that certain ex-colonels were now in positions of directors of monasteries there, and it was pointed out that very similar efforts were being made in Palestine. I am rather relieved to hear that the Greeks in recent years have become alive to what really did seem to be a danger, and that a regulation has been passed by which no further sale transactions shall be made with the Russian Government. What I heard five years ago went to show that the Russians were exercising an enormous amount of influence by boycotting monasteries which did not fall in with their wishes. Of the goods which are sold in the bazaars at Karyæ an enormous proportion, you would find upon inquiry or examination, were made in Odessa and imported.

There is a great deal more which I should have liked to say, but I will conclude with a story which returns rather to the lines on which I

began. It is told by Curzon in his *Monasteries of the Levant* how when he was at Karyæ he was hospitably entertained by the Turkish resident there, and when he was at supper there entered the room, majestically, a large cat, which he noticed with admiration, though he made no comment on it at the time. He returned next morning to breakfast with the same Turk. There entered the room again during breakfast not merely the same cat, but also, sad to relate, two kittens. Well, this gave the show away, and he turned to the Turk and said, "I thought, Your Excellency, that there was a regulation upon the Holy Mountain forbidding access to all female animals." The Turk shrugged his shoulders and said, "Alas! yes, I know it, but what was I to do? It is lonely here. I brought her with me from Constantinople; she reminds me of my wife."

Oracles*

BY THE REV. DR. GOW

THE principle that was at the bottom of Greek popular religion was this—that nothing happened without somebody causing it—not *something*, but *somebody*, and it was a logical consequence of that belief to hold that if you could get at the cause of events you would know what was going to happen or what was the best course for you to pursue in given circumstances. Consequently there were various places in Greece where gods or demi-gods could be consulted, as the people believed. If you inquired of a god what was best for you to do or what was going to happen, he had means of knowing. He might himself be the cause; if not, he would know the persons who were the causes and would go and inquire of them and come and tell you. Therefore gods and demi-gods —heroes—were consulted in many different places.

There are said to have been at least 260 oracles existing in the Greek-speaking world, some, of course, of great importance, some of very little importance; but it is a curious thing that not one of them is in Attica. I do not know why—not because the Athenians were not superstitious enough to consult oracles, for they did. They sent very frequently to Delphi to consult the oracle there, but they had none in their own country.

The oracle at Branchidæ, the place that we were to have gone to but for untoward circumstances,

* A Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," on Monday, 15th April, 1912.

was an oracle of Apollo. I have been there because the *Argonaut* called there seven years ago on the suggestion of Mr. Hogarth, who was then excavating the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus. He said that it was a pity to come so far without seeing Branchidæ, and the ship called at Branchidæ the next morning early. Everybody who went on that expedition will remember that we had to walk about three miles across open fields and that in the middle of it we were overtaken by a most furious and dangerous thunderstorm, so that we arrived dripping wet, but what we saw was a very remarkable sight. There were two great columns standing with a fine architrave above, and there were two or three other columns lying on the ground, and there was a village on the top of them. Immediately behind the two great standing columns there was a windmill on a little mound, and there were cottages in and about the sacred precincts. It was at that time a site absolutely untouched. The pillars also were very remarkable, being carved with fantastic ornaments on the bases, such as an enormous head of Medusa, perhaps four or five feet high. Since then the Austrian School, which has been finishing its work at Ephesus, has transferred some of its staff to Branchidæ, and has cleared the Temple site, and, I believe, put up one or two of the fallen columns.

I will tell you a little about the oracle at Branchidæ before I go any farther. It was a very famous oracle among the Greeks of Asia Minor, and it was also known as far away as Egypt. An Egyptian king sent to the temple a present of armour. It had its chance of being the most famous oracle in all Greece, because Croesus, King of Sardis, about 560 B.C., wanted to consult an oracle and sent out embassies to seven of the chief oracles then existing. His instructions to

the ambassadors were that they were to inquire of the oracle on a particular day what he was doing on that day, and they were to report the answers to him. The ambassadors arrived at the different places in due course, and the oracle at Delphi replied that it could smell a tortoise and a lamb seething in the same pot. The oracle at Branchidæ did not give any relevant answer at all—at any rate, not the right one; and when the ambassadors came home it turned out that the answer of Delphi was right and that Croesus on that particular day, intending to invent a puzzling thing for the oracle to discover, had, in fact, chopped up a tortoise and a lamb and was boiling them in a pot. Branchidæ lost its chance.

There is another story in Herodotus about Branchidæ. When Sardis was taken by Cyrus, the same Cyrus that is mentioned in Isaiah, about 556 B.C., he put into it a governor called Pactyas. After Cyrus had gone away with his troops, Pactyas revolted, but failing in his rebellion fled to a place called Cyme in the north of Asia Minor. Cyrus demanded that the people of Cyme should give him up. They sent to consult the oracle as to what they should do, and it said, "Yes, give him up"; but when this oracle was reported to the people of Cyme, a man there called Aristodicus was dissatisfied with the answer, thinking that the god would not advise them to do anything so impious as to give up a man who had fled to them for protection. So the people sent another embassy, including Aristodicus, to ask once more whether they should give up Pactyas, and the god again said, "Yes, give him up." When Aristodicus heard this answer he got up on the roof of the temple (not the existing temple, but an older one) and began clearing out the birds' nests that were there; and while he was doing this a great voice from the interior told

him to stop and not to interfere with the suppliants of the gods. "Why are you guilty of this sacrilege in destroying these creatures that depend on my protection?" "Oh," said Aristodicus, "I thought you did not care about suppliants since you advised us to give up Pactyas." The god, being non-plussed, then answered, "I told you to give up Pactyas because I wanted Cyme to be destroyed for impiety." Aristodicus and his friends took back this answer to the people of Cyme, and they, being now enlightened, did not give up Pactyas, but sent him to Mitylene, where his life was saved.

But I must return to oracles in general. You will have noticed, I think, that the word "oracle," although it properly means the place where the god or hero could be consulted, is sometimes used for the god or hero himself and sometimes for the answer he gives. In this friendly conversation I may use the words with some confusion, which I will ask you to excuse.

An oracle would give advice as to what you should do in present circumstances, or what was likely to happen, or what you should do in circumstances that were likely to happen. There were three sorts of oracles. There were oracles which would give you an answer "Yes" or "No," there were oracles where the inquirer had a dream or a vision which he might interpret as he pleased or which he could get the priest to interpret for him, and there were oracles where the inquirer did nothing but ask his question and the answer was provided by the prophet or priest or both combined. Now you will see that some kind of oracles involved no imposture and some involved imposture. For instance, the oracle at which you only got the answer "Yes" or "No" involved no more imposture than there is in tossing up a coin. The oracle where you drew lots for your answer involved no imposture. You took your

chance and you knew that you were taking your chance. That kind of oracle was known to the children of Israel, for the High Priest had such a one on his breast. You will remember that he wore a little breastplate which contained various precious stones, and that from the flashing of these stones indications of the Divine Will were drawn. The breastplate was called Urim and Thummim. Nobody knows exactly what those words mean, but it is plausibly conjectured that they really mean "Yeses and Noes." It is a curious parallel that at the oracle of Jupiter Ammon in Libya answers were obtained from the flashing of the emeralds on the image of the god as he was carried in solemn procession from his temple. There are a great many people in England now who use a kind of divination which is equally honest. Country women often when they want an answer to a question prick the Bible with a needle, and where the needle stops they find a text which sometimes indicates what course they ought to pursue. Some of them do it with a Prayer-book. In the Middle Ages they used to do it with Virgil, and by inserting a needle in the leaves would fix upon a line of Virgil which sometimes seemed of special significance to their case. There is no imposture there. There is superstition of course, but you take your chance knowing that you are taking your chance.

In speaking of imposture and no imposture, it is proper to remember that there are certain cross-divisions. If you go to a place and have a dream and interpret it for yourself, there is no imposture; but if you tell your dream to the priest and the priest gives you the answer that he thinks best, then of course there may be imposture; and, similarly, if you went to an oracle where the priestess and the priest between them made up your answer, it would depend on

what you were inquiring about whether there was imposture or not. For instance, at Delphi, if you asked advice about the present state of affairs you often got very wise and sensible answers; if you asked about the future the chances were that you got a very ambiguous answer or one that was wholly an imposture.

The order in which oracles arose seems to me to have been this. The earliest oracles were those which gave only "Yes" or "No" for an answer. Then there developed a series of oracles which interpreted dreams, and thirdly oracles at which you got a definite answer to a complicated question. The less important oracles, in the main, were dream oracles. For instance, at the shrine of Asclepius at Epidaurus, opposite Attica, people used to consult the god about their diseases, for Asclepius was a great medicine man, the son of Apollo, and people who were ill would go to the temple at Epidaurus and sleep there and have a dream. This dream was interpreted by the priests as directing a certain course of treatment, and though at first I dare say there must have been some imposture about it, yet the priests of Asclepius did develop a very considerable knowledge of medicine and frequently gave very good advice to their patients. There were other dream oracles elsewhere. There was one at the cave of Trophonius at Lebadea in Bœotia. Here the consultant had to go through a terrible process. He was kept a week or more undergoing certain purifications; he was then let down into a deep hole in the ground, and at the bottom of it something happened to him which I cannot explain—either he got a knock on the head or else he was half suffocated; but at any rate he had to put his legs through a very narrow hole in the ground, and when he got his legs through his body seemed to be rushed along down a deep

cavity from which he was hauled back insensible. As he came to, he either had a vision or heard voices which he afterwards described to the priests, and the priests told him what they meant. but it was a treatment that was very shattering to the nerves, and the people who describe it speak of it with horror.

There was an oracle of Hermes, whom the Latins call Mercury, at a place called Pharæ in Achæa. A very curious oracle this was. There was an image of the god in the market-place, and the consultant had to offer incense before it, to burn lamps, and to leave a piece of money on the altar. He would then whisper his question into the ear of the god and go away, and the first remark that he heard in the market-place after leaving the god was the answer to his question. He had to do the best he could with it.

There are two oracles in particular about which I ought to give you a little more detail. One of them was at Dodona in Epirus, and the other was the oracle of Delphi. The oracle of Dodona in Epirus was perhaps the oldest in Greece. At any rate it was known to Homer, for in the *Odyssey* Odysseus himself says that he had been to consult the oracle at Dodona. There was an oak tree or a grove of oak trees there, and in one of these oaks there appears to have been an image of Zeus, and the trees were tended by some people whom Homer calls "Selli with unwashed feet who slept on the ground," evidently a wild kind of tribe. It would appear that the consultant got his answer from the rustling of the leaves, or possibly from the cooing of the doves that lived in the sacred oak. I imagine that at Dodona there were two kinds of oracles, one which would give you "Yes" or "No," and the other, of later date, which would give an answer to an involved question. At any rate, you could get an oracle

by drawing lots at Dodona as well as from the oak tree, and there was another very extraordinary mode of consultation. The Corcyreans gave to Dodona a bronze statue of a man with a whip in his hand, and to the lash of this whip there were attached some knuckle bones. When the wind blew, it blew these knuckle bones against a copper cauldron and you got your answer from the noise that the cauldron made. The priest of course had to interpret it, and I cannot conceive that it can have been anything else but a "Yes" or "No" answer. But certainly there were priestesses at Dodona who were called "pigeons," and in Plato's time these priestesses were thrown like the priestesses at Delphi, into a state of frenzy and uttered incoherent cries which were interpreted by the priests of the temple, who thus gave answers to rather complicated questions. This temple at Dodona was destroyed in 219 B.C. and never recovered any prosperity. The site was excavated some thirty or forty years ago by a Greek gentleman who presented all the discoveries to the Athens Museum, where you say a room full of them. Among other things he found a great number of leaden tablets on which were written questions asked of the god. One of these came from the people of Corcyra, or Corfu—a very quarrelsome people, and the question that they asked was what god they should pray to in order that they might live at peace with one another. I do not know what the answer to that was, but you see the kind of question which might be addressed to an oracle by a Greek State in the fifth century B.C.

The chief oracle of course was the oracle at Delphi. I ought perhaps to say that the Italians did not care much for oracles. There was an oracle of Fortune at Præneste (Palestrina), at which the consultant drew lots, but very little

is said about oracles in Roman history. If the Romans wanted an oracle, they sent to Delphi for it, but their common method of divination, of asking the will of the gods, was to look at birds in the sky. You got an augur, who was a kind of priest, to mark you out a square on the ground. You sat down in this square, and he then marked you on the sky a certain *templum*. He would say, "The *templum* is from the pinnacle of that building to that chimney-pot," or "to that tree," and give you an area of sky which you were to watch and count how many birds came from the right or from the left. If you got more from the right than from the left the gods were favourable to you. It was a kind of "Yes" or "No" question always with the Romans. "Is this a proper day for leading the army out? Yes or no?" "Is this a proper day for holding a fair or an election? Yes or no?" They took their answer and acted upon it. But at Delphi in Greece very difficult questions were asked.

You will remember that the other day I told you *à propos* of Pelion and Ossa and Olympus that there was supposed to be a fight there between the gods and the giants, and that this story of a fight represented a tradition of a real conflict between two races, one of which believed in infernal gods that lived in the earth and exercised their influence from below, while the other race believed that the gods lived in heaven and exercised their influence from above. Many things turn on that. For instance, it is probable that the same persons who thought that the gods lived below in the earth would bury their dead, while those who believed that the gods lived above would burn them: for they all believed profoundly in the immortality of the soul and supposed that their dead forefathers would go to the gods, whether to an underground region or to a heavenly

Valhalla. In later times these customs and beliefs were confused.

However, you are to imagine that in some prehistoric time there was a conflict between two races, one of which believed in earthly, the other in heavenly, gods. The original oracle at Delphi was of the earth. Tradition is unanimous about that. And there was there a sacred snake, but it is not quite clear what the snake was there for. I myself think that they derived "Yes" or "No" oracles from watching the eyes of the snake, as certainly some savages do. The snake lived in a hole in the ground, and it came out looking very wise, and it was supposed that it was on familiar terms with those persons underground who were the causes of events that are happening and are going to happen. The snake knew, and from the look of its eyes people inferred, or thought they inferred, what was the opinion of the underground world on the question that they were concerned about.

Apollo, who was a heavenly god, an Olympian god, was said to have killed this snake. After killing it he fled to Tempe to purify himself, according to the story, and in Tempe he plucked branches of bay tree and brought them to Delphi, and some memory of Apollo's visit to Tempe was always preserved in Delphi, for every eight years the Delphians sent a deputation of young boys to Tempe, who took part in some sacred ceremony there and plucked boughs of bay and brought them back home, where they were made into crowns, some of which were given to the actors who won prizes in the Delphic games. It may be that those seats covered with bay leaves on which we sat for lunch at Tempe represented a custom two or three thousand years old.

But to return. Apollo killed the Pytho, the sacred snake at Delphi, which was apparently

a source of divination. Euripides says that Mother Earth, to avenge herself, then invented dream divinations. He does not say, I think, that she did so at Delphi, and it was not necessary that she should, but I believe that Euripides represents rightly the development of this sort of divination when he says that after the death of the Pytho dream divination was introduced. In other words, "Yes and No" oracles were succeeded by dream oracles.

However, Apollo set up his shrine in Delphi, and henceforth Delphi became an oracle at which you could ask quite complicated questions, and complicated questions were asked. Its vogue, so far as I know, begins with that question of Cræsus to which the Delphic oracles gave the right answer about the tortoise and the lamb. Of course it was a famous oracle before, but after that time it became *the* most famous oracle of all oracles in Greece.

Suppose you were in Athenian and you wanted an answer to an important question from the Delphic oracle, probably what you did was this. You went to Delphi, and first to the so-called Treasury of the Athenians there, which appears to have been a sort of Consulate where you could change your money and receive instructions about approaching the oracle and get a list of the available lodgings and other useful information. Supposing you were comfortably settled in Delphi, then you would have to wait some days before you could approach the god at all. Certain persons had the right of approaching the god directly. One of them was Cræsus, who gave very great gifts to the temple, another was the State of Sparta, another was Philip of Macedon in the fourth century. These had precedence and could approach the god before anybody else; but supposing you were a private person you had

to wait some time, and no doubt the priests employed that time very usefully in finding out who you were, what sort of question you were going to ask, and why you wanted an answer to this question. At any rate they gave on certain occasions very good answers which can only have been given by some one who had considerable acquaintance with the consultant beforehand. When your day came you balloted for your turn to approach the god, and I suppose you paid your fees. There were three priestesses and a great number of priests in attendance on the temple. The priestess mounted her tripod, which was situated in the *adytum*, in the secret part of the temple, and somehow or other she was thrown into convulsions, though nobody knows how. The ancients, some of them, thought that the tripod was placed over a chasm from which mephitic vapours came up. Some thought that she chewed bay leaves, but I believe that chewing bay leaves does not necessarily throw you into convulsions. In her convulsions she uttered incoherent cries which the interpreter-priest who sat by her side took down and studied, and afterwards he produced the answer which he gave to you.

The oracle at Delphi was so famous that it was always consulted before the Greeks sent out a colony anywhere. Thus the city of Syracuse was founded upon the advice of the oracle. The site had been chosen before by the Corinthians—it was a Dorian colony—but before they actually sent out the men they obtained the consent of the Delphian Apollo.

This oracle was celebrated for its ambiguous answers. Two of the most famous of them are these. When Croesus, the same Croesus who had consulted Delphi before, consulted the oracle on the question whether he should fight the Persians or not—Cyrus, the King of Persia, was

then advancing into Asia Minor—the oracle gave this answer, “Crœsus, by crossing the River Halys [which was the boundary between his kingdom and Cyrus’s] will destroy a great empire.” So he did, but it was his own. Another similar oracle was given to Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who was fighting against the Romans in Italy about 295—285 B.C. Pyrrhus consulted the oracle at Delphi, and received an answer of which we have the Latin translation, and which means, “I say that you, son of Æacus, the Romans can conquer.” That, you see, even in English, is ambiguous, but Pyrrhus took it to mean that he could conquer the Romans, whereas the Romans conquered him. A Delphic utterance, meaning an ambiguous phrase that might bear either of two opposite meanings, was famous in antiquity and is still proverbial among us.

One other thing I should tell you about the oracle at Delphi, for it exercised a great deal of influence on Greek history, and that is that in the Persian War, about which you have heard so much on this voyage, the Delphic oracle nearly always counselled submission. The States that consulted it as to whether they should fight the Persian or not nearly always received an answer to the effect that they should give in. But, on one occasion, when the Athenians consulted the oracle it told them to trust to their wooden walls. There was some dispute as to what that meant, and some people barricaded the Acropolis with wooden gates and shut themselves up there and thought they had thus made themselves safe, but most of the Athenians, including Themistocles, said that to trust their wooden walls meant that they should take to their ships. On this understanding the women and children were taken taken away to Trœzen, while the men manned the ships and fought in the great Battle of Salamis

and so saved their country. But in later times through the Peloponnesian War, that is to say, after 431, the Delphic oracle was thought in Athens to be steadily favouring Sparta, and it fell into great disrepute. The dramatist Euripides, for instance, is always girding at the Delphic oracle, and trying to persuade his countrymen not to consult it, and in the next century Demosthenes complained that the oracle was favouring Philip and was steadily against Athens. This Philip was Philip, King of Macedon, who descended upon Southern Greece in 338 B.C., and seized the pass of Thermopylæ which we visited the other day.

Of course, with the progress of philosophy and the generalisation of religion, oracles gradually fell into disuse, but it was a long time before they actually decayed. The Delphic oracle continued to exist and was consulted on trivial matters as late as the fifth century after Christ, when it was finally suppressed by Theodosius. But the superstition which led people to consult oracles still exists, as in the case of the country folk who prick the Bible for a relevant text. I believe that in Old Moore's Almanac there are contained a number of prophecies, and that one year, I think about thirty years ago, when these prophecies were left out, the sale of the book fell off so much that they were promptly restored.

Knossos*

BY THE REV. CANON S. R. JAMES

WE are going to take a leap backwards, not for centuries only but for thousands of years, and we are going to pass from our cursory study of Hellenic civilisation to one of a civilisation which is far, far more remote. Until twelve years ago that civilisation was practically unknown; it was only in 1900 that Mr. Arthur Evans began his research. There are books on board, one called *The Kings of Crete* for instance, and there are theories in that and other books, but in case some of you may not have been so industrious as to read them up, I will summarise the results which have been arrived at and will give them without any comment.

Before 3000 B.C. was the Stone Age—that is, the age in which weapons and implements of all kinds were made of stone—an age divided into the Palæolithic and Neolithic periods. Traces of the later of these two periods have been found in Crete, but not of the earlier.

About 2800 B.C. the Bronze Age began—i.e. the age when metal began to be substituted for stone, and the so-called Minoan period lasting from say, 2800 to 1200 B.C. covered the Bronze Age. I am not going to trouble you with elaborate divisions of this period. It is divided into three main parts, each of these into three sub-divisions; but for our immediate purpose it will be enough to say that the *earlier* palace at Knossos belongs to the early middle period, about 2200 B.C., and was destroyed about 1900 B.C.; the later palace

* A Lecture given on the R.M.S. "Dunottar Castle," on Tuesday, 16th April, 1912.

was built about 1800 B.C., and this was remodelled and brought to its highest perfection about 1500 B.C., the golden age of Crete. Then came a tremendous catastrophe. We know not who wrought it, but within a hundred years of its greatest prosperity and beauty the palace was destroyed by fire with frightful devastation. Subsequently it was reoccupied, but clearly only partially and without any attempt at restoration.

The civilisation, of which Crete was the centre, has left traces in many quarters of the Ægean. Crete, as has been pointed out, was a half-way house between three continents—Asia Minor, the Libyan projection of Africa, and the Peloponnesus in Europe. I will not now discuss the great question of trade routes, but people are coming to see how much of history depends upon them. The very existence of such places as Troy, Syracuse, Carthage, Corinth, is closely connected with them—and no doubt the same is true of the centres of Minoan civilisation—that is, given a knowledge of trade routes, you come to see why places grew to importance and lost importance. The civilisation, then, of which Crete was the main centre belonged to the Bronze period. During that period a white folk, with long-shaped heads, speaking a language not akin to Greek, traded as far as the Danube north and the Nile south, and spread over the coasts of Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægean. Later on, say after the destruction of Knossos, the balance shifted to the mainland—for instance to Tiryns and subsequently Mycenæ.

There is proof positive that the Cretans had close relations with Egypt: this we know not only from the evidence of pottery, but also from some tombs in Egypt representing the Keftins or Cretans. And there is strong reason to believe that the Cretans, after the ruin of their own king-

dom, reappeared as the Philistines who so long maintained enmity against the men of Israel.

Well, our immediate concern is with Knossos—the remains of the buildings on the site, and the collection of art treasures in the museum. First a few words about the museum.

I cannot venture into the region of pottery—it is too extensive, and would require larger and clearer descriptions than I can give; but you have your guide-books to help you there.

The special objects which you should look for from Knossos (out of a countless number) are:

- (a) The wall-paintings of the cup-bearer, the dolphins, the bull-fight, with male and female acrobats.
- (b) The life-size coloured relief of the bull's head.
- (c) The carved ivory acrobats.
- (d) The coloured porcelain statuettes of snake-charmers.
- (e) The stone vases.
- (f) The bronze swords.
- (g) Gems, clay tablets, seal impressions.
- (h) The king's "chess-board."

From Phaistos:—

Sarcophagus.

Black vases of steatite with figures.

Gold necklaces and jewellery.

From Aghia Triada:—

Cat hunting pheasant.

It will not take you long to see that these early Cretan folk had reached a very high degree of proficiency in every branch of art, and the extremely modern character of many of the figures is positively startling. You will notice the features of the people and their almost French costumes. The ladies, and I am afraid the men too, seem to

have been given to wearing tight corsets (is that the right word?), and the *tout ensemble* differs as widely as possible from anything you have seen of Greek features, figure, and drapery.

But in the Mycenæan treasures that you saw at Athens in the museum there, you have already studied works of art closely connected with these Cretan works: indeed, many people believe the Vaphio cups to be of Cretan origin. There is no doubt that the Cretans were very skilful workers in metal. But practically all precious-metal objects were cleared out of Knossos when the place was sacked.

The museum ought to take the whole day, but that is out of the question, for more reasons than one.

The distance from Candia to Knossos is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, along a pleasant country road. There might be some dust, and the ruins of the palace lie on the same level as the road, and down the slope of a valley beyond, so that as seen from the point of approach they do not present a very commanding appearance.

Most of you, no doubt, have a ground plan in your books; but even with that to help you, the first impression produced is extremely bewildering. Dr. Evans has put up a wooden tower in the middle of the great court, and the best thing to do is to make your way there and climb it, and study your map (only mind you get it the right way up). Several of the most important rooms are now roofed in, and a good many restorations of pillars in wood have been made. These are amply justified, for wood was the material of which the pillars were originally made, and their shapes and colouring are reproduced from some of the frescoes still extant.

When you are in the central court or on the tower, stand facing north; on your left, *i.e.*

westwards, lie the Throne Room and its antechamber, now roofed in. Once find these, and you ought to have got your bearings. On this same western side of the great court lay vast ranges of storehouses, from which you get some idea of the magnificent scale on which things were carried on there. Rows and rows of great earthenware vessels for containing oil and grain are still in place, and there are cells once lined with lead for other stores. Here, too, I believe, were found the great numbers of clay tablets covered with inscriptions; but hitherto the script in which they were written has not been deciphered. It seems to be feared that the records will mostly be found to contain lists of stores, weekly washing bills and butchers' books, and uncommonly little history of more important affairs.

South of the Throne Room, about four rooms off, are two contiguous rooms with square pillars in them, on the sides of which you see carved the symbol of the *double axe* in several places. This symbol of the double axe is of great importance, for it appears in countless instances, and is clearly connected in some way with the religion of the Minoan period. And its Greek form *Labrys* suggests most invitingly a connection with the word Labyrinth. You remember how the old Greek legend said that at Knossos in the Labyrinth lived the monster Minotaur, to whom a horrid tribute of human victims was regularly paid, and how Theseus came as one of the victims and with the aid of Ariadne slew the monster—and here, on the spot at Knossos, you will see how plausibly all this legend may be explained. Here you have the Labyrinth or palace of the axes—and none of you will deny, after a cursory inspection, that the palace in its ruined condition might well suggest the idea of a labyrinth or maze. Here you have the abode of Minos, and here you

find that the bull Tauros was one of the chief objects of worship—at any rate the bull is constantly represented at Knossos both in painting and in modelling. And one of the main tendencies of the Greeks was to weave a story to account for mysterious things which they did not understand. But I cannot go into further discussion as to the religion of the Minoans, nor can I say anything of their burial customs and ceremonies. Much new information has been obtained in the latest excavations on these subjects.

Return now to the great court, cross to the eastern side, and visit the rooms there, access to which was by the grand staircase, once of five flights, three of which remain. South of this staircase are the great hall of the colonnades and the hall of the double axes, and south of them again the queen's hall, with adjacent baths and lavatory—all very modern and with a better system of drainage than that in vogue at modern Athens. For health's sake, I would much rather live in the palace of Minos than in the town of Athens.

You will notice that light was supplied to these rooms by holes in the roof, or light-wells. I do not know what happened when it rained, but at other times it was very well lighted.

This eastern side of the palace was, so to speak, the "private side" of the building, where the sovereign and his queen or queens lived. North of the apartments just mentioned you will find an oil press and other offices; and south is a small sanctuary of later date in which various objects connected with worship are preserved, for after the great catastrophe the palace was partly reoccupied and repaired, and these remains belong to that later period.

I am not going to worry you with much more detail about the palace: it is a bewildering place,

but with the help of your plan you will find the most intelligible parts of it fairly easily. There are several outlying buildings which I have not touched upon. There is a little villa which is worth looking at if you have time, and across the road where you come in there are the remains of another palace, but unless you have plenty of time to spare you need not worry about these buildings. There is a charming river and about a dozen nightingales in every bush.

But please remember that about 1400 B.C. the palace was destroyed by fire, and as wood was a material largely employed in its construction, especially in the upper stories, the ravages of the fire must have been very extensive. It is not at all easy to make a mental reconstruction, but the mere size of the site covering as it does over five acres of ground, is sufficiently impressive. What strikes one is that, although the whole palace was on such a big scale, the rooms were not on a very large scale; even the great hall was a comparatively small apartment; but the general size of the building must have been immense.

I have not said anything about what is called the theatral area. It is very conspicuous, near where you come in. It has puzzled archæologists very much. It is not a theatre, because it is not circular, but rectangular, and the steps of it are so very low that it is a puzzle to guess what it was used for. It is possible that they may have had bull-fights there. You will see for yourself, and any theory you may form is about as likely to be right as any other.

The last point—you will be glad to hear that it is the last point—that I want you to notice is that it was not fortified. Though there was a guard-house outside the north entrance, by which people would come from seawards, the palace was not fortified, nor were any other of the palaces

of this age, a fact which proves that the Minoans had command of the sea; and proves, too, that a sea power which has lost command of the sea is on the brink of ruin—*verb. sap.*

Remember further that we have no knowledge whatever of the circumstances in which the great catastrophe occurred, nor even who it was that overcame the Cretan fleet. So, ladies and gentlemen, I leave you to speculate on the character and habits of this remarkable people, whose very existence was not known twelve years ago, but who are clearly proved to have had intimate relations with Egypt and other countries in the Eastern Mediterranean, and to have attained an astonishingly high level of civilisation; and I beg you, while you contemplate the ruined relics of a glorious past, to think of Nineveh, and Babylon, and Tyre, and Carthage, and Egypt, and Crete—what great parts they played in the world's history in their respective periods of prosperity, and how utterly they have ceased to live and exercise any influence over later ages except very indirectly. Will it ever be so with our own country and our own civilisation? That depends largely upon us and our descendants.

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Pre-War Itineraries of the Club Cruises.

THE ISLES OF GREECE AND TROY

1908

- Wednesday, April 15, 1908. Leave LONDON for Marseilles.
- Thursday, April 16. Arrive MARSEILLES morning; sail at noon.
- Monday April 20. Arrive CORINTH early morning to land passengers who will visit Acro-Corinth and proceed to Piraeus by special train, stopping for two hours at ELEUSIS. After landing passengers the vessel will proceed through the Canal, arriving in the evening at Piraeus.
- Tuesday, April 21. Leave PIRAEUS night.
- Wednesday, April 22. Arrive at CAPE COLONNA (SUNIUM) in the early morning. Passengers who wish to land will do so before breakfast, and the vessel will proceed thence to MARATHON where she will arrive about noon, leaving again about 4 p.m.
- Thursday, April 23. Arrive Molo (for THERMOPYLAE). Passengers will land about 9 a.m., and the vessel will sail about 4 p.m.
- Friday, April 24. Arrive Isagesi (for TEMPE) in the early morning and leave in the afternoon.
- Saturday, April 25. Land at Besika Bay or Kum Kale (for TROY).
- Sunday, April 26. SAMOS (Tigani) leaving about 1 p.m.
- Monday, April 27. SMYRNA (for EPHESUS) leaving in the evening.
- Tuesday April 28. Arrive DELOS in the early morning, leaving about noon, and steaming in the afternoon between the islands of the *Santorin Group*.
- Wednesday, April 29. Megalo Kastron (for KNOSSOS), leaving in the afternoon.
- Thursday, April 30. Kalamata (for *Messene* and *Ithome*) leaving in the evening.
- Saturday, May 1. The STRAITS OF MESSINA.
- Monday May 4. Arrive MARSEILLES mid-day.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

1909

CORINTH (for Acro-Corinth), ELEUSIS, Piraeus (for ATHENS), CAPE COLONNA, MARATHON, Santa Marina (for THERMOPYLAE), Volo (for TEMPE), Kavanlik Liman (for TROY), SAMOS, SMYRNA (for EPHEBUS), DELOS, SANTORIN, Megalo Kastron (for KNOSSOS), Kalamata (for MESSENE and ITHOME).

LEAVING MARSEILLES, THURSDAY, APRIL 8.

RETURNING TO MARSEILLES, MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1909.

ITINERARY.

Wednesday, April	7.	Depart LONDON.
	8.	Depart MARSEILLES.
Monday,	12.	CORINTH.
	12.	PIRAEUS (for ATHENS).
	14.	CAPE COLONNA.
	14.	MARATHON.
	15.	SANTA MARINA.
	16.	VOLO.
	17.	KAVANLIK LIMAN.
	18.	SAMOS (TIGANI).
	19.	SMYRNA.
	20.	DELOS.
	21.	MEGALA KASTRON (CRETE).
	22.	KALAMATA.
	26.	MARSEILLES.
	27.	Arrive LONDON.

We have unfortunately not preserved a copy of the 1910 itinerary.

MARSEILLES, SYRACUSE, ITHACA, Itea (for DELPHI), Phaleron Bay (for ATHENS), DELOS, RHODES, LINDOS, CRETE, and NAPLES,

1911

PORT	ARRIVE	DEPART
LONDON		Wednesday, April 12, morning, via Paris.
MARSEILLES		Thursday, April 13, noon.
SYRACUSE	Sunday, April 16, morning.	Evening.
ITHACA	Tuesday, April 18, morning.	Afternoon.
ITEA (for DELPHI)	Wednesday, April 19, morning.	Evening.
CORINTH CANAL		Thursday, April 20, early morning.
AEGINA	Thursday, April 20, morning.	
PHALERON BAY (for ATHENS)	Thursday, April 20, evening.	Friday, April 21, evening.
DELOS	Saturday, April 22, morning.	Afternoon.
COS	Sunday, April 23, morning.	Morning.
HALICARNASSUS	Monday, April 24, morning.	Midday-
CNIDOS	Monday, April 24, afternoon.	
RHODES	Tuesday, April 25, morning.	Mid-day.
LINDOS	Tuesday, April 25, afternoon.	Evening.
MEGALO KASTRON (for Knossos)	Wednesday, April 26, morning.	Afternoon.
NAPLES	Saturday, April 29, morning.	Evening.
MARSEILLES	Monday, May 1, morning.	
LONDON	Tuesday, May 2 (If desired, via Paris.)	

GREECE AND ASIA MINOR

1912

PORT	ARRIVE ABOUT	DEPART ABOUT
MARSEILLES	Monday, April 8, morning.	Thursday, April 4. Monday, April 8, evening.
KALAMATA (for MESSENE and ITHOME) ..	Tuesday, April 9, mid-day.	Tuesday, April 9, evening.
KALAMAKI ..	Wednesday, April 10, morning.	Thursday, April 11, early morning.
PIRÆUS (for ATHENS)	Thursday, April 11, morning.	Thursday, April 11, morning.
CAPE COLONNA (SUNIUM) (Passengers who wish to land will do so before breakfast, and the vessel will proceed at 9 a.m. to Marathon, where she will arrive about noon, leaving again about 5 p.m.)		
SANTAMARINA (for THERMOPYLÆ) ..	Friday, April 12, morning.	Friday, April 12, afternoon.
VOLO (for TEMPE) ..	Saturday, April 13, morning.	Saturday, April 13, evening.
MOUNT ATHOS ..	Sunday, April 14, morning.	Sunday, April 14, early afternoon.
SMYRNA	Monday, April 15, morning.	Monday, April 15, evening.
(for EPHEBUS)		
KOVELLA BAY (for BRANCHIDÆ) ..	Tuesday, April 16, morning.	
PATMOS	Tuesday, April 16, noon.	Tuesday, April 16, evening.
SANTORIN	Wednesday, April 17, early morning.	Wednesday, April 17, morning.
SYRACUSE	Friday, April 19, morning.	Friday, April 19, evening.
MARSEILLES ..	Monday, April 22.	

THE ISLES OF GREECE

1913

PORT.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
MARSEILLES		Thursday, April 10, noon.
TARANTO	Sunday, April 13, morning	Noon
CORFU	Monday, April 14, early morning.	Evening.
AKTION (the Mouth of the Gulf of Arta)	Tuesday, April 15, morning.	Evening.
ITEA (for DELPHI) ..	Wednesday, April 16, morning.	Evening.
CORINTH (for Acro- CORINTH, ATHENS, AR- GOS, MYCENÆ, AND TIRYNS, OR EPIDAUROS)	Wednesday, April 16, night.	Saturday, April 19, night.
DHIAKOPHTO (for MEGASPELION)	Sunday, April 20, morning.	Evening.
NIDRI (Island of Santa Maura)	Monday, April 21, morning.	Noon.
ITHACA	Monday, April 21, afternoon.	Evening.
KATAKOLO (for Olympia)	Tuesday, April 22, morning.	Evening.
ZANTE OR KEPHAL- LENIA	Wednesday, April 23, morning.	Evening.
PYLOS (Navarino) ..	Thursday, April 24, morning.	Afternoon.
MARSEILLES ..	Monday, April 28, morning.	

[illegible]

L. B. Cat. No. 1137

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